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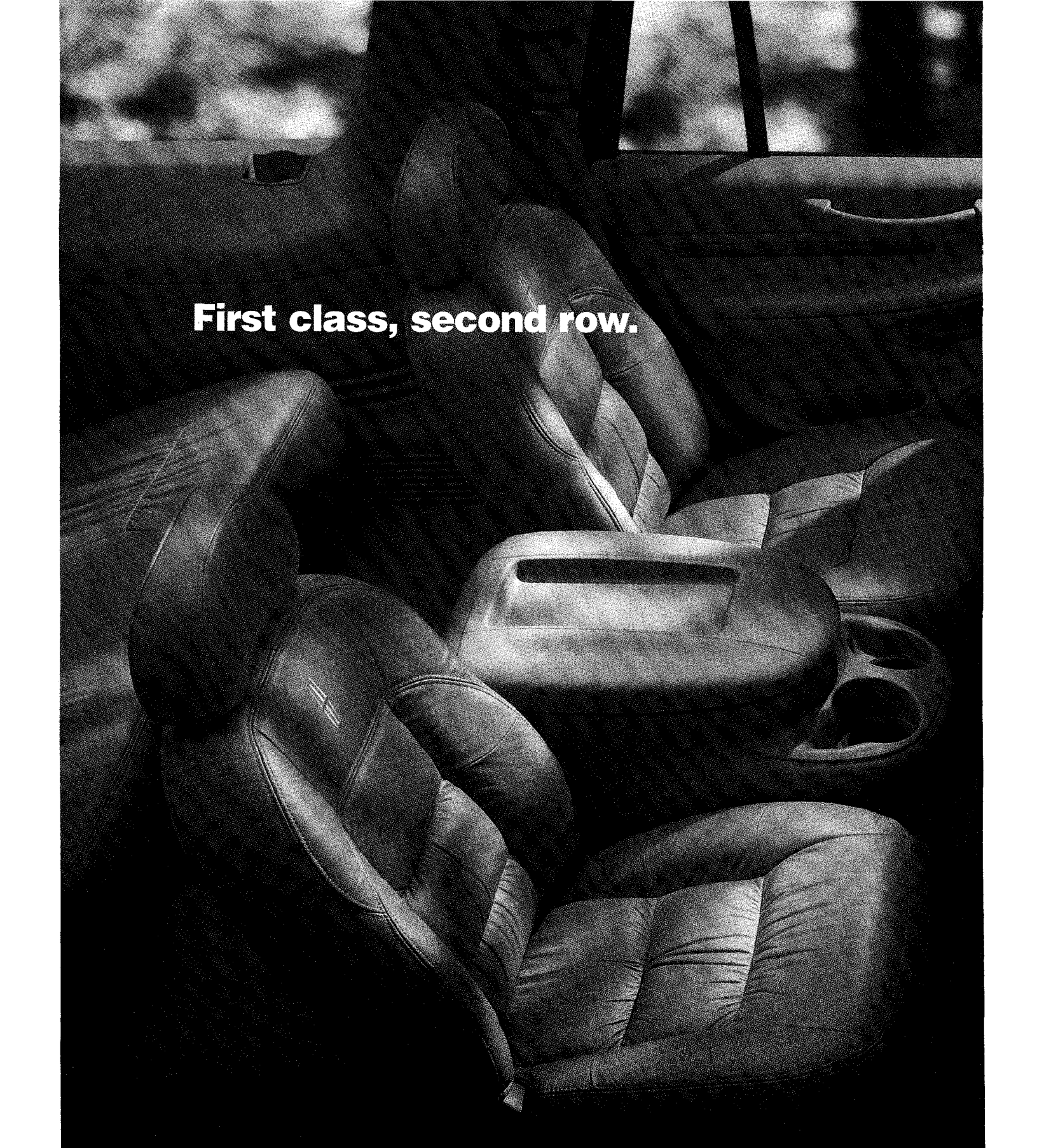
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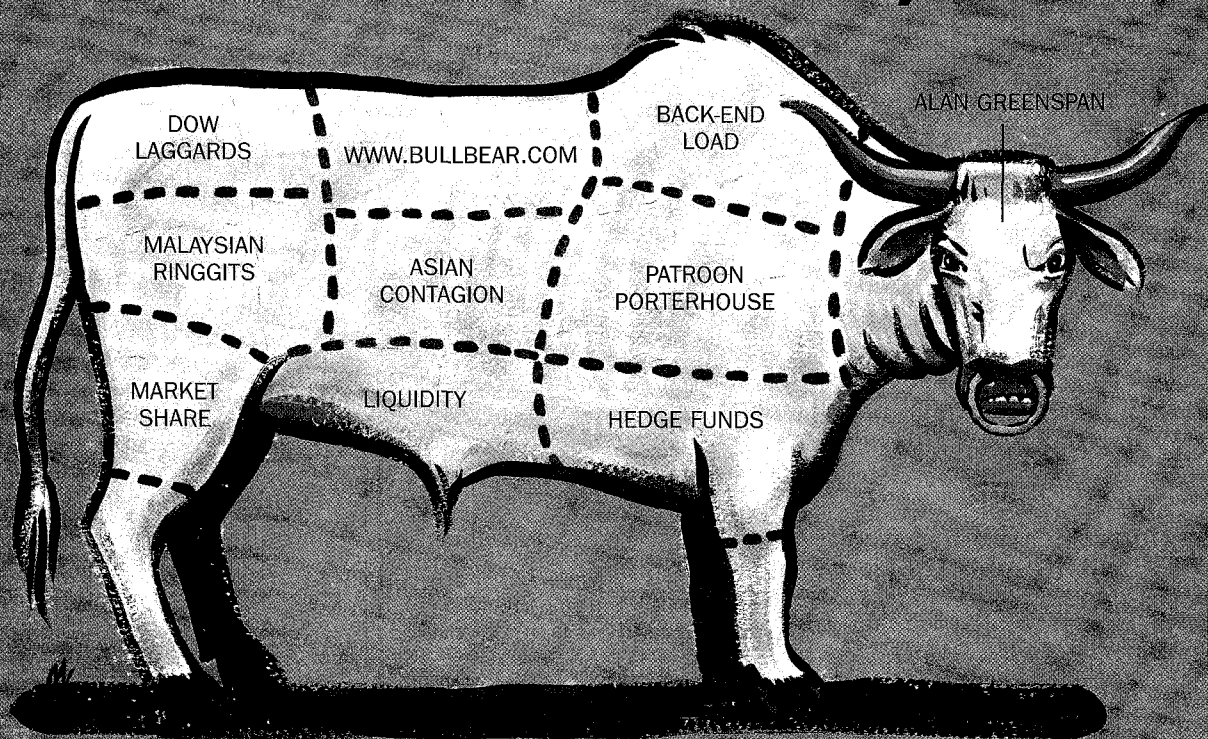
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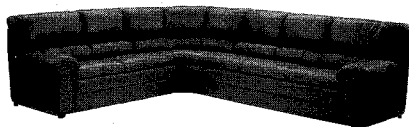
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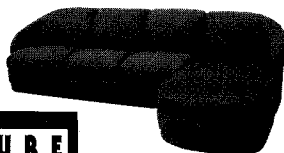
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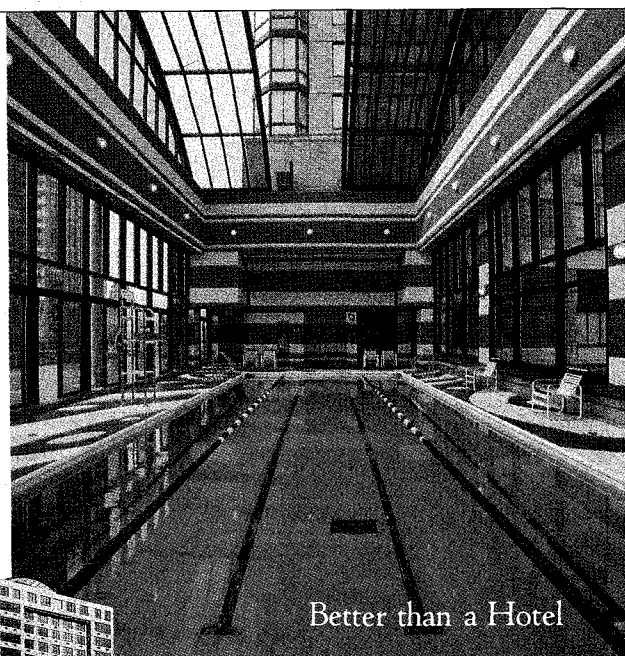
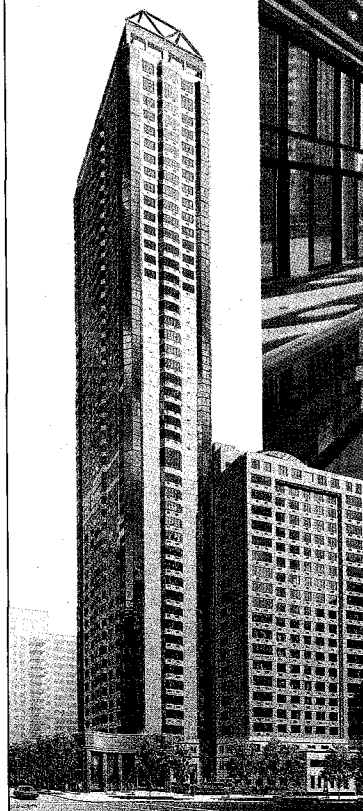
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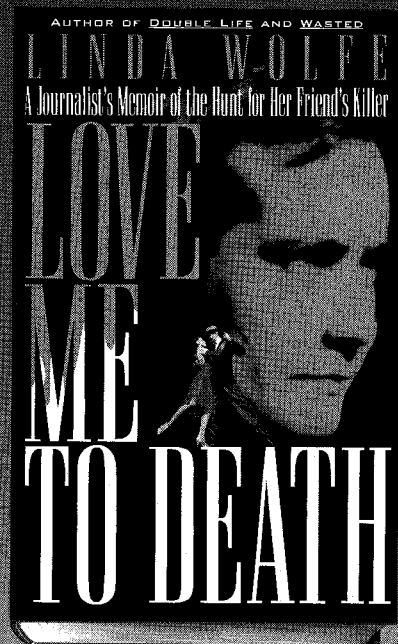


When a friend falls for a serial killer...

Linda Wolfe explored the homicidal mind of Robert Chambers in *Wasted*.

She gave us a chilling portrait of Judge Sol Wachtler in *Double Life*.

But her involvement in the case of Richard Caputo, who may have murdered her friend Jacqui Bernard, isn't just professional—it's deeply personal. In this gripping book, which includes the only interviews Caputo ever gave to any journalist, she offers a uniquely revealing look into the fatal attraction between a killer and the women he preyed upon.



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LETTERS JANUARY 19, 1998

Andy's Afterlife

The Warhol legacy is no series of disasters; is finding love in Manhattan an impossible dream?

I WAS SURPRISED AND DISAPPOINTED TO note that *New York Magazine* chose to advance such a one-sided view of the efforts of the Andy Warhol Foundation ["The Culture Business: *Tsuris in a Soup Can*," by Paul Alexander, December 22–29, 1997]. Though we may be disqualified to make a supportive statement by the fact that the foundation has funded Whitney-staff scholarly work, I still feel I should state what is evident to many of us in the field. The Warhol Foundation has been fair and evenhanded in their approach to grant-making. They have supported important exhibitions of non-Warhol work at many museums around the country and have been a force in support of the new and untested.

It is unfair to malign Arch Gillies by suggesting that his decision not to attend our gala indicated something amiss. Gillies makes it a personal policy not to attend any fund-raiser held by any institution that either has or may apply to the foundation for funding.

Finally, I was sad to see you sully the name and reputation of our Honorary Trustee Brendan Gill. In an issue devoted to heroes of the city, it would have been far more appropriate to honor this remarkable writer than to imply that somehow he has behaved in a less than righteous manner.

David A. Ross
Director, Whitney Museum
MANHATTAN

video programming; underwritten three exhaustive catalogues raisonnés; and made almost 800 grants, totaling more than \$24 million, to artists, museums, and arts organizations. Partly as a result of these efforts, Andy Warhol's place in history and the market for his works of art are at an all-time high.

Along the way, the foundation has had to struggle against a weird variety of wheeler-dealers who have sought through lawsuits and threats to enrich themselves from Warhol's legacy. Regrettably, their complaints regularly find media outlets—the latest being Paul Alexander's article and the simultaneous promo for it that appeared in "Page Six" of the *New York Post*.

During this past decade, federal and state public authorities have regularly reviewed, without finding fault, the performance of the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts. For the past three and one-half years, the attorney general of New York State has requested and received from the foundation information on every aspect of its work. The foundation is cooperating fully and voluntarily with the present inquiry, and it has every expectation that the foundation's record and its activities, once reviewed, will again be favorably approved.

Archibald L. Gillies
President, The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts
MANHATTAN

IT IS ENCOURAGING THAT ATTORNEY GENERAL Dennis Vacco has an interest in "Andy Warhol's artistic legacy." In the decade since Andy Warhol's death, the foundation that bears his name has successfully established—with contributions of over 3,000 works of art and donations of \$2.5 million in cash—the popular Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh; organized, preserved, and contributed to four major museums a vast collection of 100 Warhol films and 4,000 hours of

Paul Alexander responds: The point of my article was not that the Warhol Foundation did nothing, but that it spent more—vastly more—on itself than it did on its charitable work. In its last annual report, for instance, the Warhol Foundation admitted to spending six dollars on itself for every one it gave away—surely one of the worst spending-to-giving ratios of any not-for-profit foundation of its type in the country.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.

Looking For Love

COULD SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHY there's such a fuss about Jay Ramras's search for a wife ["Gotham: Nice Jewish Boy Seeks Hot-Blooded Jewish

Girl," December 22-29, 1997]? What's new about an egotistical, average-looking, relatively well-off man asking all the girls to get in line? All the lucky winner has to do in order to be supported by him is to give up her life. This kind of thing has been going on for centuries, except not in the glare of the public eye. My advice to the winner is to keep her return ticket as well as her warm-weather clothes.

Sharon Klein
VALLEY STREAM, N.Y.

I AM SO SICK OF THE FACT THAT EVERY guy I meet expects that I should sleep with him on the first date. I am mortified on behalf of my peers who, when they hint to their boyfriends about marriage, find themselves dumped like garbage. Just when I thought there was no answer for a modern-day woman, I read your article "Looking for Mr. Goldberg" [by Elizabeth Hayt, December 8, 1997].

I am shocked that there are young Orthodox Jewish men who have honorable intentions, date only to marry, do not lead a woman on, have no ulterior motives, do not even touch them until after they are married—it's like you are speaking about people from Mars. And I am soooo jealous. Why aren't all men like this? It is enough to make me consider converting to Judaism.

Sandy Denise
MANHATTAN

Men First

DAVID DENBY, IN HIS REVIEW OF THE movie *Titanic*, says, "The scandal of the Titanic disaster lay not only in the ship's faulty construction but in the White Star Line's clear intent to save the rich and drown the poor, should disaster occur" ["Movies: Stacked Deck," December 22-29, 1997]. Actually, among the lost were the ship's captain, the president of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. There *was* discrimination, however, and it was against men in general. Men who tried to get into lifeboats were often turned out at gunpoint, and of the 1,667 men on the ship only 20 percent survived. On the other hand, 70 percent of the women and children survived. The real scandal is that the lives of men were then, and still are, held to be of lesser value, even by men themselves.

Rohit Parikh
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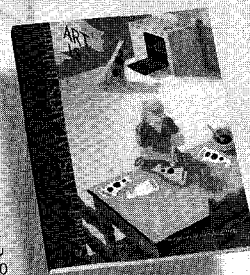


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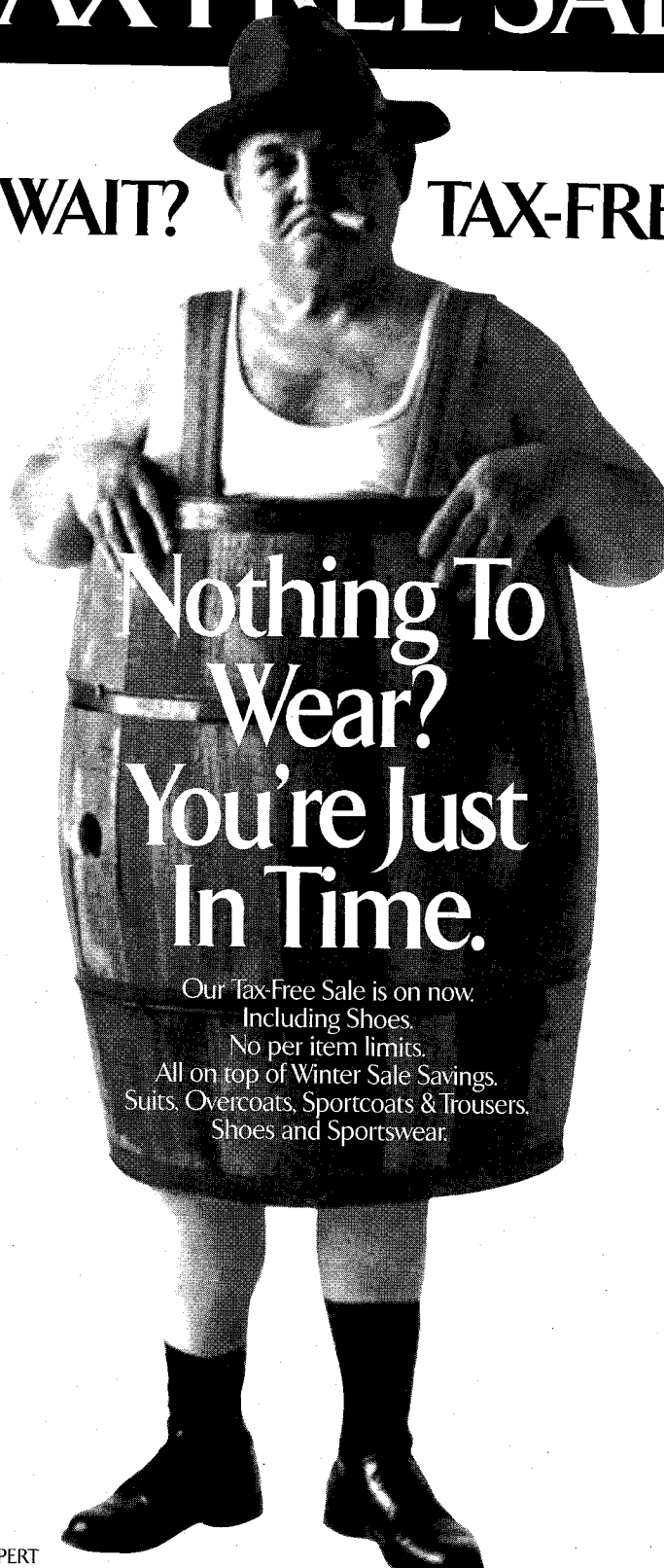


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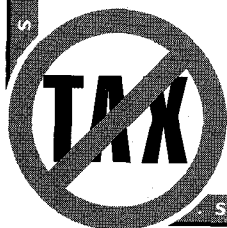
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INTELLIGENCER

ANDERSON KILL'S TOP RAINMAKER

If you thought star-struck fans were primarily 17-year-old girls, think again. **Eugene Anderson**, the seventysomething name partner at **Rudy Giuliani's** old law firm **Anderson Kill & Olick**, is obsessed with **Matt Damon's** new film *The Rainmaker*. "He is a rabid fan," says a spokesman for the firm. "Oh, God, it's true," Anderson gushes. "It's sensational! It's the story of my life!" The film involves a young lawyer, **Rudy Baylor**, who takes on an evil insurance company and wins the love of a fair heroine. Anderson, whose firm handles primarily insurance litigation (and who married a former client in such a case), is so enamored of the film that he requested that his entire team of litigators see it, then write critiques of it. He's also made up buttons proclaiming I AM RUDY BAYLOR for his entire staff. "Every client who

ELEVATED AWARENESS FOR ARMANI

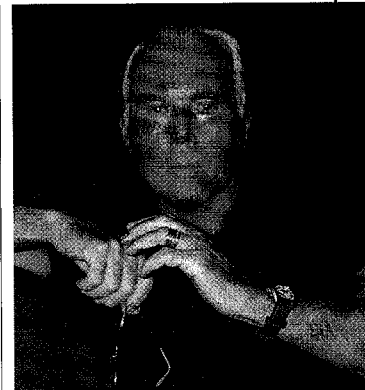
Italian designers have become a bit cautious when in Miami. Earlier this month, a CBS news producer and his friend were asked to evacuate an elevator in the Delano when **Giorgio Armani** stepped on. According to the newsman, a hotel security guard escorted the designer onto the elevator and then very politely asked him and his friend to step off. "You want us to leave?" asked the guest at the deluxe hotel. "Yes," said the guard, "this is now a private elevator." The producer and his pal complied. "I looked Armani in the eye. He was clearly uncomfortable, but he certainly knew what was going on," the newsman adds.

comes into his office is given a copy of the book," says the spokesman. "He's even got a jacket that says RUDY BAYLOR on it." Explains one lawyer at the firm, "If you haven't dealt with insurance companies, Gene's attitude could seem . . . intense. But we've all been there. I see it as a positive thing."

PEARLSTINE'S LATE SHOW AT LE CIRQUE

Timing really is everything, as **Norman Pearlstine** and **Nancy Friday**

discovered at the party they threw for director **James Brooks** on December 18. The dinner was an elaborate affair in a private room at **Le Cirque 2000** with 75 guests, six courses, and a live band, **Night Flight**. But the soup—which was the fourth course, after a lobster salad, risotto with truffles, and a fish appetizer—wasn't ladled out until 10:30, and by that time many of the guests were leaving. **Diane Sawyer** and **Mike Nichols**, **Lauren Hutton**, jewelry designer **Robert Lee Morris**, and **Cynthia** and **Graydon Carter** were among those who skipped out before the main course. The guests who remained (including **Time's Walter Isaacson** and **Jim Kelly**, as well as **Tina Brown** and **Harry Evans**) consolidated tables, moving from eight down to four for the lamb entrée and dessert. One departee joked about making up survivor T-shirts (WE MADE IT TO THE FISH COURSE). But Pearlstine insists it was "a great party" for his old friend (Brooks introduced Pearlstine to Friday). "Should I have had five courses instead of six? I guess," says Pearlstine. "As you'd expect the week be-



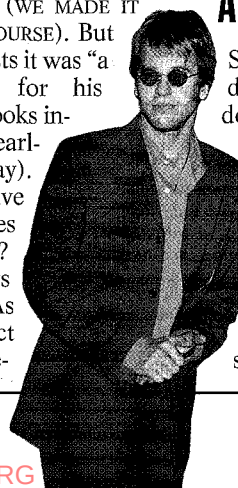
Giorgio Armani:
Pushing buttons



Nancy Friday:
Le Cirque 3000?

fore Christmas, some people left earlier than others. But a fair number of people were there at midnight, and the band was still playing."

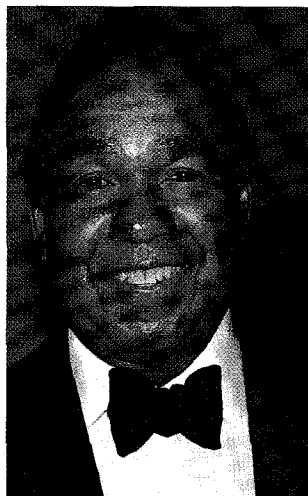
A NEW DISH FOR VAL AT MOOMBA?



Some managers at trendy downtown spots get to do more than just seat their star clientele. According to restaurant-world insiders, **Moomba** frontwoman **Jaycee Gossett**, a pretty blonde who celebrated her 20th birthday last week, has been spending a good deal of

CARTER AND BRILL'S DOMESTIC DISPUTE

Steve Brill's new media magazine, *Content*, isn't starting up till June, but it's already making waves with journalists. After luring **Lorne Manly** from the *New York Observer*, Brill got an angry phone call from *Observer* owner **Arthur Carter**. "Friends don't hire their friends' help," Brill claims Carter yelled. "How would Cindy [Brill] feel if Linda [Carter] hired your nanny away?" Brill responded by letter on January 5, accusing Carter of treating the hire "as some sort of violation of an honor code among barons," adding, "It's admirable that you continue to fund the *Observer*. But that doesn't mean you own 'the help' or have rented their integrity." Although the *Observer* office signed for the hand-delivered letter last Monday at 11:35 A.M., Carter says he never received it. He confirms that he and Brill discussed Manly but denies any hostility on his part, insisting, "I never raised any issue. . . . I never use the word *nanny*, so that's not my comment." Meanwhile, Manly's successor on the media beat has already been chosen: in-house reporter **Warren St. John**.

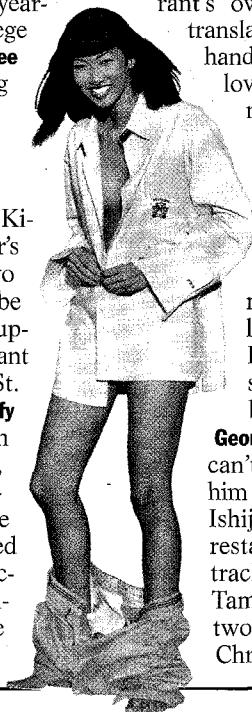


Bobby Short:
A tall order

time with **Val Kilmer**, and the actor has been a constant fixture at the West Village eatery of the moment. Neither Kilmer's representative nor Jeff Gossett, the restaurant's owner (and Jaycee's brother), would comment.

SIMMONS TO WED; KOTA WELL FED

NO RUSH MARRIAGE: **Russell Simmons**, head of Def Jam and Rush Communications, and 22-year-old model-college student **Kimora Lee** (right) are scouting locations for a summer wedding in the Hamptons. Simmons, 40, proposed to Kimora on New Year's Eve, and the two would already be married if the nuptials, originally meant to be held in St. Barts aboard **Puffy Combs's** boat on New Year's Day, hadn't been derailed when the boat's overworked staff mutinied. According to Simmons, "We were having parties



SOMERS ROMANCE COMES UP SHORT

Sometimes even the most romantic efforts don't pan out. When department-store heir **Jonathan Farkas** proposed to long-term girlfriend **Somers White**, he was somewhat surprised that she turned him and the ring down. Determined to make a heartfelt appeal, he called his pal **Bobby Short** and asked him to serenade Somers over the phone, a gesture Short's made before for other friends. "Bobby is wonderfully understanding," confides Farkas. "We decided upon 'I Can't Get Started.'" According to Short: "I announced myself and then I sang my song. It was very sweet and she thanked me." But even with the help of Short's romantic croonings, the relationship didn't pan out, and the couple hasn't spoken since. At least, says Farkas, "now I can move on, knowing I did everything I could."

every night—dinner for 40, lunch for 50—and none of them were planned in advance. The captain finally threw us off the boat. At least now we have time to really plan the thing."

FOUND IN TRANSLATION: All those who pitied poor **Kota Ishijima**—Yankees pitcher **Hideki Irabu's** Japanese translator, who was unceremoniously dumped last month in a highly publicized affront to Irabu—need only shell out a few hundred dollars to make his day. He'll be working at the Old Homestead, the West Village steakhouse famous for its \$150 kobe steaks. The restaurant's owners thought the translator would come in handy with all the kobe-

loving Japanese businessmen they expect as customers, both in New York and in Las Vegas, where they're opening a second steakhouse. He may now be gainfully employed, but Ishijima is still smarting from the blow: "I am angry at **George Steinbrenner**—I can't believe I still call him Mr. Steinbrenner," Ishijima snarled to restaurant execs who tracked him down in Tampa. "Being let go two weeks before Christmas hurts."

LYNCH PINS: **Bill Lynch**, a deputy mayor in the Dinkins administration and now a vice-president at **Ron Perelman's** MacAndrews & Forbes, lost 90 pounds while he was suffering from kidney complications. "I went through hell in the last six months," he says, "but now I'm feeling fine." Lynch is back at work and has even appeared on New York 1 recently, but he needs dialysis three times a week. As soon as his doctors began talking about a kidney transplant, both of Lynch's children volunteered their organs, according to a source close to the family. Now Lynch's son, **Bill Jr.**, is undergoing tests to see whether



Imus:
Jeep shot

he'll be a suitable donor. His father sounds guardedly optimistic. "We're taking it one day at a time," says Lynch.

NEW FISH TO FRY: A former midtown financial institution is getting a new lease on life. **Roberto Ruggeri**, owner of the Northern Italian bistro Bice, is eyeing a West 52nd Street site, previously a bank, for a new specialty fish restaurant. "It's in the planning stage" is all Ruggeri will offer about negotiations to take over the building.

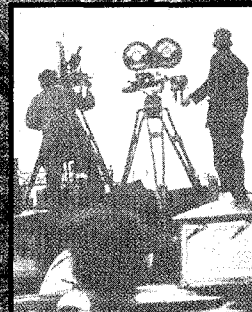
Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

IMUS'S JOKE WINS A BRAND-NEW SUIT

"I don't think we need to get yet another lawsuit going," said **Don Imus**, interrupting a producer's lewd joke last year. The suit Imus foreshadowed arrived December 31. **Marilyn Hobbs**, a legal assistant in Chrysler Corporation's patent office, filed a \$10 million suit against Imus, his producers, and his many corporate bosses for libel, slander, and defamation. Imus and his cohorts had called Hobbs a "dingbat," a "hag," "dumb," "ridiculous," and "stupid" on the air while making fun of Hobbs's letter to Imus's publisher complaining that the talk jock had misused Chrysler Corporation's registered trademark "Jeep" in his 1994 novel, *God's Other Son*. Hobbs's papers charge that Imus even "imputed unchastity to her, on-air, by referring to her as 'skank.'" Hobbs, who is not a public figure, had "no expectation that she was going to be ridiculed and denigrated on a national broadcast," explains her attorney, **Jason Hardiman**. Imus did not return calls.

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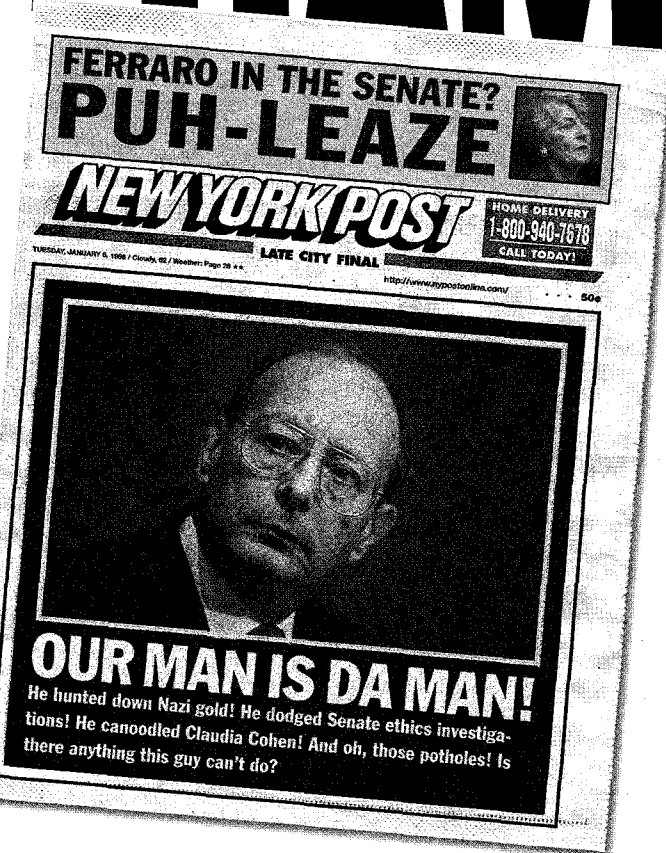
How the 'Post' does Al D'Amato's dirty work.

LAST MONDAY, AS THEY now surely know even in Uzbekistan, Geraldine Ferraro announced her candidacy for Alfonse D'Amato's U.S. Senate seat. Which made for an interesting edition of the *Post* on Tuesday, when the paper's coverage concentrated not on the announcement but on the incumbent's reaction to it: FIRST BLOOD, howled the front-page headline, followed by D'AMATO TEAM PUNCHES GERRY WITH NEW MOB CHARGES.

It seems that Arthur Coia, a labor official long suspected of organized-crime ties, had hosted a birthday party for Ferraro at the 1996 Democratic convention.

The charge isn't irrelevant: A pol with Ferraro's background on such matters might have thought twice about consenting to this particular fête. But the *Daily News* reported it way back during the convention.

Just how does a seventeen-month-old story get reborn as front-page "news?" Easy, when it's part of the New York *Post*'s D'Amato Protection Plan. The alliance between the paper's owner, Rupert Murdoch, and the senator goes back years. Every



time he launches a re-election campaign, the paper cranks up its supplemental coverage, championing any story that could in any way benefit its friend the Fonz. In 1992, the *Post* even gave a few weeks of improbably friendly coverage to Democratic Senate candidate (and longtime *Post* target) Al Sharpton, in the apparent hope that helping him would hurt the Democrats, and

therefore benefit D'Amato. The Fonz is a gracious winner, and he has carefully repaid such favors—first by helping Murdoch get a federal exemption to repurchase the *Post* five years ago, and later by helping him get his Fox News Channel on the Time Warner cable system.

The *Post*'s M.O., like that of any good con man, is always (continued on page 14)

CAMEO

Who Needs the Worm—We've Got Van Gundy

JEFF VAN GUNDY IS FUNNY-LOOKING enough to be a really excellent character actor; he's the Knicks' visual go-to guy, the way Dennis Rodman is for the Bulls or Manute Bol has been for several teams. In the movies, he would play the guy who always expects disaster, and whom disaster always befalls. The guy who deals with catastrophic events as if they happen all the time, to everybody. Until recently, this is the



role he played for the Knicks. Those fourth-quarter chokes, those John Starks out-of-body experiences—no sweat. Even last year's playoff meltdown was just another day at the office for Van Gundy. But Ewing's season-ending injury was a disaster on a new scale, and the customary furrowed brow has given way to courtside tantrums. He needs an outlet. Might we suggest a rainbow-streaked hairdo?

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

Roadkill

● "Within minutes of the break Friday, Fifth Avenue and nearby streets were flooded. The pavement soon collapsed from sidewalk to sidewalk, nearly swallowing a Buick."

—Associated Press

● "This one's a beaut. This one's as good as I have ever seen, or heard of."

—Joel A. Miele, Department of Environmental Protection

● "It might take a week to repair extensive damage."

—Mayor's office

● "It may take a month or more."

—New York Post

● "It would be three or four months before the city decided whether to compensate [the owner of the Buick]."

—New York Times

● "My biggest worry is that the city will forget about us."

—Larry Weissman, owner of a furniture store that was flooded

● "The city is in great shape; the city is in wonderful shape. It's probably doing better than ever before."

—Mayor Giuliani

D'Amato continued from page 13
well conceived and methodical. This time around, stage one commenced on December 29, when Albany-bureau chief Fred Dicker got the story that Ferraro was hiring David Eichenbaum, the Democratic National Committee's former flack. It was a micro-scoop at best that most papers would relegate to the page 27 political-dope column. The *Post* played it big on page 2.

Next, *Post* reporters tracked Gerry all the way to St. Croix, where she was on a quiet vacation with her family. They plastered the next day's cover with a stalkerazzi photo of her in sunbathing attire (bonus for that) walking on the beach with a grandson. The story inside quoted unnamed sources warning she risked an "abrupt end" to her career if she challenged D'Amato.

The groundwork was laid. The Coia story was probably arranged by this time, so both D'Amato and the *Post* would be ready to pop the day after Ferraro announced.

Which they did. But the action didn't stop there. In Tuesday's paper, Jack Newfield wrote a (mostly) anti-D'Amato column, which got some really choice placement on page 18. But it also gave the story legs for a second day, especially when grouped with Andrea Peyser's column arguing that filling potholes isn't such a bad thing and an editorial restating the Coia charges. It's all part of the plan.

One thus learns to read the *Post*'s coverage as a palimpsest, scratching below the surface for a hidden text. But what's the agenda here? Is D'Amato scared of Ferraro? Does he want her to lose the nomination? Conventional wisdom holds that he fears that she'll exploit the gender gap and even give him a run for the Catholic vote. But it's too early to say for sure. "He knows he's gotta run against somebody," says Democratic consultant Hank Sheinkopf, "so what he wants to do is destroy everybody. What's important about the papers is what's usable in commercials—the headlines, the pictures. That's what this is about." **MICHAEL TOMASKY**

BROADCASTING

Dead Air

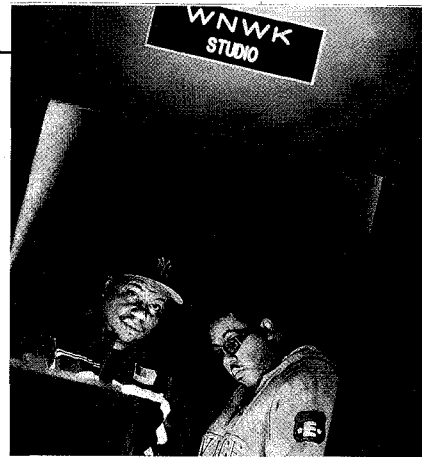
WNWK listeners mourn the passing of the station they called their own.

IT TAKES A FEW SECONDS FOR J.C., a late-night D.J. on 105.9, to recognize his caller's voice. It's Big Kev, from Brooklyn. "How you doing, Kev?" he asks warmly.

"Yo, man, I feel like somebody just beat me down and took my money, man. When I heard what was going down, I was like, *Aw, man.*"

J.C.'s been fielding calls all night from listeners stunned to hear that the noncommercial multicultural station has been sold to the Heftel chain, which will replace it with an all-Spanish commercial station. "That's nonsense, man," he agrees. "But we dealing with it."

Radio stations come and go all the time; their listeners eventually find new homes along the dial. It's not likely to be that simple, however, at NWK. Its audience contains a disproportionate number of recent immigrants, and many people who don't have a home phone or a fixed address. To them it's more



Special K and Teddy Tedd, the Awesome 2.

than a radio station—it's a bulletin board, a cultural center, a public square. "Before I bumped into y'all, I didn't have nothing," says one shocked fan. "Y'all music does a lot for us. Y'all make our light."

From pay phones or private lines, they call to "big up" their hometowns in Jamaica or Guyana, or "shout out" to friends in the New York area. "Aunt Sally" touts her Cast Off Evil products. Marcus B. of East Flatbush eulogizes a friend: "Yo, we wanna just give a big rest-in-peace to my man, A The Funk Child, who laced us with beats, schooled us, the whole nine. Straight up, my man just, yo . . . yo . . . yo, he smoked himself, man." Marcus is crying. "I feel you, son," the D.J. responds.

Most producers—who found out about the sale in the *Daily News*—have accepted Heftel's invitation to move their shows

to WPAT-AM. But they all fear they'll never re-create the WNWK experience. "We give [the audience] an alternative," says Teddy Tedd, one of the members of the Awesome 2, whose show has run for fifteen years. "You feel like it's your station, your music, and you're not hearing it anywhere else."

But what could they do? NWK is run for profit by its owner, Arthur Liu, who six years ago paid \$7.5 million for the small-time outfit and turned it into a competitive entity with a devoted audience. And its listeners are in no position to mount an NPR-style fund drive to beat Heftel's \$115 million offer. So they're doing what they can to make sense of their loss. One woman claims it's God's plan. "Dru" vows to crank-call NWK's successor. "I want them to get fines," he says. "I'm cursing."

"We're at the point where we try to have the most positive outlook," says K, of Awesome 2. Tedd clarifies: "It's wack, don't get us wrong. But there's a lot of things that's wack. This is just one of them." Then he adds, almost casually, "We've always had to deal with being second-class citizens."

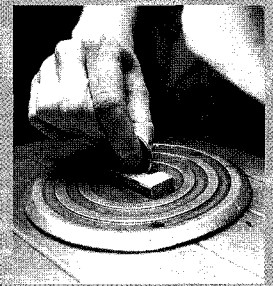
KAREN R. GOOD

TRANSPORTATION

The Token Opposition

THE ELEVEN-RIDES-FOR-THE-PRICE-OF-TEN METROCARD DISCOUNT that debuted on January 1 was nothing to scoff at. But did the card's promoters really have to stop selling tokens in Ten-Paks? Did they have to remove the token vending machines? Clearly, the MTA is doing everything it can to hasten the obsolescence of these little metal disks. But an informal survey conducted at Brooklyn's Borough Hall station revealed that roughly one out of eight riders will not be so easily pushed into the future. We identified a few types from this vanishing breed.

ED SHANAHAN



THE ACCIDENTAL STRAPHANGER "Usually I drive, but my engine's blown so I had no choice."
—*Brian Clarke*

THE TECHNOPHOB "I was on the bus and one woman was talking about how she bought a \$50 card and she didn't get that many rides and then another woman started saying the same thing. I don't trust it."
—*Alfred Mackintosh*

THE CONFORMIST "I found a token lying around. I'm just trying to get rid of it."
—*Paul Mapp*

THE NONCONFORMIST "I don't carry a wallet, so I've got no place to keep the card."
—*William O'Hearn*

THE TEARY-EYED NOSTALGIC "I've been using tokens since the fare was 15 cents."
—*Joel Dranove*

THE DISCOUNTED "I don't have the \$15 to get the free ride."
—*Craig Wade*

THE LUDDITE "It's a protest against excessive automation."
—*Bruce Newborough*

THE TRUEST BELIEVER "I'll keep using the tokens until they stop making them."
—*Delores George*

FILM

Skiing With Sharks

● All Hollywood descends on Park City, Utah, on January 15, for the Sundance Film Festival. A number of New York directors will be there, too—independent films in hand—hoping for a distribution deal and a shot at the big time. Following, a view of the field.

PATRICIA FALVO



Scene from *Frat House*, a film by Todd Phillips.

NICE JEWISH BOY SEEKS HOT-BLOODED JEWISH GIRL FOR LOVE IN COLDER CLIMES PART XI

● Jay Ramras, the Alaskan restaurateur in town to find a Jewish mate, has returned from his icy Fairbanks holiday and decided to keep the "not no" girl at a "friendly" distance. Conveniently, he now finds himself besieged by publicity packets from would-be dates who've sleuthed out his home address. "I attract a lot of fringe people," says Jay, explaining the more unusual gifts. Herewith, a sampling:

● Professional black-and-white head shots and baby pictures, from a rock-climbing photographer in Louisville.

● A series of rhyming poems ("Yes my moral standards are high / if I'm not respected I say bye-bye"), from a 25-year-old Fort Lauderdale resident.

● A Harlequin romance novel, about an Alaskan pipeline worker who plasters the words BRIDE WANTED across a Seattle billboard, from an employee of Fairbanks International Airport.

● A full-color caricature of Jay, which now hangs on his wall, from a California woman he met once.

● A watercolor painting of a Native American woman leaning against a tree, and a letter imploring him to give up his search and settle down with a nice Christian girl, from an 80-year-old member of Jews for Jesus who worries about Jay's salvation.

ENTRANT, AGE, FILM

THE PITCH

TRENDY HOOK

SACRIFICE FOR ART

SUNDANCE DREAMS

SELLOUT DREAMS

LISA
CHOLODENKO
33
High Art

Photo-magazine assistant falls for bisexual art photographer.

That word again? "Bisexual." Plus Ally Sheedy.

Arranging emergency tetanus shots for the crew.

Find a distributor.

Make a film about L.A.'s seventies music scene.

JONATHAN
STACK
40
The Farm

A documentary about Angola maximum-security prison.

Surveillance, violence, homosexuality. A Foucault primer.

A year on location. Not a lifetime—"but it felt like it."

Find a distributor.

"Somebody who could make my ideas happen."

KATHARINA
OTTO
28
Beautopia

Four young models cross the globe in search of fame.

That word again? "Models."

Touring five countries with four unchaperoned teens.

"As I'm so fortunate to have sold the film, I'll have a great time!"

"I'm very happy with what I'm doing, but I wouldn't shun it."

DARREN
ARONOFSKY
28
π

Sci-fi: the search for numerical order in the stock exchange.

Cabala. Chaos theory. The bull market.

Attending Cabala courses with Sandra Bernhard.

Find a distributor.

Make a commercial sci-fi film with "a lot more money."

BENSON LEE
28
Miss Monday

Writer's obsession with a perfect character.

Voyeurism and stalking.

None—"It was sort of my fantasy."

Find a distributor.

"Getting financing for my next project."

TODD PHILLIPS
26
Frat House

A documentary about fraternity rush week.

The underside of male bonding.

"A lot of convincing and hanging around."

"It's just great to be noticed."

"I'm interested in reality-based filmmaking."

MARC LEVIN
46
Slam

Young black poet is thrown in D.C. jail.

Spoken-word poetry—in prison.

Trying and failing to film in Rikers Island.

"We need to sell it. We borrowed money."

Make a film just like this one—with money.

REAL ESTATE

Rolling the Bones on Governors Island

WHEN MGM CASINO EXECUTIVES CAME TO scope out Governors Island last week, their City Hall tour guides undoubtedly skipped a few points of interest to potential buyers—like the island's little-known historical burial ground. In 1994, workers laying high-voltage cables inadvertently sliced through the remains of two skeletons with a backhoe. Work was halted, and seven bodies dating from the eighteenth century were exhumed and reinterred nearby.

That might have been the end of that—if only the federal government, when it decided to vacate the island, hadn't commissioned a com-

plete archaeological survey, which yielded, along with more bones and Civil War artifacts, 3,000-year-old aboriginal ceramics, presumably from Native American settlements. Next week, archaeologists will return for further digs, in hopes of locating additional pieces.

All this could yet delay—or even halt—any large-scale redevelopment plans. "If there was approval given to install utilities here, developers would have to do a full-blown dig first," says Lew Wunderlich, coordinator of the island survey. "Honestly, we aren't entirely sure what we're dealing with out there. After all, archaeology is a crap shoot."

KATE COYNE



TECHNOLOGY

Could Bill Gates Be the Unabomber?

ON THE SURFACE, THE DEFENDANTS IN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S TWO MOST headline-grabbing legal cases couldn't be less alike. Ted Kaczynski, alleged Unabomber, is a penniless hermit. Bill Gates, alleged software bundler, is a zillionaire mogul. But are they really so different? Both are Harvard men; neither is much for school spirit. Nor for personal hygiene. Nor for social skills. And both live in houses of such unusual scale that they have called the men's sanity into question. It is in their writings, however—Gates's autobiography, *The Road Ahead*, and the Unabomber's equally humorless *Industrial Society and Its Future*—that the similarity grows downright unsettling. As Gates says in his foreword, "To complete the book I had to take time off and isolate myself in my summer cabin." ETHAN SMITH



Two peas in a pod: Kaczynski and Gates.

UNABOMBER

"The 'bad' parts of technology cannot be separated from the 'good' parts. . . . No social arrangements, whether laws, institutions, customs, or ethical codes, can provide permanent protection against technology."

"It is well known that crowding increases stress and aggression."

"We . . . advocate a revolution. . . . It may be sudden or it may be a relatively gradual process."

"Technological progress marches in only one direction; it can never be reversed."

BILL GATES

"It's important that both the good and bad implications of technological advances be discussed broadly so that whole societies, rather than just technologists, guide our course."

"Many of today's major social problems have arisen because the population has been crowded into urban areas."

"Now that . . . computers inhabit every part of our lives, we stand at the brink of another revolution."

"We don't have the option of turning away from the future. No one gets to vote on whether technology is going to change our lives."

THE SPORTING LIFE

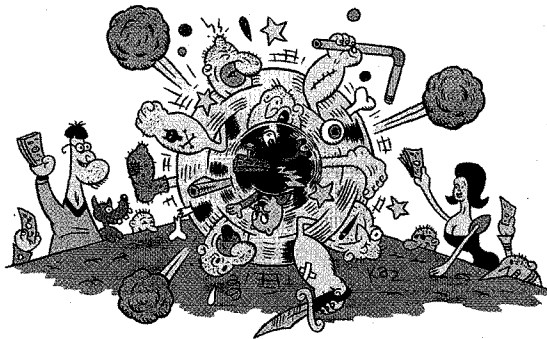
Mike Tyson, This Is Your Future

IT'S EARLY AFTERNOON IN A SMALL MIDTOWN GYM, AND THE crowd of about twenty is thirsty for blood. "The rules are simple," Andre, the promoter, explains. "The only way this event ends is if someone submits, is rendered unconscious, or if one of the corners throws in the towel." The bell rings. Draco, a ponytailed Serbian kick-boxer with a lean, muscular frame, dances like a young Ali. Sensei, a stocky Puer-to Rican from the Bronx with a black belt in "Five Panther" kung fu, squares off, his eyes locked in a steely gaze.

In a flash, the Serb whirls Sensei to the canvas. The crowd roars.

Putting on a no-gloves, no-rounds, no-holds-barred fight is illegal under a state law passed last February. It came just in time to quash plans for a lucrative "Ultimate Fighting Championship" event—with all the realism of cockfighting and all the pageantry of pro wrestling—in the city.

The publicity surrounding the ban, says Andre, created buzz, and since then, underground bouts—"sometimes for cash, sometimes for pride," he says—have been held with greater frequency around the city (though the NYPD maintains, "We do not believe this is going on on a large scale"). Draco vs. Sensei came about through word of mouth. "I heard about this guy at my friend's firm, a cold caller," explains Andre, an ex-concert promoter whose personal trainer happens to be Draco, "talking about how he fears no one, saying he wants to take on Mike Tyson, telling everyone to call him Sensei [Japanese for 'teacher']. I said, 'Let's get him a fight with Draco.'"



Andre got a stockbroker he knows to put up a \$2,000 purse, rented the gym, and persuaded his trainer to take on the fight. "Draco was hesitant," says Andre. "He doesn't like to hurt people." At least not for less than two grand. Sensei, who in his spare time runs a kung fu studio in a Bronx basement for a group of teenagers ("I teach them how to end fights," he says), readily accepted.

Unfortunately for Sensei, Serbia is one of the few places on earth where being a street fighter from the Bronx doesn't carry much weight. The fight quickly settles into a dull grappling

match. Draco straddles Sensei on the canvas, attempting a sleeper hold. But Sensei's short neck makes it impossible. With a few blows, Draco opens a cut on Sensei's head, then stops.

Several minutes pass. Draco tries jamming his arm into Sensei's larynx while Sensei yanks on Draco's ponytail. The crowd grows restless. In desperation, Sensei thrusts his fingers into Draco's mouth, trying to rip the Serb's cheek off. Draco bites. "He bit me! He bit me!" Sensei

screams. A towel comes flying from Sensei's corner and it's over.

"You had your fingers in his mouth," yells Andre. "Of course he bit you!" The crowd looks on in bewilderment. Sensei holds up his bloody finger for effect but finds few sympathizers. Draco shrugs and walks away, blood running from his mouth.

Andre is disappointed by the anticlimactic finale: "He was getting his ass kicked, so he tried to fishhook him. No real kung fu master would do that. We're going to have a rematch. Next time it's going to be a blood bath, I guarantee."

ANTHONY LAPPÉ

GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

Gadget Watch

Time was that you took off your glasses and had two choices: shirt pocket or cleavage (or maybe a friend's cleavage). Then came the grannyish eyeglasses chain—a trend we were spared when parking your shades atop your head became hip. Now what? La Loop, a necklace with a nickel-size ring through which you can hang your frames. Just take 'em off your face and pop 'em through the hole. Nine styles are available, priced from \$125 to \$175 at Robert Marc Opticians.

LAUREN EZERSKY

Are You Man Enough to Wear Fishnet?

And will you pay 60 bucks for a pair of briefs? Even Calvin Klein's status-symbol skivvies were never more than ten times the price of Fruit of the Loom's. Helmut Lang, the king of minimalist design, shows no such restraint: Despite the negligible coverage they provide, the items—now available in the States—fetch a decidedly maximalist price. Not that it's kept them off the precious bottoms of Ethan Hawke, Tom Cruise, and the entire U2 crew. And visible young star-

lets have also taken to wearing the matching T-shirts and tank tops (\$90) out front, where their public can see them. RENE CHUN

Kind of Like the Spice Girls, Only Less Erudite

Teletubbies—the eerie, cheery TV phenomenon that has stupefied most of England's preschoolers—are planning an invasion of America's airwaves that's sure to test the limits of cross-cultural exchange. In Great Britain, projecting a personality onto these vapid giggling beasts was half the fun of fandom. Ravers claimed them as trippy mascots of perpetual non-adulthood; lefty cultural critics saw in them a rainbow of identity politics (the one who carries a purse is often described as gay). But to Americans, already weathering the Teletubby publicity blitz, they might look less like the new Muppets than like something out of a Matthew Barney video. When they come to PBS this spring, we'll see if they'll play in Peoria.

BODY TYPE

No Bones About It

● It may sound like something to be stored between the eye of newt and the wing of bat, but shark cartilage is the latest homeopathic cancer treatment to wash up on our shores. Sharks don't get the disease, so for years cancer patients overseas have been receiving shark-cartilage injections, which are thought to slow the growth of tumors' blood vessels. In the U.S., where the substance is still considered experimental, it can be taken only orally, in powdered, capsule, or liquid-extract form. Nonetheless, it's become a \$100 million industry. GNC stocks four brands—and even then we can't keep them on the shelf," says one salesperson. Cancer patients aren't the only customers, however. "People think this'll keep them from ever getting cancer," he adds. Still, many doctors regard the powder's powers as a little fishy. "While there is some evidence that shark cartilage does block vessel development," says a spokesman for the National Cancer Institute, "recent studies have shown the supplements to be ineffective in the treatment of advanced-stage cancer." No matter: Promoters are also touting it as a treatment for, among other things, arthritis, psoriasis, and glaucoma.

KATE COYNE



Whose Life Is It, Anyway?

There might be something, after all, to Woody Allen's insistence that his art isn't imitating his life: Lately, in fact, it seems to be imitating Philip Roth's.

MAYBE IF WE WERE ALL grown-up and living in France, we could join in the general Woody worship without getting hung up on the great man's personal issues. So what if Soon-Yi is his wife and his son's half-sister? That's none of our business. Such Puritans, these Americans. He's an artist, a genius, and we should judge him on his body of work, right?

But a relationship with the Woodster is never easy. Even if we're inclined to be generous about the idea of a *Chinatown*-style double take (*She's my mother; she's my sister*), in *Deconstructing Harry* Allen won't allow us that civility. The film begins with a foul-mouthed wail. "Schmuck bastard!" a betrayed mistress rants at Harry Block, the prostitute-loving, pill-popping, solipsistic writer who is not Woody Allen. It's a movie flush with female hysteria, each fury apparently representing some part of Woody's struggle with the now Mia-in-law: the Mamet-style screamer who pulls a gun, the ex-wife, her colder older sister, and the other ex-wife, a psychoanalyst who catches him in an affair with her patient and won't allow him to see his kid.

But the real brilliance of *Deconstructing Harry* is in its doubleness, the way scenes are intercut with their fictional representations. And that suggests the *other* one in the canon who dresses down in Waspy tweeds and cords, who's also criticized for being a self-loathing Jew and is similarly known for his obsessively sexual, manic psychoanalytic riffs and stinging observations about Jewish-arriviste life: Philip Roth. Could this be a double vendetta? In one of the more startling moves in the romance ecosystem, Roth and Mia Farrow,

who are neighbors in Connecticut, are now said to be dating.

It wouldn't be the first time that Allen used his work to get the last word on the other men in Farrow's life. At the time, it was suggested that *Broadway Danny Rose*—the 1984 film in which Mia embodies an escaped Mafia moll—was Allen's jab at Farrow's first husband, Frank Sinatra. (In her memoir, *What Falls Away*, Farrow writes that when he heard about the Soon-Yi affair, Frank gallantly offered to "break Woody's legs.")

Allen's premise, that Block is a teacher and renowned writer of novels and short

beetle-browed Benjamin, who played Alexander Portnoy, the original non-master of his own domain, in *Portnoy's Complaint*, and also starred as Neil Klugman in the film of *Goodbye, Columbus*.

Even the style of fictional narrative in *Deconstructing Harry* mirrors Roth's literary development. The earliest scenes, of Block as a young shoe clerk, suggest the kind of Bernard Malamud-ian setups that inflected Roth's early work, a mix of realism and grad-school phantasmagoria. Each layer gets more subtle as the Block character evolves in his own life, so that he's cheating on a better class of women.

In every interview he gives, Allen takes pains to note that Block is nothing like himself: He has never had any drug addictions, nor suffered from writer's block, nor had anything resembling a mental breakdown.

True. That was for Roth's dumped and humiliated ex-wife, the English actress Claire Bloom, to chronicle in her tell-all memoir, *Leaving a Doll's House*. Bloom (who has appeared in two Allen movies, notably as the long-suffering wife of the philandering, murderous ophthalmologist in *Crimes and Misdemeanors*) writes about a period of such profound depression for Roth that he checked into

Silver Hill Psychiatric Hospital. She stayed by his side and joined him for sessions with his doctor, but he excoriated her so venomously that she ended up there as a patient herself. The psychiatrist treating Roth, by the way, was named (no!) Dr. Bloch.

William Styron, who has written about his own depression, is mentioned in Bloom's book for helping Philip get over what he believed was a Halcion-induced episode. Styron also turns up in Mia's book: It took an act of Congress to allow



stories who sometimes mentors promising young writers, describes Roth's life, not his own. (Although Woody sure loves to use the word *pupil*.) The head-spinning layering of fiction and autobiography is redolent of Roth's work (see *Deception*, *The Counterlife*, and *Operation Shylock*, among others). What's more, Woody cast Richard Benjamin in the movie as the fictional representation of himself, the guy who shups his sister-in-law at a family barbecue. No actor is more associated with Philip Roth than

Mia and André Previn the visa to adopt Soon-Yi; the Styrons got their congressman to sponsor the necessary bill.

The mirror has two faces: Farrow and Bloom essentially describe the same relationship, of the pretty, delicate, increasingly insecure female, worried that she couldn't function without her partner (despite all her accomplishments), subsumed by the force of the tyrannical, raging male.

IN A PIECE ABOUT BLOOM THAT APPEARED in this magazine in 1996, writer Peter J. Smith quotes her friend Rafael Navarro saying that "Philip always abhorred Woody Allen because of the sentimentality and the vulgarity. The thing about Philip is that he has exquisite taste because he knows when he's being vulgar. When [the affair with Soon-Yi Previn came out] he was so full of contempt, full of thunder—'How disgusting,' et cetera."

So the mirror also has two phalluses: Bloom discovered after her divorce that Roth had propositioned her daughter's best friend ("practically a daughter to me") while the girl was staying in her house. "What was irresistible to Philip," she writes, "was the opportunity to divide and conquer, to kill three birds with one stone."

Woody's jacked-up denials (he never lived with Mia, Soon-Yi is not her biological daughter, he "could have met her at a party or something") aside, he must know that he ruptured Mia's family profoundly. And that his marriage to Soon-Yi ensures that he will never have a relationship with his son, Satchel, now called Seamus or Sean. (The name "was better than Ingmar, which was Woody's other choice," Mia writes.) And that he managed to do something out of Greek mythology: destroy the boy by marrying his sister. Talk about working the Oedipal issues with Mama Mia.

Roth, 64, and Allen, 62, come from the same generational place: rebelling against the restrictions of lower-middle-class Jewish life, circa World War II, escaping through disciplined, brilliant work, and exulting in the freedom of the sexual revolution of the late sixties.

People now in their twenties and thirties grew up on the back end of that bad-boy-free-love loop, and that's why they find these great men so emotionally hobbled and creepy. Does Woody see his marriage to Soon-Yi as a move toward propriety? Or is it about settling old scores? Regardless, now he has someone with whom to avoid awards ceremonies in his old age. And he seems to be getting angrier by the day. ■

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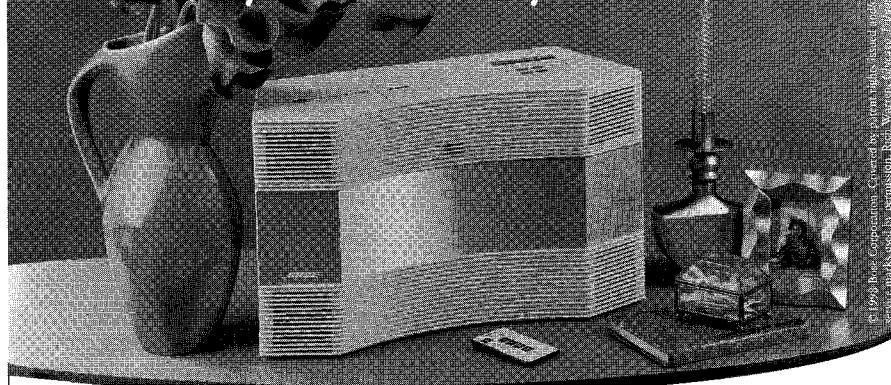
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ARE WE LOOKING AT ANOTHER YEAR OF THE BULL? GRAB HOLD OF SOME BLUE CHIPS AND IMMUNIZE YOUR PORTFOLIO AGAINST ASIAN CONTAGION. BY JOHN LISCIO

IT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE. AT NO OTHER time in history has the U.S. stock market racked up gains of better than 20 percent in three consecutive years. And the 120 percent cumulative advance of the S&P 500 since the end of 1994 is the best three-year return since a long but deceptive dead-cat bounce in the depths of the Depression. That's not all that's extraordinary about these fast-paced economic times. This March will mark the beginning of the eighth year in what could become, by the end of this year, the longest peacetime expansion on record.

Will it endure? Stress fractures can already been seen around the edges. Personal bankruptcies are at an all-time high, and the level of consumer debt ballooned \$52 billion to \$1.2 trillion last year. (Since the recession in 1991, consumer debt has increased a staggering 57 percent.) And retailers are at a loss to explain their third lackluster holiday selling season in a row, a phenomenon made all the more puzzling by sizzling job growth and percolating wage gains.

Despite the disappointing dollar volume of sales—after all, consumers have been conditioned to hold out for bargains

on everything from laptops to Lamborghinis—corporate profits continue to edge higher, thanks to inflation's extraordinarily quiescent behavior at every stage of the production process. Even the slight case of deflation besetting the economy now won't dampen profits as long as overhead falls more than revenue declines. Interest rates keep heading lower, and that's a big plus to the bottom line, since financing costs are the single largest outlay for most companies. Add to all this the strong likelihood of a budget surplus this year, a good chance for some sort of tax cut, and a palpable drop in crime and murder rates, and we're talking about a society that makes the one depicted in *Looking Backward*, Edward Bellamy's turn-of-the-last-century utopian novel, sound like an off-day at Esalen.

How can a nation that incessantly bemoans everything from the IRS to the heartbreak of psoriasis have achieved such an enviable list of economic accomplishments? Well, maybe it's exactly because we worry so much. Thanks

to the First Amendment and a citizenry with an insatiable appetite for controversy, just about everything gets a public vetting—from the latest whisper number of a hot stock to the leftward parabolic drift of the First Phallus. Last year at this

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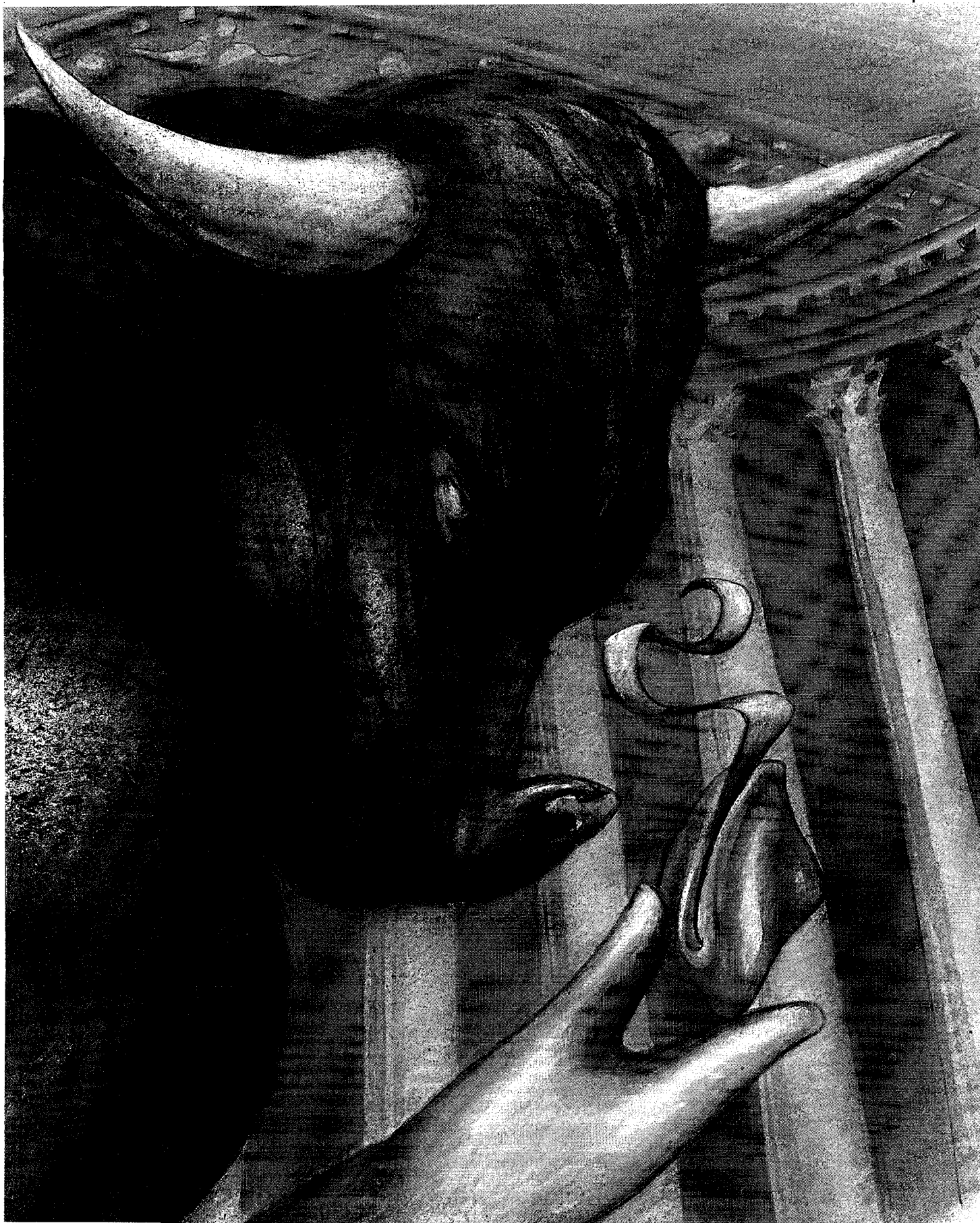


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time, investors were fretting over what Fed chairman Alan Greenspan labeled the "irrational exuberance" of the stock market, a sobering judgment he delivered when the Dow Jones Industrial Average was around 6,400. This year, with the Dow trading some 1,500 points higher, it's Asian contagion that's got the swelling ranks of the moneyed class walking on eggs.

Disaster wasn't supposed to strike Asia, a region that had strong growth, high savings, top-notch schools, an enviable degree of social order, and long-term economic planning. After all, weren't its emerging economic powers—Malaysia, Indonesia, and Thailand—called tigers? But all that double-digit growth concealed a lot of cronyism, bribery, corruption, and a seemingly bottomless sinkhole of bad loans. Add to that shaky political structures in South Korea, Indonesia, and China, along with an ingrained aversion to any sort of banking reform, and you have the makings of a global liquidity crisis. As long as the maladies were confined to the lesser-developed countries, economists were satisfied that Asia's financial ills would trim no more than 0.2 percent from world growth this year. But that was before a host of bankruptcies and a virtual free fall of the currency and equity markets in Japan and South Korea inspired a hasty rethink. Now the experts reckon that Asia's economic woes will shave at least 0.5 percent from world growth, but the number keeps creeping higher with every new failure or scandal. The truth, of course, is anybody's guess. Asia is not Mexico, a subservient client state with whom we share a 2,000-mile border. They do things differently over there; regulatory oversight is virtually nonexistent in Japan and Korea, where the banking system and equity markets are as entwined as braided bread.

SO LET'S GET THE BAD NEWS out of the way straight off. First of all, Asia will be in recession for most of the year. Since the entire region accounts for nearly 30 percent of total U.S. exports, that suggests the U.S. economy will stumble and profit margins erode as Asia buys less of the stuff we export and sells us the goods it produces at fire-sale prices. That could keep U.S. stocks under pressure for quite a spell. That, at least, is the conventional take on how the Asian contagion will spread to these shores.

"Our response—and this is where we part company with the rest of Wall

Street—is that exports are a flimsy way to measure one country's level of exposure with the world economy," asserts Joe Quinlan, a senior international economist at Morgan Stanley. "A better measure is the sales that foreign-based U.S. multinationals make overseas [which are not considered exports], and by this gauge, America's commercial engagement with Asia is far less than many investors realize."

Even though the U.S. has been the world leader in foreign direct investment for several decades, pouring close to \$85 billion overseas last year, the bulk of the stash is not where most people think. "It's not in Mexico, Brazil, or China or low-wage countries that are often accused of robbing jobs from American workers," says Quinlan.

"Rather, by an overwhelming majority, U.S. multinationals are more interested in gaining access to large, wealthy nations." More than 70 percent of U.S. foreign investment is in the developed nations, with Europe accounting for half of all investment. Asia (including Japan) accounts for only around 17 percent of U.S. outflows.

Curiously enough, the mess Japan and Korea have gotten themselves into may do more to facilitate free trade and direct foreign investment than any other single event since Commodore Perry sailed into Tokyo harbor. For years, American companies have complained that it is too expensive to invest in Japan—well, now they can buy in on the cheap. And that's apparently what they intend to do. Chase Manhattan, General Electric, General Motors, and J.P. Morgan are already looking at weakened companies in the region. Merrill Lynch plans to take over 50 branches of the failed Japanese brokerage firm Yamaichi Securities. About a dozen of the leading commercial and investment banks in the U.S. met with the Fed and Robert Rubin on December 29 with the aim of raising additional private financing for Korea and exploring business opportunities there. Even singer

Michael Jackson has thrown his glove into the ring, negotiating to buy a ski resort from a bankrupt Korean underwear-maker.

U.S. firms that have been grumbling that Japan was cornering key growth markets like Vietnam should have a chance to move in while the Japanese try to dig themselves out of what amounts to a seven-year recession. When their bubble economy burst in 1989, instead of using the opportunity to clean up the banking system, Japan turned toward Southeast Asia with a vengeance, dumping loans at ridiculously thin profit margins in an attempt to win market share. By exporting capital to Southeast Asia in massive quantities, Japanese banks re-created the bubble economy that had burst at

For years, American companies have complained that it's too expensive to invest in Japan—well, now they can buy in on the cheap. And that's what they intend to do.

home and had sent them abroad in the first place. Instead of being a role model of long-term investing, Japan proved to be little more than a degenerate gambler, doubling down a losing bet at a different gaming table. Already, international creditors are demanding a special risk premium on loans to Japanese banks. Ironically, the much-criticized "short-term focus" of the U.S. style of capitalism creates the market discipline that keeps publicly owned companies on track.

The simple truth is that finance from Singapore to Japan is nowhere as efficient as it is in the U.S. Bank loans are equal to only about half of the U.S. GDP, according to a recent World Bank study. In Malaysia, bank loans equal 100 percent of the GDP, while Japanese bank loans amount to 150 percent of the GDP. The balance of U.S. funding comes from places like the corporate bond market, where prices can respond to a corporate misstep faster than you can say "Herbert Hoover Hashimoto."

It's also ironic that another cause of Asia's economic ills is the very success of the U.S. economy, which has driven the dollar higher and higher at the expense of currencies like the won, baht, ringgit, and rupiah.

While it has undoubt-

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edly contributed to the shakiness of the U.S. stock market, the Asian mess is extending a bond-market rally that has taken long-term interest rates below 6 percent. The timing is perfect, because the Federal Reserve is unlikely to tighten anytime soon. Minutes of the November meeting of the Fed's policy-making arm revealed that Asia's liquidity crisis played a crucial role in keeping the central bank from raising domestic interest rates. And that's a good thing. The many emerging economies linked to the dollar are also de facto linked to U.S. monetary policy. "A strong dollar has led to a contagion of competitive devaluations, which has exposed the frailty of many of the Asian economies," says Madis Senner, a global money manager. "This contagion curbs growth and forces governments to pursue restrictive deflationary policies." It also seems inevitable that Asia will be forced into observing some basic U.S. house rules like greater public disclosure of banking data and a more painstaking accounting of short-term business prospects.

Will you excuse me if I do not shed a tear? As Deutsche Morgan Grenfell chief economist Ed Yardeni notes, Asians have been world-class competitors in the world's free markets for manufactured goods, but within their own borders they've stifled all competition. "They've had no trouble developing the technology needed to sustain export growth, but at home, they've made little progress in establishing the legal, accounting, and regulatory systems of capitalism necessary to sustain economic growth," Yardeni asserts.

You don't need an advanced degree to realize that in financial train wrecks of this magnitude, one country's travail is another country's winning lottery ticket. Asia's financial crisis is already softening up the region's longstanding aversion to foreign control. Under a long-delayed world-trade pact just finalized in Geneva, some 90 nations are expected to open their banking, insurance, and securities industries to foreign competition. Asian negotiators had opposed demands from the U.S. and Europe to substantially liberalize their financial markets. But financial crises have a way of transforming haughty opposition into fawning acquiescence. Asian countries now desperately need foreign financial firms to restructure their banking, brokerage, and insurance industries. The deal gives varying levels of ownership and operating rights to financial companies, whose interests will be protected by the rules of the World Trade Organization.

This ain't no small beer. The pact covers some 95 percent of financial-services trade and means that big banks and insurers in the U.S. and Europe will get freer access to developing markets around the world. Indonesia, for example, agreed that foreign insurers can own 100 percent stakes in insurance companies. That compares with a 1995 offer of minority stakes in Indonesian insurance concerns.

So it seems that the U.S. now has an expanded role in the global arena. Robert Rubin and Alan Greenspan aren't simply the Treasury secretary and chairman of the Federal Reserve; they're also boss and underboss of a new world order.

WHERE TO STASH YOUR CASH

AS I MENTIONED AT THE START, THE U.S. stock market is more or less in uncharted territory. Since this bull market began in 1982, stocks have averaged a total annualized return just north of 19 percent. What's probably even more amazing is that there has been only one down year in the past sixteen, and that was in 1990, when Saddam invaded Kuwait. That means most folks are not going to expect another stellar performance from stocks this year. But put numerology and oddsmaking aside, and the economic fundamentals in the U.S.

with Asian imports (semiconductors and auto parts), and concentrate on U.S. multinationals with the bulk of their foreign exposure in Europe. Raytheon Company; Great Lakes Chemical Corporation; Fortune Brands, Inc.; and General Mills, Inc., conduct virtually all of their overseas business in Europe.

You also could do worse than buying a handful of DJIA laggards. By that I mean those stocks in the Dow that offer the highest dividend yield. This may sound boring and uninspired, but hey, it works. For example, the Dow laggards suggested in this space last year (Philip Morris, J.P. Morgan, Chevron, General Motors, and AT&T) provided anyone who bought them with a total return of 27.8 percent in 1997. That compares with a 24.3 percent total return on the 30 stocks that make up the Dow.

Last year, this column also suggested trying a value approach to investing by buying proven companies with a low price-to-sales ratio, which can be determined by dividing a company's stock price by the sales it generates per share. Although companies with a price-to-sales ratio of 1 to 1 or lower have consistently outperformed the market over ten-year cycles, the four companies (Chrysler, Fisher Scientific, Mobil, and IBM) I mentioned didn't fare quite as well as the DJIA or S&P

Now is not the time to get fancy, so stay with proven blue chips and multinationals with the bulk of their foreign exposure in Europe. And have some cash on hand.

suggest another year of double-digit stock-market gains.

The U.S. is still the best investment haven on earth. You just can't beat it for safety and growth. It wasn't too long ago that we were one of the worst among developed countries in manufacturing productivity. Now we're one of the best. But now is not the time to get fancy. In an environment as volatile as this one, investors are sure to pay up for the privilege of keeping what is euphemistically known as event risk to a minimum. So stay with proven blue chips, and have some cash on hand in case we're favored with another rare opportunity like the 554-point plunge on October 27. Stay away from sectors likely to suffer earnings disappointments because of direct competition

500, netting 18.7 percent with dividends reinvested.

Again, don't try to get too fancy. Small-capitalization issues, another sector that was recommended here, produced a total return of 22.2 percent—respectable, sure, but a far cry from the 33.4 percent that the S&P 500 netted with dividends reinvested. Because so many small investors have given up trying to beat the averages, parking their money in so-called index funds, the broad S&P 500 index currently outperforms more than 90 percent of professional money managers. So there's a lot to be said for directing your hard-earned dollars into a plain-vanilla, no-load "index" fund and letting the earning power of the strongest economy on the planet make you rich. ■



Funds & Games

WALL STREET'S BRAINIEST BANKERS ARE PARACHUTING OUT OF HIGH-FLYING FIRMS TO RUN RISKY HEDGE FUNDS. RETURNS ARE SO HIGH THAT THEIR ZILLIONAIRE CLIENTS DON'T CARE WHAT GOES ON BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

BY PEGGY EDERSHEIM KALB

I WORKED AT A HEDGE FUND for two years before I knew what one was," jokes one fund employee, who, like many others in the secretive world of hedge-fund management, would talk to *New York* only if his name wasn't mentioned. Hedge funds are the sporty investment vehicles of the late nineties, but most people don't have a clue what they are. Maybe that's because they're better defined by what they are not. A hedge fund comprises a group of individuals whose pooled money is invested by a manager. But unlike mutual funds, hedge funds aren't SEC-regulated, and their managers don't have to be registered investment advisers. And if you aren't an "accredited investor"—that is, someone who makes at least \$200,000 a year and has more than \$1 million in assets (primary residence included)—you can forget about parking your stash in one. Wealthy families, school endowments, and pension plans are among the largest investors in hedge funds. Think of them as mutual funds for the plutocrats; if you have to ask the price of admission—well, you know the rest.

Hedge funds are very private, very lucrative, and very hot. It took just seven months to raise \$1 billion for Ocelot, Julian Robertson's latest hedge fund at Tiger Management (on average, all of Tiger's funds were up 63 percent through mid-December, before fees were subtracted). Robertson and George Soros are the industry's glamorous Garbos—rarely talking to the press about their

wheeling and dealing but still the subjects of endless fascination. Whenever the *Wall Street Journal* gets wind of their shopping spree, the pair's purchases are dutifully recorded (see page 26 of this issue for their biggest recent buys). Generating considerably more ink is James Cramer, hedge-fund manager of the Cramer Capital Corporation, contract writer at *Time* and *GQ*, part owner of industry Website TheStreet.com, and former *New York Magazine* financial columnist. Recently, Cramer joined the likes of Michael Jordan and Shaquille O'Neal, appearing in footwear ads—for Rockports, not Reeboks, but you get the idea.

Their often astonishing returns are splattered across the newspapers, so the names of these cowboys are on a lot of people's lips—even if the funds they run are banned from advertising. Not that the better ones have to. Just as at the Union Club, if you want to join in the fun, you have to know the right people. "Some of these guys have waiting lists for investors," says John Broadhurst, a San Francisco lawyer who works with hedge funds. Casually mentioning your hedge-fund manager at a dinner party now has the cachet that owning an outsize house on Southampton's Gin Lane had in the eighties.

There is a growing feeling that the *real* money has tunneled into hedge funds—where the managers (who usually invest their own money alongside their clients') get a 1 to 3 percent management fee in addition to 10 to 25 percent of the profits. The management fees ensure

they make money anyway, even when their strategies don't pan out. The million-dollar bonuses paid to Wall Street investment-banking honchos look like a pile of peanuts next to the hundreds of millions hedge-fund managers and their relatively junior employees take home. Some of them have so much cash, they've taken to giving it away: The legendary George Soros has disbursed more than \$1.5 billion over the past twenty years (the bulk of it in the nineties) to all manner of causes. Soros's right-hand man, Stanley Druckenmiller, and Tiger Management's Julian Robertson are two of five fund managers who preside over the philanthropic Robin Hood Foundation.

The perception is that many managers feel compelled to try to hit the ball out of the park to justify their immense paychecks. Hedge funds can carry a great deal more risk than a plain-jane mutual fund. But stupendous risk sometimes yields stupendous rewards, as anyone who has invested with George Soros will tell you. Soros's flagship Quantum fund has returned, on average, around 33 percent annually—after fees—since 1969.

A hedge-fund manager tries to make money any way he or she can: by going short or long on securities and by using currencies, options, futures, leverage, or any variety of white-knuckle (entirely legal) techniques to swell the coffers.

That's another reason managers tend not to welcome the scrutiny of the press. The *hedge fund* rubric is generally used to describe a fund that can invest in more than one asset class (stocks, futures, or

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currencies, for example); use borrowed money, or leverage, to increase investment assets; and hedge, which is simultaneously buying one security and shorting another, ultimately balancing trades to limit downside risk. While a mutual-fund manager is obliged to lay out a specific investment style in a prospectus—and stick to it (or risk hearing about it from the SEC)—a hedge-fund manager is free to employ whatever strategy he or she believes makes the most sense for different markets and investment conditions. Even with such a liberal charter, many hedge-fund managers have taken it upon themselves to outline their strategy for investors in a “placement memorandum”: Some purposely give themselves tremendous flexibility; others set limits on their own investing activities.

Although mutual funds could have some of the same flexibility (as long as it's clearly defined in their prospectuses), relatively few managers choose that route. “There is greater risk in engaging in high-risk activities with widespread mutual-fund ownership than with a sophisticated group of investors,” says Weil Gotshal & Manges senior partner Robert Todd Lang, chairman of the American Bar Association subcommittee on private investment entities.

“The brightest minds on Wall Street are not on Wall Street,” insists one hedge-fund manager. “They’re with the hedge funds.” That might be slightly self-serving, but hedge funds are vacuuming up a lot of talent. Why? There’s that hefty percentage of profits, known as “incentive compensation.” Not having somebody looking over your shoulder all the time is another perk.

After slugging it out in a big Wall Street firm, many bankers find the idea of spinning off a small shop appealing. Back in 1991, research chief Leon Cooperman

left Goldman, Sachs to start the Omega fund, and three years later, Salomon Brothers vice-chairman John Meriwether was forced to resign from the firm but went on to launch Long-Term Capital Management with eight partners, including Nobel Prize winners Robert Merton and Myron Scholes. Merton and Scholes famously helped create the Black-Scholes model for pricing stock options. (Don’t slap your checkbook on the counter just yet—Long-Term Capital is closed to new investors.)

Who else preferred to switch rather than fight? Jeffrey Vinik started his own

shel’s Lang. The industry is ballooning; witness the dozens of young managers ensconced in “Hedge Fund Row”—the Helmsley Building, at the foot of Park Avenue—and those renting fallow office space inside brokerage houses like Bear, Stearns. Although still dwarfed by the \$3 trillion mutual-fund industry, hedge funds command a big cut of the action: In 1996, there were more than 4,700 of them globally (3,500 in the U.S.), managing around \$225 billion; that number was up from 2,000 managing \$84 billion in 1990, according to Nashville’s Van Hedge Fund Advisors International.

Casually mentioning your hedge-fund manager at a dinner party now has the cachet that owning an outsize house on Southampton’s Gin Lane had in the eighties.

hedge fund in November 1996, shortly after his very public departure from managing Fidelity’s hypertrophied Magellan fund, where he’d been criticized for making an ill-timed bet on bonds as well as publicly talking up a stock in his portfolio even as he was selling it. Vinik already has an estimated \$1.5 billion to play with (after fees, his hedge fund was up 91.6 percent through mid-December). John Hancock Special Equities fund managers Michael DiCarlo and Andrew St. Pierre set up their hedge fund, DFS Advisors, in March 1996 and were featured in a *New York Times Magazine* cover story nine months later.

It’s a manager’s market. “If you’re well established, people tend to follow you—throw money at you,” says Weil Got-

Everybody, it seems, wants to run a hedge fund, even former Kidder, Peabody bond trader Joseph Jett, who is still fighting SEC charges related to claims that he defrauded that firm in the early nineties. In April, he announced plans to launch a hedge fund with three partners.

“I’M MAKING MONEY ON A DAY LIKE THIS,” says hedge-fund manager John Moon of Moon Capital, sitting in his office at 53rd and Madison. It is the morning of December 18, and the Dow has already sunk 225 points. A minute or so later, the Dow is down 253 points, and Moon’s small-cap emerging-markets funds is up about 1 percent. “If you work for, say, a Latin American mutual fund, they usually need

Sizzling Stakes

THE BIGGEST RECENT PURCHASES BY HEDGE-FUND INSTITUTIONS

(As of 9/30/97, unless otherwise noted. These holdings may have been sold since then.)

Soros Fund Management

Accor (France, 6/5/97)
Perkin-Elmer (11/10/97)
Micron Technology
Amgen
Worms & Cie. (France, 10/21/97)

Ford Motor Company
Hewlett-Packard
Cresud (Argentina, 8/12/97)
Federated Department Stores
Compaq Computer
Nine West Group (12/9/97)
Union Camp
Worldcom
Boeing
Continental Airlines (Class B)
Centocor
Equitable Companies
Genzyme
CVS
Waste Management

Omega Advisors
Columbia/HCA Healthcare
MCI Communications

Banc One
General Motors
Pioneer Hi-Bred International
Wells Fargo & Co.
Chase Manhattan
Galileo International
First Union
Outback Steakhouse
Provident Financial
Computer Sciences
Union Carbide
Travelers Group
Sears, Roebuck & Co.
Home Shopping Network
Limited
Autozone
Manpower
Reading & Bates
Golden State Bancorp

Tiger Management
W.R. Grace & Co.
Atlantic Richfield
Bear Stearns Companies
Diamond Offshore Drilling
Royal Bank of Canada
Oryx Energy
Costco Companies
Nationsbank
Delta Air Lines
Mattel
Royal Bank of Scotland (12/6/97)
Banc One
Morgan Stanley, Dean Witter,
Discover & Co.
US Airways Group
Carnival
Citicorp
SBC Communications

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to be 90 percent invested, and can only stray from a benchmark by so much," says Moon, "so even if you think Mexico is going to crash because of a devaluation, you have to be invested." Before fees, Moon's fund was up 18 percent in mid-December since its creation in April; his benchmark, the MSCI emerging-markets free index, was down 21.69 percent for the same period.

"In a hedge fund, you're betting on the manager, not the market," says Martin Gross, who runs a fund in Livingston, New Jersey, that buys stakes in hedge funds; it's what's called a fund of funds. "If you're in a general technology fund and technology is up, you know you're up. If you're in a hedge fund and technology is through the roof, you're not sure. You have to call the manager and find out what his call on the market was."

It's important to note that many hedge funds have actually underperformed U.S. indexes over the past four years. But they did remarkably well in October's market drop: On average, according to Van Hedge Fund Advisors, domestic hedge funds fell just 0.7 percent, compared with losses of 6.3 percent, 5.6 percent, and 3.3 percent, respectively, for the Dow Jones Industrial Average, the average U.S. equity mutual fund, and the S&P 500.

Was October an anomaly? While hedge-fund managers and consultants will tell you that hedge funds are traditionally supposed to underperform a bull market and outperform a bear market, nobody can say for sure how this bumper crop will do in a protracted market downturn. A study done by Stephen Brown of New York University and William Goetzmann and Roger Ibbotson of Yale University that examined several hundred offshore investment funds found no correlation between perfor-

mance in one year and performance in the next (George Soros's operation is the exception, not the rule, says Ibbotson).

The name *hedge fund* was coined in the fifties by money managers looking, ironically, for a strategy to protect wealthy investors in a down market. Accruing outsize gains wasn't part of the original mandate; safeguarding principal was. Those early managers probably didn't envision the kind of wild swings investors now associate with hedge-fund performance or the bets George Soros makes on the direction of the world's economies. (The prime minister of Malaysia recently accused Soros of garroting the ringgit by betting on its decline—a charge that was widely ridiculed. In fact, it seemed like *everybody* was shorting the currency, because the Malaysian economy looked like it might tank. And nobody knows exactly what Soros's exposure was, anyway.)

Victor Niederhoffer, who for 25 years successfully ran a group of funds, made *Business Week's* best-seller list in the summer with his self-congratulatory (when it wasn't self-deprecating) biography, *The Education of a Speculator*. But shortly thereafter, Niederhoffer got taken to the woodshed when he bet wrong on the Thai baht and then on the S&P 500. He was wiped out in October's market rout, and reportedly has been left liable for much of the \$45 million deficit. "My idea has always been that the only way to make above-average returns is to take above-average risk," Niederhoffer told *New York* in December, adding, "I think I learned that the lessons of the Western markets don't apply to Eastern markets. It's a different ball game out there." The chastened speculator isn't planning to re-

boot anytime in the near future. "I'm just licking my wounds and trying to meet my obligations for the year," he says.

"When you deal with hedge funds, the principal risk you face is manager risk, not market risk. If you're in an asset class where the manager has the tools to make money in all sorts of markets, he's not there to mirror any index; he's there to perform on an absolute basis," says Joel Katzman, president and CEO of Chase Alternative Asset Management, which manages around \$1.2 billion (half of which is in hedge funds). "For every Soros and Robertson you read about, there are many, many smaller managers that might not be as aggressive as Soros and Robertson are. They have different return objectives, much lower volatility."

Some of the better-known hedge-fund managers, including Soros and Robertson, have held substantial long positions in U.S. stocks over the past few years. Weil Gotshal's Lang says the term *hedge fund* is itself a misnomer; what most people think of as hedge funds, says Lang, are simply "private investment entities." Under the terms of their partnership agreements, clients can bail out only at the end of a quarter and sometimes have to wait as long as five years. That promotes some measure of stability; in market dips, mutual-fund switchboards are known to gear up for shareholder redemptions.

Recent legislation will actually increase the amount of money under this kind of management—the buccaneering hedge-fund industry lobbied for it. Until 1997, every hedge fund was capped at 100 accredited investors. But under the new rules, funds can take in 499 investors; however, each individual investor must

United Meridian
Barnett Banks
TV Azteca (Mexico)
Circuit City Stores

Vinik Asset Management

FirstPlus Financial Group
Trinity Industries
Bay Networks
Jones Apparel Group
Applied Materials
ESC Medical Systems (Israel)
Pairgain Technologies
Anchor Gaming
Level One Communications
Siebel Systems
Keane
Agouron Pharmaceuticals
American Power Conversion

Wind River Systems
FPA Medical Management
Fore Systems
Mylan Laboratories
BEA Systems
DSP Communications
Aspect Development
HealthCare Financial Partners

Cramer Capital Corporation

AAR
Corestates Financial
Bristol-Myers Squibb
Dow Jones & Co.
BankBoston
Arco Chemical
Crestar Financial
American Capital Strategies
Hewlett-Packard

Fairchild (11/26/97)
Bay View Capital
Evergreen Bancorp
Pfizer
Merrill Lynch & Co.
Cyprus Amax Minerals
Bay Networks
RedFed Bancorp
Prime Bancshares
Ocean Financial
LeukoSite
Texas Instruments

Long-Term Capital Portfolio

ING (The Netherlands)
USA Waste Services
HFS
Marshall & Ilsley
Lehman Brothers Holding

Mercantile Bancorporation
SLM Holding
Burlington Resources
Huntington Bancshares
Ensco International
Crestar Financial
Northern Trust
National Semiconductor
Firstar
Coleman Company
Synovus Financial
BB&T
Global Marine
Wachovia
Allegheny Energy
Staples

Source: Technometrics, Inc.

have a minimum of \$5 million in investment assets (primary residence not included), and each institutional investor must have at least \$25 million under management. "Knowledgeable employees" of hedge funds are also now allowed to buy in, regardless of their financial status. In addition, fund managers were finally allowed to set up parallel funds with similar investment strategies. Permitted to have more investors, managers may start bringing down minimum investment requirements, which now range from \$250,000 to \$20 million. Julian Robertson's Ocelot fund, for example, requires a \$1 million minimum investment, compared with \$10 million for the other Tiger funds. Ocelot is a "3C7 fund," created under this new legislation.

For accredited investors who still can't

vestors be allowed on the system. In addition, a number of local banks, such as Republic Bank of New York and Chase, track many of the bigger hedge funds for their clients.

"Presuming you can find the one you want, it's imperative to meet with the fund manager, the guy who makes the decisions," says Noah Lerner, assistant vice-president of investment management with Hartz Mountain Industries. "In a mutual fund, we have to go by what we see in writing. With a hedge fund, you have the opportunity to meet face-to-face. Always get references from current investors, auditors, and attorneys. Don't be shy." Look for funds that have done well over time (make sure the performance numbers you review don't include fees; they're hefty and can skew an understanding of just

Everybody, it seems, wants to run a hedge fund, even former Kidder, Peabody trader Joseph Jett, who is still fighting charges related to claims that he defrauded that firm.

meet the minimums, there are always funds of funds, offered by individual managers and institutions like Chase and DLJ. Funds of funds allow individuals to pool their money to meet hedge-fund minimums and—occasionally—get into closed funds (those in which fund-of-funds managers staked positions before they closed). Of course, in exchange for this kind of access and diversification, you are paying a whole other round of fees—the ones levied by the actual hedge funds themselves, in addition to the management fee charged by the fund-of-funds manager. And the returns of the top-performing funds of funds over the past five years haven't kept pace with those of the top-performing hedge funds.

How does one go about selecting a hedge fund or a fund of funds? It's not like they've got 800 numbers with operators standing by to dispatch prospectuses. Companies like Van Hedge Fund Advisory and New York City-based MAR/Hedge will send investors performance information and minimum-investment requirements. There's also a new Website, a password-protected directory of funds called Hedgescan. San Francisco lawyer John Broadhurst says the SEC has given Hedgescan the go-ahead with the proviso that only accredited in-

how well a fund has done). Like many other hedge-fund investors—and mutual-fund investors, for that matter—Lerner says he shies away from the giant funds because he thinks smaller funds respond better to a volatile market; they can get in and out of positions quicker.

With the bull market in its seventh year, more and more money is looking for a hedge. It can be tough for the neophyte: At least a quarter of all hedge funds are based offshore (including all seven of the Soros funds, even though Soros's headquarters is in New York), and a good number of those don't take many—or any—U.S. investors, generally because they seek to avoid stringent U.S. reporting requirements. It didn't matter that Ocelot's distributor, Donaldson, Lufkin Jenrette, couldn't take out ads on CNBC or in the *Wall Street Journal*; the fund is already sold-out. Julian Robertson's Tiger funds are all open, but each requires a \$10 million minimum investment. And would-be Soros investors are out of luck; his funds have always been closed to U.S. citizens. "It's a market in which there are lines drawn in the sand and everybody is looking to get around them," says one manager. "Hedge funds are definitely a growth business. And America is a wealthy, wealthy place."

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Capital Ideas

The top five U.S.-based hedge funds still open to investors (based on five-year after-fee performance numbers):

ZACKS (INDICATOR), Chicago, Ill.
MINIMUM INITIAL INVESTMENT: \$400,000
AVERAGE ANNUAL RETURN: 44.57 percent
TOTAL ASSETS: \$15.9 million

ABERNATHY GROUP A.G.,
New York, N.Y.
MINIMUM INITIAL INVESTMENT: \$250,000
AVERAGE ANNUAL RETURN: 38.29 percent
TOTAL ASSETS: \$30.36 million

RJL PARTNERS, Calabasas, Calif.
MINIMUM INITIAL INVESTMENT: \$250,000
AVERAGE ANNUAL RETURN: 37.06 percent
TOTAL ASSETS: \$16.84 million

BRICOLEUR PARTNERS, San Diego, Calif.
MINIMUM INITIAL INVESTMENT: \$1 million
AVERAGE ANNUAL RETURN: 34.51 percent
TOTAL ASSETS: \$128.19 million

JACKSON BOULEVARD EQUITIES, Chicago, Ill.
MINIMUM INITIAL INVESTMENT: \$100,000
AVERAGE ANNUAL RETURN: 33.35 percent
TOTAL ASSETS: \$33.92 million

Top five funds of funds still open to investors (based on five-year after-fee performance numbers):

MILLBURN MCO PARTNERS, Greenwich, Conn.
MINIMUM INITIAL INVESTMENT: \$1 million
AVERAGE ANNUAL RETURN: 20.18 percent
TOTAL ASSETS: \$113.46 million

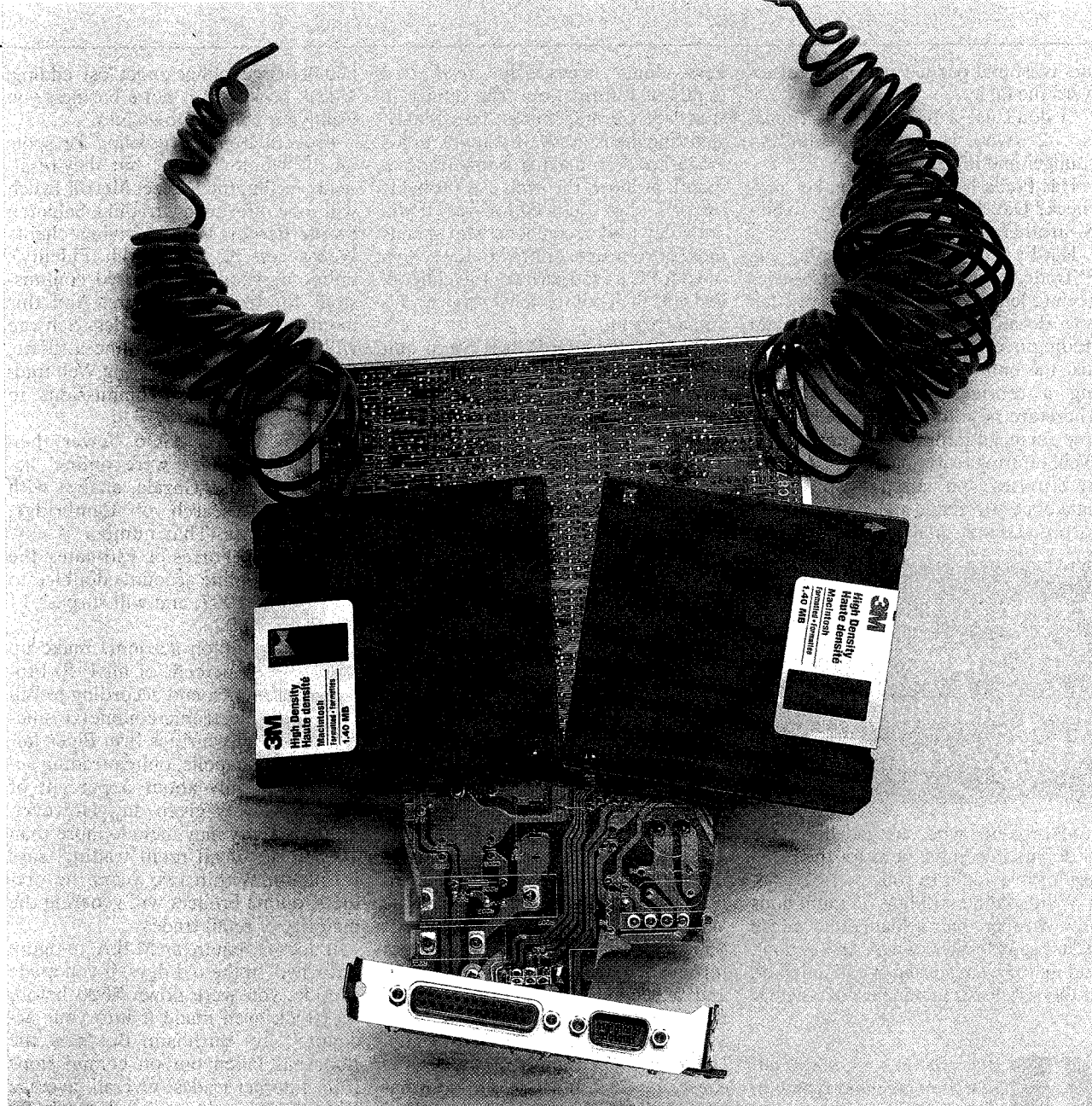
TORREY GLOBAL FUND, New York, N.Y.
MINIMUM INITIAL INVESTMENT: \$1 million
AVERAGE ANNUAL RETURN: 19.33 percent
TOTAL ASSETS: \$82 million

HAMMER, Boulder, Co.
MINIMUM INITIAL INVESTMENT: \$250,000
AVERAGE ANNUAL RETURN: 18.9 percent
TOTAL ASSETS: \$43 million

OXBRIDGE ASSOCIATES, Livingston, N.J.
MINIMUM INITIAL INVESTMENT: \$250,000
AVERAGE ANNUAL RETURN: 18.28 percent
TOTAL ASSETS: \$41 million

HALCYON MULTIPLE STRATEGIES, New York, N.Y.
MINIMUM INITIAL INVESTMENT: \$2 million
AVERAGE ANNUAL RETURN: 16.63 percent
TOTAL ASSETS: \$110.83 million

(Source: MAR/Hedge)



Trading Places

WITH AN OFFICE ON
VIRTUAL WALL STREET,
THE INTERNET MAKES ONE
HELLUVA STOCKBROKER.
BY ANDREW MARLATT

IT'S A NINETIES WINK AT THE FAMOUS "WHEN E.F. HUTTON talks, people listen" ad campaign: The commercial stars a pair of professional women, *in medias* dish, at a table in a crowded restaurant. "My broker says it's a good idea," says Yuppie No. 1 to Yuppie No. 2. "What does your broker say?" ■ The din evaporates as starched col-

lars twist and padded shoulders list toward the table.

"I don't use a broker," says Yuppie No. 2 (who is—not incidentally—y younger and hipper).

Has Prada been feasting on her paycheck? Did she mail her savings to Sally Struthers?

Hardly. The commercial is plugging E*Trade, one of dozens of brokerages keen to let everyone know that you can now do all of your own research and trading over the Internet. And it's not just the online brokers who are offering a reprieve from info-serfdom: There are now thousands of cheap or free financial-information sites on the Web, offering real-time quotes, company histories, and earnings estimates—data once affordable and available only to professional analysts, traders, and

kers—don't necessarily need that depth of information: The ability to translate German marks into Malaysian ringgits is gravy. If you are an average investor, making a few trades a month at most, the Web can probably provide what you need for free. If you are a day trader, someone who spends most of your time grafted to the screen of your PC as you earn your livelihood, and you shell out for some services, it's still a bargain.

Ten months ago, Robert Stern quit his job as a medical-practice manager to day-trade from home. His chances of being able to make the switch without the services of the Internet, he says, were "zero."

He checked into the traditional route, having terminals hard-wired into his den to mimic the big boys, but

had better get online or get lost, adding, "Stock brokerage is not a business you want your children to go into."

Brokers aren't yet jostling for spots on the window ledge, but they're already feeling the breeze. Merrill Lynch will soon offer online trading. Salomon Smith Barney is now giving clients Web access to its research. Fidelity's online division has lowered commissions for frequent traders. And this month, discounteer Charles Schwab will fold its separate online affiliate, eSchwab, and begin offering Web trading, with low \$29.95 commissions, to all its customers.

At the end of 1996, fewer than twenty brokerages were online, according to Mike Gazala, analyst with Forrester Research of Cambridge, Massachusetts. That number is now close to 50. Forrester estimates the number of online accounts doubled to 3 million in 1997, and will surpass 14 million by 2002.

Those 3 million accounts make up less than 10 percent of all U.S. brokerage accounts, and according to Bill Burnham, electronic-commerce analyst with the securities firm Piper Jaffray in Minneapolis, online trading accounts for only about 5 percent of trading on any given day. However, online activity may include more than 10 percent of all retail trading, says Burnham. Within two years, he predicts, online brokers will generate the majority of retail trades.

It doesn't require an M.B.A. to figure out why: "In the old days, if you made a trade, you were down \$600 before the stock even made it into your account," says Burnham. But now the floor has fallen out on commissions from Internet trades: Overall, average Web commission rates fell nearly 50 percent between June and October, from \$32 to \$17, according to Piper Jaffray. Arguably, the best deal—at this blip in time—is New York-based Suretrade, which charges \$7.95 for a trade of up to 5,000 shares.

"It's easier to monitor stocks and news on Yahoo! than it is on Bloomberg," says money manager Peter Siris. "And the Web has better company information."

stockbrokers, who charged hundreds of dollars in commissions for the privilege of relaying it to you.

With online trading commissions now cheaper than a Manhattan movie ticket, stockbrokers whose names don't end in .com are staring at extinction or, at the very least, imminent downsizing.

JUST USING A STANDARD search engine and typing in the name of a company, plus visiting the company's Web site, I can often learn more, faster, than I can going through conventional channels," says David Shaw, chairman and CEO of D.E.

Shaw & Co., the New York-based global investment bank. For Shaw, those channels include Reuters, Dow Jones Markets, and Bloomberg, which charge hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars to install their services or hard-wired terminals at major banks and trading firms that then supply instant news, quotes, and screen after screen of data on everything from commodities futures to currency fluctuations. Only most investors—even most bro-

kers—the costs were prohibitive. Dow Jones alone wanted \$800 to \$1,200 a month to install the box that would give Stern real-time quotes and news. Using the Web, Stern says, he spends about \$500 a month, which includes the fees for an Internet service provider (ISP) and a second phone line. He pays \$300 for a real-time quote site and \$90 for analysis at a day-trading site. He just dropped a \$25 news site because, he says, most of the information he needs is now free on **Yahoo!** (<http://quote.yahoo.com>).

That type of access, along with \$8 online trading commissions, is why David Shaw believes technology will eventually supplant the broker-mid-dleman.

Shaw, whose company made its name using computers to stock-pick, is celebrated for his theory that everyone on Wall Street will eventually be replaced in some form by technology. The belief that a number of high-flying brokers are due to have their wings clipped by the Internet has other powerful adherents. In November, IBM's chief executive officer, Louis Gerstner, warned the audience at a securities-industry conference that traditional brokerages

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PETER SIRIS, A SECURITIES analyst turned money manager, has been trying to get online for half an hour to track and trade. But his ISP is stubbornly refusing to connect with his computer. Add his busy signal to the chorus of cavils the Web has endured since its inception: It's infuriatingly slow, sometimes you can't get on, and when you do, not every site is open for business. Online brokerages are still recuperat-

Having It All

WHAT, MICHAEL BLOOMBERG WORRY? HIS MEDIA SPRAWL IS HOLDING ITS OWN, AND NO, THE WEB ISN'T SPINNING INTO HIS TURF.
BY ALEX WILLIAMS

Michael Bloomberg has been something of a rebel hero in this decade's business-information revolution. With a Bloomberg terminal on every self-respecting broker's desk, he led the insurrection against *Fortune*, *Barron's*, and the *Wall Street Journal*, offering real-time scoops on billion-dollar bank mergers and oracular pronouncements by the Fed. His eponymous news-radio station, TV channel, and magazines have been ingested by Gap-wearing Gekkos propelling the people's stock market of the nineties. He has been there to see the tracking of arcana like price-to-earnings ratios become a populist form of entertainment, like lotto.

The question Bloomberg now faces is whether the heap of financial information is suddenly looking as precariously "toppy" as the stock market it tracks. "Everybody says there is this enormous demand for business news," says Bloomberg as his shoes are being shined in a conference room severed by a sheet of glass from his newsroom above Park Avenue. "And I see the supply—there's Bloomberg's, there's CNBC, there's the CNNfn, there's all the Websites. But I don't see the demand. None of the business-television stations has decent ratings. With serious news publications, circulation is going down."

Bloomberg, who was pushed out of Salomon, Inc., after it was bought in 1981, has a way of sounding strangely titillated when he talks about the forces aligned to destroy him. And business journalism has been getting competitive lately. "While it's conventional wisdom that everybody owns equities today whereas they didn't before, most brokerage firms try to push you into mutual funds that they manage as opposed to you sitting there and managing your stocks yourself. So where is this big demand that everybody's talking about? I don't know if every man, woman, and child in the United States wants to get business news."

It's not just a glut of financial information but a surfeit of news in general. "What the hell is the difference, in a practical sense, between *U.S. News and Newsweek* and *Time* and *The Economist*? You could live without any one, you could live with only one, no matter which one. Same thing with newspapers, same thing with Websites, radio, television. It's what I call *entertainment*, nice but not necessary. My wildest dream is to break even in Websites, radio, television, and publishing."

Profit isn't necessarily the point of his multifarious ventures. "I do, actually, have aspirations of making money [in these areas], though I'm not sure that's doable," Bloomberg says. "The magazines are already profitable; radio isn't far away. But television is a very problematical business. You saw recently that CNBC and Dow Jones got together to do business

television in Europe and Asia. They were each losing \$50 million a year, both companies said in press releases. Now they're each going to lose \$25 million a year. It's just not clear there is a big market for serious news, and if you don't have a big market, it's very difficult to sell advertising."

Still, he doesn't see any white elephants roaming his yard. "If you want to give an interview to somebody and you give it to Bloomberg, you get distribution on television and radio worldwide, in many languages on the Web, in the magazine, on the Bloomberg terminal. All that makes it attractive to a source, whether it's a senator, an entertainer, or the head of a corporation."

One reason Bloomberg can gamble in this "nice but not necessary business" is his outrageous success in one that *is* necessary: peddling business news and financial analysis—at \$1,200 a month—to professionals over the legendary flat-screen computer monitor he introduced in 1981, known simply in financial circles as "the Bloomberg." But what of the World Wide Web, a hash house of sites serving up earnings estimates, company headlines, and four-week equity-performance charts? The global network is still slow and rickety, even if it's true that the pros are starting to rely on it more and more.

Bloomberg is optimistic about survival; it's his *competition* that free-loading downloaders stand to put out of business, he figures. "There was always Quotron, ILX, ADP, and Bridge, the \$50-to-\$200-a-month services,"

he says with a shrug. "What the Adam Smith model of supply-and-demand doesn't leave room for is these guys in the middle." Like Dow Jones Telerate system (now known as Dow Jones Markets). It was the standard for money pros until Bloomberg launched his business; today, it's on the block.

"What you get from Bloomberg is to have that same publicly available data categorized and scrubbed. We give you a very big search engine to find what you want. Then we give you analytics to take the information and do something with it: graph it or project it or compare it or regress it. *That's* what people are paying \$1,200 a month for."

To date, no Website has been able to crunch numbers the same way a Bloomberg can, he says: "The simple information on companies is [there on the Web], but if you want cash-flow numbers for an Indonesian company and you want to value it and compare it to a company in

Austria, and you have a currency problem, and a convention problem, because they define depreciation in different ways, if you want to pull all that together—that's not the kind of product you find there."

Bloomberg actually sees the Internet not as a mortal enemy but as a potential ally. "Being on the Internet would be a lot cheaper for us. Our long-distance bills are about \$70 million a year. If we could get all our customers to come to us over the Net—and today it's not reliable enough yet, although we have about 5,000 who come to us that way—we would save \$70 million dollars a year," Bloomberg says.

Characteristically, Michael Bloomberg means to both beat the Websites and join them. In December, he rolled out a spiffy new version of his Website, Bloomberg.com, with more headlines, vivid new graphs, charts, and an interactive version of Bloomberg Television.

Bloomberg smiles, and says a bit cockily, "I've got to make sure that even if the Web is the threat to our \$1,200-a-month business, which I don't think it is, that threat is going to come from Bloomberg."



Hard-wire act: Bloomberg plays offense.

ing from the Dow's 550-point swoon in late October, when the only thing cybertraders wanted to execute more than their orders was their Internet broker. Systems were overwhelmed with the record trading volume, and untold numbers of investors were stranded in the ether, unable to get through. E*Trade is currently being sued by disgruntled customers who claim they lost money when they couldn't access the site. Analysts contend this was an aberration, that most days, cyberbrokers do just fine. (And anyway, people couldn't get through to their corporeal brokers, either.)

Still, those who make a living using the Internet wouldn't dream of risking everything on it; day trader Robert Stern, who has a degree in computer-systems engineering, places his trades over the telephone. Even so, it's hard to find anyone who doesn't have boundless faith that technology will soon catch up; it takes only a few site visits to key-stroke yourself into the ranks of the believers.

Of course, a number of online investors pose a greater threat to themselves than to the traditional full-service brokerage business. It's not just that some investors rely too heavily on wobbly online brokerages to trade, and expose themselves to unreliable message boards and chat rooms prowled by disinformants—anonymous short-sellers who bash a stock to encourage dumping or company insiders spreading false, rosy projections. Even if the information is sound, you still have to know what to do with it.

"Say you get an e-mail that tells you Oracle reported some bad news," says Neil Budde, editor of *Wall Street Journal* Interactive Edition. "How do you know how bad that is? How do you know how big an impact that will have? How do you react?"

The average investor probably doesn't know, answers Mark Dick, vice-president of A.G. Edwards in Rochester, New York. Dick claims to know a man who lost 90 percent of his retirement savings self-investing on the Internet. And before you dump your full-service broker, you might ask yourself: "Do I want to have a life?" Confronted with thousands of financial sites offering millions of pages, users can easily spend hours jumping from site to site, chart to chart, opinion to opinion.

Still interested in do-it-yourself, but not sure you can handle total fi-

nancial independence? You might try this quick test. Consider your net worth in light of this rather cynical observation from Forrester's Gazala: "If you don't have the right amount of assets, most of these brokers don't care about you, and if you're going to get impersonal service, why not get it electronically?"

IF THIS THING EVER WORKS," Peter Siris mutters as his modem beeps its head against the ISP wall, "the first thing I theoretically will see is all my stocks and what they've done, and look at the news on them all. To me, that's the simplest way to start: see a quick snapshot of everything that's going on." Every day, Siris, whose book *Guerrilla Investing* is due out in the spring from Longstreet Press, begins his online sessions with **My Yahoo!** (<http://my.yahoo.com>). Siris follows about 80 stocks on this free personalized service, some he owns and others he's interested in, using the site to check for the latest news on his holdings like analysts' upgrades or

Cheaper systems require users to type in each symbol and wait for the quote. Costlier versions automatically update an entire portfolio of stock symbols. Top-end services provide access to what's called NASDAQ Level II, a real-time peek inside the once-hidden lair of the market-makers, the people who match buyers with sellers and set bid and ask prices.

If Siris wants to track a new company, he visits both its Website and **FreeEDGAR** (www.freeedgar.com), which offers SEC filings such as annual and quarterly reports. At the end of the day, he might catch up on the overall market at the *Wall Street Journal* Interactive Edition (www.wsj.com; \$29 a year) or check the message boards at Yahoo! or **The Motley Fool** (www.fool.com; free). All this costs Siris about \$20 a month.

"There are very few times I find the need to call somebody in the office and ask somebody to look something up on the Bloomberg for me," says Siris. "Every once in a while, I'll need to look at a slightly different chart than I have available on the Web—for a moving average or a convergence/divergence. But it's easier to monitor stocks and news

How soon before somebody launches a frequent-trader-mile program?
Guess what. Bull & Bear Securities—
www.bullbear.com—already has.

downgrades, and to see whether any of them are on the move. From there, Siris heads to **Zacks** (www.zacks.com; \$12.50 a month) for earnings estimates and historical data. Then he seeks out **Briefing** (www.briefing.com; \$6.95 a month), a commentary site offering analysis on the market's day, plus details on which stocks and sectors are hot, and why.

Next, he might leap into **BigCharts** (www.bigcharts.com; free), which he uses to compare charts of his stocks with those of competing companies. If he's close to making a trade, Siris gets real-time quotes through his online brokerage account at **Datek** (www.datek.com; free with \$2,000 minimum balance). Free real-time quotes are just emerging on the Web, and some low-cost sites include them at no extra charge. But all real-time quotes are not equal.

on Yahoo! than it is on Bloomberg. And the Web has better company information, ironically, because it has links to the companies."

A lot of brokerages' in-house research reports include information culled from the Web. "I use the Internet all the time," says Piper Jaffray's Burnham. "If I'm researching a new company or a private company I've never heard of, I'll go to the Web and go through their site, go to competitors' sites, go to **BigCharts** to chart them—yeah, I have access to charts in-house, but actually, **BigCharts** is pretty nice."

The Internet may be leveling the playing field for the average investor, but the surface remains half a bubble off plumb. Brokers still get recommendations from in-house analysts sooner than some guy on the Yahoo! Finance site smacking away at the REFRESH button. They can also pass valuable tidbits to their best clients first. "People come up to me and ask, 'Where can I find out

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about major brokerage-firm research as soon as it comes out?" says Douglas Gerlach, who launched the New York-based investment site Invest-O-Rama in 1995. "Well, the answer is, 'You can't get it as quickly unless you're a brokerage customer.' That's the point."

But will that still be the case one or two years from now? In 1995, one financial site crowed that users could access five free quotes a day—only the quotes were twenty minutes old. In the ensuing eighteen months, delayed quotes became common. Then real-time quotes became available, but at a price. By the end of 1997, however, sites such as **Thomson Financial Services** (www.thomsonrtq.com) were offering real-time quotes free.

Online commissions seem headed in the same direction. Says Gerlach, "It's a standing joke: In 1998, online brokers are going to pay customers to execute trades." **Web Street Securities** (www.webstreetsecurities.com) demands no commission on NASDAQ trades of more than 1,000 shares. Nor does **Empire Financial Group** (www.lowfees.com). Analysts like Gazala believe free trades, with fewer strings, will be commonplace by the end of the year. Being paid to trade seems a logical progression if, for example, customers are willing to provide detailed demographic information, maintain high minimum account balances, or even agree to view certain advertisements.

How soon before somebody launches a frequent-trader-mile program? (Guess

what. **Bull & Bear Securities**—www.bullbear.com—already has.) But such a program's future will depend in large part on market direction, and the bull is not immortal. In bear markets, people are less inclined to trade or follow the market in general. As a result, many financial sites and Web brokerages will consolidate or disappear.

Don Jamieson, editor of the stockbroker trade journal *Registered Representative*, thinks the online hullabaloo will die down regardless of what the market does. "It's sort of a novelty right now, it's so easy," he says, "but I think going forward we'll see less interest in doing everything yourself."

"Most people," he adds, "don't agree with me." ■

Mouse Hunt

KEEPING UP WITH THE DOW JONESES WAS NEVER EASIER. THE SITES ARE THERE—IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF KNOWING WHERE TO CLICK.

If you want to make several trades a day or week, know that it'll cost you. The best information—primarily analysis, real-time quotes, and news—is found at fee-based sites, and the ones you choose will depend on your knowledge and strategy. For example, **Microsoft Investor** (www.investor.msn.com; \$995 a month) and **TheStreet** (www.thestreet.com; \$6.95 to \$9.95 a month) offer a wide variety of information: screening, analysis, and a strong set of links to other sites.

However, if you're an investor making only a few trades a month at most, almost all the goods you need are available gratis:

Right at the top is **FreeEDGAR** (www.freeedgar.com), not a call for a prison break but a site that's mandatory for home traders and professionals as it offers what you once had to send away for: SEC filings. True, you can access filings from the SEC itself (www.sec.gov), but FreeEDGAR is faster, and we also just like typing "FreeEDGAR."

Arbitrarily add a prefix or suffix to the word *stock* or *invest* and you'll probably wind up someplace useful. **InvestorGuide.com**, **DailyStocks.com**, **investorama.com**, and **StockSite.com** offer a slew of quotes, news, and links to earnings estimates, company profiles and financials. **StockMaster.com** has

something the others don't: You can type in the symbol of a stock you're thinking of buying and vote on how you see its future. In short order, you'll get back a chart diagramming what other site visitors thought of that stock's potential. A great feature for the other-directed.

The Financial Center (www.tfc.com) can make two claims others can't. It's where the "Market Mavens," an advice-giving group of investment gurus, have their powwow and is, as it boldly proclaims atop its home page, "Rated 59th Most Popular Financial Web Site in the World."

In that same study, conducted by site-traffic analyzer Web21 in December, **Yahoo!** came out on top, and though its finance arm (<http://quote.yahoo.com>) isn't pretty, it makes a great jumping-off point. On the Web, only **The Motley Fool** (www.fool.com) is Yahoo!'s equal in both mindshare and silly appeal. The Fool salts its mix of portfolio recommendations and wide-ranging chat-room discussions with daily advice and strategy. Another serviceable all-around site, **The Daily Rocket** (www.dailyrocket.com), delivers personalized news and stock data to your desktop if you've got the special free software.

Of the mutual-fund sites, **Morningstar** (www.morningstar.net), with its fund analysis and news, is certainly the best-known, but

you have to like **MutualFundWorld.com** for its "Scenario Builder" feature, a sort of what-if? calculator. Type in the names of up to five mutual funds, pick a date when you theoretically put money into them, and discover how much you failed to make because you didn't actually make the investment. Sure to keep the I-told-me-so crowd feeling inadequate.

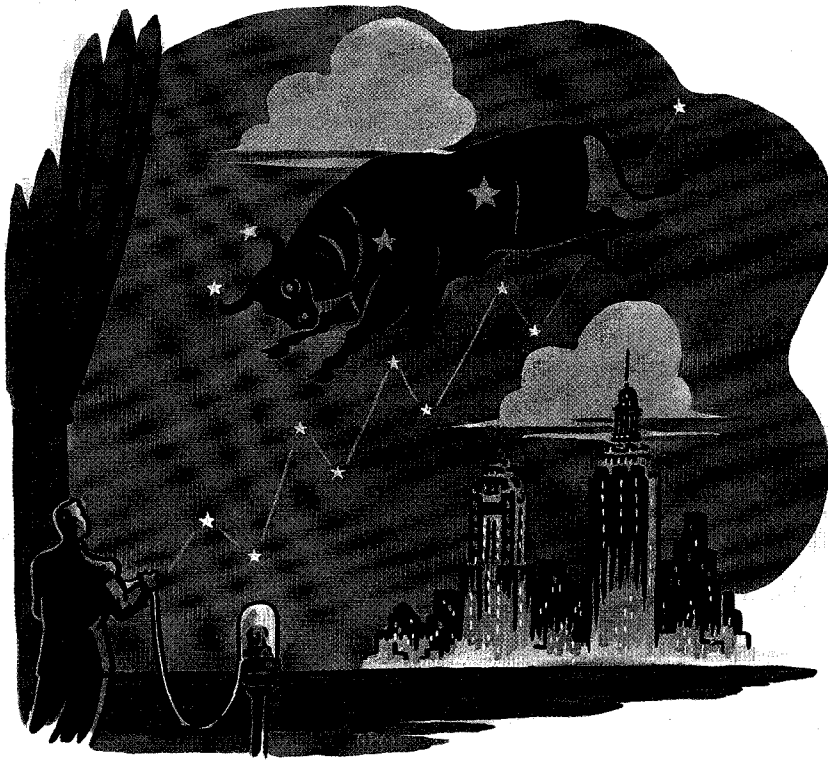
Among the more topic-specific sites, **BigCharts.com** is Mecca. Some call it voodoo, but graphing the price history of a stock and trading on those patterns is big business. BigCharts offers an array of complex graphing options—Bollinger Bands, Parabolic SARs, stochastics—that mean absolutely nothing to the average investor.

StockScreener (www.stockscreener.com) allows users to screen for possible investments based on twenty different criteria, from profit margin to dividend yield. Not surprisingly, StockScreener doesn't include a filter to isolate gay-friendly companies, but the **Gay Financial Network** (www.gfn.com), slated to launch this spring, will. Founded by third-generation Stock Exchange member Walter Schubert, the site aims to be a one-stop financial shop for gays and lesbians, allowing them to bank, get a mortgage, trade stocks, and find gay-friendly financial advisers and companies.

Green-friendly types also have options, albeit limited ones. **S-R-Invest** (www.tbzweb.com) links to socially responsible sites, and sister site **Co-op America** (www.coopamerica.org) features a screen for like-minded mutual funds.

Even those very, very green investors, too young for cigars, martinis, and Hermès ties but not too young to monitor their holdings, have a home at **The Young Investor** (www.younginvestor.com), which offers kids market advice and limited investment tools. It's worth the trip if only because, and we feel fairly confident saying this, it is the only investment site that plays reggae music on its home page. A.M.

3rd Stock From the Sun



INTEREST RATES ARE FROM MARS, BONDS ARE FROM VENUS. EVEN SERIOUS PORTFOLIO PLANNERS CAN USE A LITTLE COSMIC RELIEF. **BY YVONNE MORABITO**

Stock picking and rationality have always had a tenuous relationship. Traders rely on hunches and instincts and arcane, quasi-mystical systems to get themselves through the day. It figured that someone would eventually think to use the world's oldest quasi-mystical forecasting system to explain the mysterious rise and fall of the Dow. Yvonne Morabito was a trader at Tudor Investment Corporation when founder Paul Tudor Jones asked her to try astrology in her technical analysis. "He'd caught wind of other people using it," she says. Now Morabito contributes weekly and monthly astrological forecasts to Bloomberg Business News online. The fact that the U.S. dollar is ruled by Mars is no doubt news to Alan Greenspan. On the other hand, Mars, unlike Greenspan, is predictable.

EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED AS 1998 OPENS and explosive planetary interactions in the revolutionary sign of Aquarius rock the globe. A colossal collaboration of ground-breaking Uranus, idealistic Neptune, and pioneering Mars makes for major breakthroughs in technology and international business dealings. "Age of Aquarius" hope and vision pervade the planet, and the American economy looks bright.

JANUARY: The stock market, led by bold price moves in the technology sector, stages a surge, and businesses dealing in computers, telecommunications, broadcasting, aeronautics, space travel, and electronics post particularly strong gains—a period of heightened heavenly focus on worldwide telecommunications, the sharing of information, networking, and innovation.

FEBRUARY: A growing discomfort with stock valuations. The complete solar eclipse on **February 26** triggers nervous-

ness and a slacking-off of stock-market mania. Price levels will likely experience a dip.

MARCH: Regrouping and price pull-backs in the U.S. stock market.

APRIL AND MAY: The technology sector exhibits greater strength than the overall market, which manages only slight gains through the spring. In May, Neptune, ruler of the overall stock market, and Uranus, ruler of the technology sector, both go retrograde, dragging on the Dow. **JUNE AND JULY:** Saturn, planet of discipline and restraint, moves from risk-taking Aries into protective Taurus on **June 9**, commencing a prolonged period of market reassessment. Volatility increases dramatically, and U.S. stocks lapse into a long-awaited correction in June that lasts through July. Still, the economy should remain robust, as the planetary activity calls for review and adjustment rather than fundamental breakdown.

AUGUST: Retrograde planets back up trading energies, and market players further test levels. Increased profit-taking likely as quick-money Mars interacts strongly with indulgent Jupiter. When Neptune moves back into conservative Capricorn on **August 23**, U.S. stocks likely suffer further significant drops.

SEPTEMBER: Glimmers of sound growth potential in the market overall. Positive corporate reports and company valuations boost the Dow's price levels.

OCTOBER: The upward march continues, and attractive Venus prompts particular strength in the tech sector.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER: Neptune, ruler of public sentiment, moves into Aquarius on **November 28**. A new era of unprecedented, technologically driven growth begins in December.

FED FORECAST

THE U.S. DOLLAR LOOKS POISED FOR GAINS through most of 1998 as its ruler, Mars, interacts powerfully with major outer planets. The greenback has a **gangbuster January**, but February calls for a slight setback, as Pluto's pull on Mars pares down price levels. A turnaround should kick in through August, when the dollar should reach unsustainable highs. **September turns volatile**, and finally, in October, Saturn, the planet of government intervention, imposes heavily on Mars, indicating a Fed intervention to ease rates.

U.S. bonds look very attractive going into 1998, as their ruler, Venus, eventu-

ally moves into its home sign, Taurus, by midyear. Prices begin to **fall off in August** and slide through September, as Pluto indicates heightened borrowing that **drives up interest rates**. In October, Saturn's interplay with Mars, ruler of interest rates, indicates government intervention and significant leaps in bond prices through year-end.

PLANETARY PICKS

PFIZER: Through a great part of 1998, powerful planets reside in Aquarius, the sign of innovation and technological breakthrough. These planets fall into the sixth house of Pfizer's "natal chart" (derived from the incorporation date), the area of in-depth research and analysis. Expect more major successes in Pfizer's labs, along the lines of the recent impotence pill, Viagra. Also in Pfizer's chart, four major planets and the sun reside in Gemini, placing it strategically one step ahead of the competition.

MERCK: Incorporated under a Cancer sun, Merck also enjoys a predominance of planets in its sixth house of R&D. So the company's baldness pill, Propecia, and other breakthroughs should push the stock skyward. Merck should have a special knack for implementing innovative technology in the stodgy medical world. Pluto, planet of power and big business, aligns Saturn, planet of status and recognition; this profit engine should continue to steam ahead.

IRIDIUM: As expansive Jupiter and other major planets pass through the globally minded sign of Aquarius, the heavens will be focused on companies that build global communications. Iridium, which went public just this past June, is showcasing a global wireless-telephone satellite network that is poised to pop this year. The company's natal chart reveals an active and empowered Jupiter, planet of growth through relationships; Iridium should demonstrate great partnering power and sales abilities.

VIACOM: With Jupiter, planet of prosperity and expansion, and the emotional moon aligned in Pisces, the sign associated with movies and music, Viacom has a predisposition toward success and heightened growth potential. Uranus, ruler of broadcasting, interacts significantly with Saturn, planet of status and recognition, in Viacom's chart; expect more exciting alliances and market leadership.

GTECH HOLDINGS: Born under the moneymaking sign of Taurus, GTech has 65 percent of all contracts for computerized gambling and is develop-

ing opportunities in Brazil. Such expansion falls right in line with Aquarian influences overhead and powerful Pluto's move through internationally driven Sagittarius. GTech's chart also indicates interaction between innovative Uranus, creative Neptune, and a practical Taurus sun, meaning that business dreams evolve into reality.

CITICORP: Born under Sagittarius, sign of travel and interaction with foreigners, this bank is a star today in more than 100 countries. Citicorp can expect significant growth from its exposure in emerging markets. Neptune, ruler of public sentiment and the stock market, moves over Mars throughout 1998, indicating achievement in both the company and its stock price.

CYBERCASH: A detail-oriented, organized Virgo, CyberCash is a natural at creating software that secures payments on the Internet. An advantageous interplay between enterprising Mars and relationship-oriented Jupiter in the company's natal chart indicates an uncanny facility for fruitful partnering.

AVIS RENT-A-CAR: Avis was reborn as a public company in September and its chart indicates a terrific interaction among the administratively savvy Virgo sun, innovative Uranus, and visionary Neptune. Neptune and Uranus overhead throughout 1998 will ignite the energies of these planets. An expansive year for Avis.

COMPAQ: Another wonderful year for Compaq, an Aquarian, as major planets galvanize the sun and Mercury, planet of sales, networking, and strategizing. Significant outer planets also shine on Venus, planet of value and appeal, and there's a "success" placement of the sun and power-player Pluto, planet of big business. Compaq, with its strong planetary base and Aquarian sun, can hardly go wrong.

GENESCO: The planets seem to endow this teen-and-young-adult-shoe retailer with innate leadership ability. The company's Cancer sun is aligned with Pluto, planet of business tycoonery; Jupiter will move into the company's seventh house, the house of expansion and partnering, stay through the end of 1998, and align Uranus, planet of public image and innovation, in the second half of the year, adding sizzle to marketing efforts and sales.

Yvonne Morabito is the author of Dollar Signs: An Astrological Guide to Personal Finance (Perigee, 1997) and has an M.B.A. from New York University.

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Celebrity Endorsements

THESE TIPSTERS KNOW FROM MICROSOFT.

ELI ZABAR

Owner, the Vinegar Factory, E.A.T.

ConAgra. "This is the largest publicly traded grain-and-wheat company in the world. It's dropped from 38 to 31 in the last few months, but now they're getting out of the beef business, so I expect that, without that problem at hand, this is going to go through the roof."

ISAAC HAYES

Recording artist (on Virgin Records)

Sony. "They're big with the Playstation and digital videodiscs. Sony's usually out front with all that stuff."

DAVID SEDARIS

Author, Barrel Fever and Naked

Samsonite USA. "I just leave [my investing] up to my father. That would be my advice to everyone: 'Just leave it up to my father.' The people who make those suitcases you pull behind you that get in everybody's way at the airport probably do pretty well."

LARRY KRAMER

AIDS activist, author

Apple Computer. "Let's all try and save Apple. I couldn't write without my Mac."

PETER GATIEEN

Owner, Tunnel and Limelight

Microsoft Corporation. "The chairman seems like a pretty bright guy."

RICHARD JOHNSON

"Page Six" writer, New York Post

Philip Morris. "Based on the theory that the U.S. government is now partners with the cigarette companies, since the settlement will relieve them from being sued all over the place. I am predicting steady profits in the future."

CHLOE SEVIGNY

Actress, Kids and Gummo

Shorting gold. "I prefer the high leverage and volatility of the international commodities and futures market. My favorite trade at the moment is selling short gold rallies, due to the poor fundamentals and technical resistance above \$300 an ounce."

SPALDING GRAY

Monologist, author

EMI Records Group. "Spice Girls!"

ALIMOUSINE ROLLS UP TO THE CORNER OF Avenue B and Seventh Street, and in it sit two honey-blond, fresh-faced, suede-booted young men who look exactly the same. In fact, when they emerge, Josh and Jonas Pate—whose limo trip from their shared studio apartment was all of three blocks—seem as though they're ready to shoot a Doublemint ad. "Yo, wassup!" Josh calls as he slams the door. They're here for their first photo shoot.

Magazine-feature protocol says this is where we say something like "The Pate twins are more accustomed to being behind the camera," but in fact they're only slightly more accustomed. Without film school, PA work, or any other form of industry dues-paying, Josh and Jonas Pate have, at 28, become Hollywood's latest nominees for Hot Young Auteur(s). Their new film, *Deceiver* (to be released by MGM at the end of the month), stars Tim Roth, Chris Penn, and Renee Zellweger, Josh's current girlfriend.

But judging from the Pates' ease at the photo shoot, the lime-light seems to suit them fine. "Do you guys like Supergrass?" their publicist asks brightly, poised at an East Village bar jukebox. "Put on the third song," Josh calls out, setting down his Anchor Steam. He turns to his twin. "People say really cool bands always put the best song third." Jonas nods thoughtfully.

The brothers pose, trade anecdotes, clown around obligingly, and keep up a steady round of the name game with the photo staff—"Hey, man, do you know Becca? She's from Trenton, too." Two hours later, they've traded phone numbers with the stylist, the photographer, and even the profusely tattooed bartender, with whom they plan to go surfing sometime soon.

It's hard not to see the artists at work here. While it was ostensibly their writing that landed the Pates director chairs, writing isn't everything these days. With cover-boy looks, gregarious personalities, and supreme packageability—identical Coen brothers! White Hughes twins!—the Pates are ready-made for this particular moment in Hollywood star-making.

Their first couple of years after college were spent bouncing between typical artsy postgraduate gigs. After finishing Princeton in 1993, Jonas moved into a one-bedroom over Lucky Strike with Josh and two roommates. He spent three months working for Miramax—"I was Harvey's postproduction whipping boy," he half boasts—while Josh did stints as a Café Tabac barback, an entertainment lawyer's boy Friday, and an assistant at Sterling Lord. During those lean times, Josh wrote a novel, which his brother describes as "this East Village existential tortured-soul thing."

Interning at the Angelika during the Independent Feature Project, Josh met Peter Glatzer, then a 28-year-old fund-raiser for the IFP. "Josh was smart, nice, cool, personable, good-looking," says Glatzer. "He'd never written anything for film, but I took a look at his short stories and they were pretty good. I said, 'Hey, you should write screenplays.' And I introduced him to the masters—Eisenstein, Kubrick, Scorsese." Glatzer chuckles at the memory of the serendipity. "And me, I'd always wanted to produce."

Inspired by their new mentor, Josh and Jonas spent a year writing a dark comedy about rascally ex-con graverobbers. While Glatzer talked to his contacts, the twins revealed a less conventional fund-raising style. They hung a huge spray-painted banner on a building owned by Dennis Hopper in their home

state of North Carolina: DENNIS! WE'RE 24. WE HAVE A KILLER SCRIPT. WE'RE BROKE. HELP US!

For reasons unknown, this pitch failed. Other potential investors were reluctant to fund a pair of first-time directors. The Pates replied with a gambit used by every currently celebrated young director from Andrew Niccol (*Gattaca*) to James Mangold (*Copland*) to M. Night Shyamalan (*Wide Awake*): They refused to turn over the script without a guaranteed directing credit. Even Ben Affleck and Matt Damon, little known at the time their script for *Good Will Hunting* was sold, were able to extract starring roles from Miramax. "Prior experience is not a huge concern for us," says Miramax VP Meryl Poster. "The boys walking into my office every day are very invigorating, very charming, very seductive. I often get seduced."

Even in this field, Team Pate were prodigies. "We had nothing, no reel, just the script," says Glatzer. "But we created a buzz. People heard it was a short shoot with a hot script, original and unique, and we pushed and spun and manipulated. Put the twins in a room with someone, and they close the deal. Period."

Before long, the brothers found themselves on their very first movie set. "The day we got there, we were like, 'What are all these trucks doing here?'" says Jonas. Today they call *The Grave*, which went straight to video, "rentable," but it proved

Two identical, charming, blond, twentysomething Downtown guys with a darkly comic script (*Deceiver*) about ne'er-do-well con men: How could Hollywood resist? By Vanessa Grigoriadis

THE BROTHERS PATE

enough of a calling card at Sundance that they got five offers to finance their next script, *Liar* (later switched to *Deceiver* post-Jim Carrey), which Jonas dashed off before the festival. "Always got to have one in the chamber," he says.

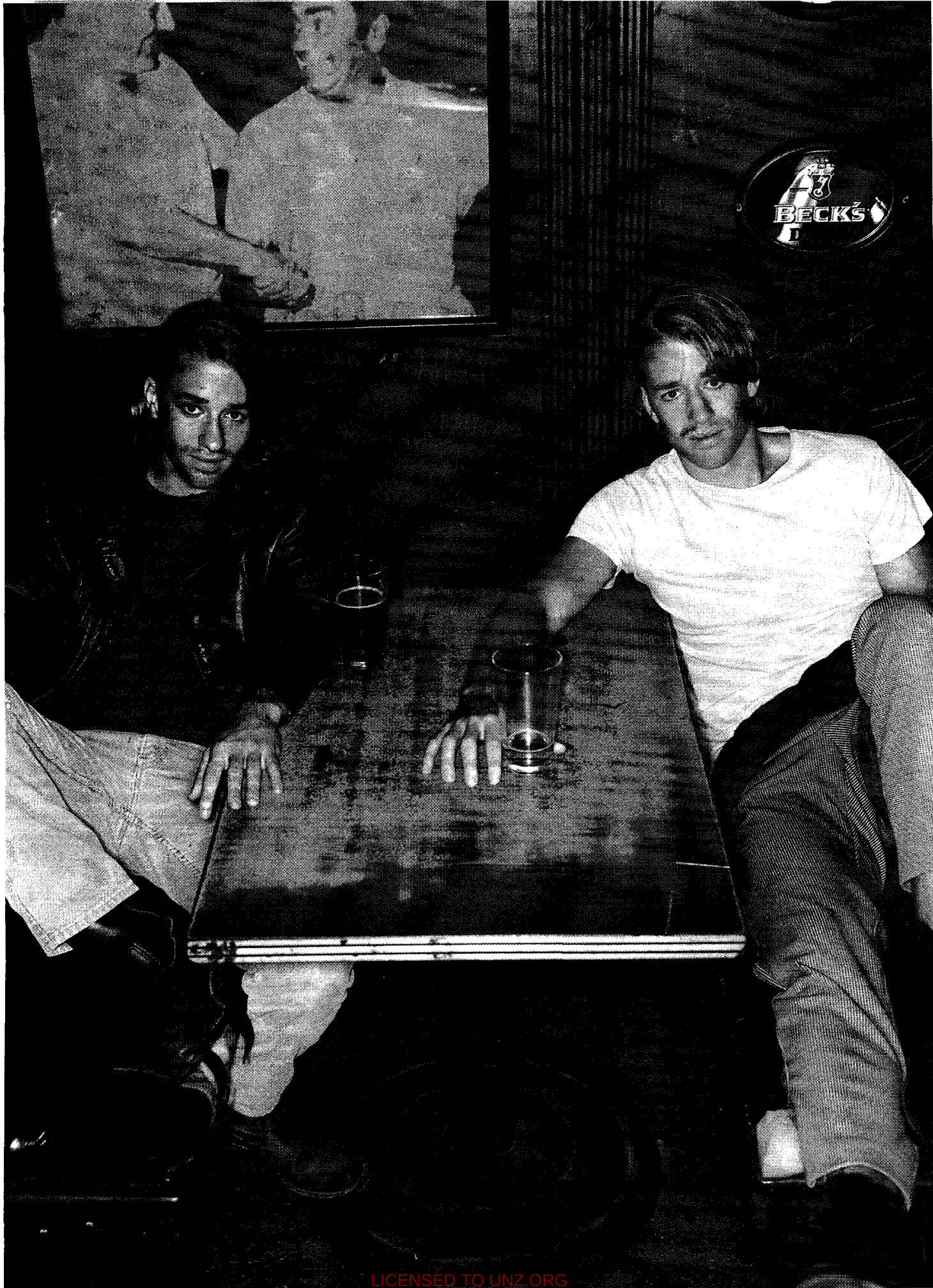
Tim Roth came onboard after reading the script and being charmed by its authors. Despite speaking a stoner patois, the Pates were well-read enough to woo Roth with their enthusiasm for Cormac McCarthy—"totally gnarly, the greatest living writer," says Jonas—after whom Roth had named his son. His commitment to the film—in a showy role as a millionaire epileptic murder suspect—started a domino effect. The cinematographer Bill Butler (*Jaws*, *Deliverance*) soon signed on, as did Ellen Burstyn, Rosanna Arquette, Chris Penn, and Zellweger.

Drawing heavily on the sultry moodiness of Charleston, South Carolina, *Deceiver* works a very trendy version of nineties neo-noir, with sex, truth, and gore front and center—and a healthy dose of undergrad existentialism. The movie also offers two different endings. "We wanted an intentionally ambiguous ending, for half the audience to be sad, the other half happy," chirps Jonas. Vertiginous pans, Ferris-wheel swishes, and 45-degree camera angles ("We were totally into *Batman* as kids") reveal an imagination unfettered by a comprehensive cinematic vocabulary.

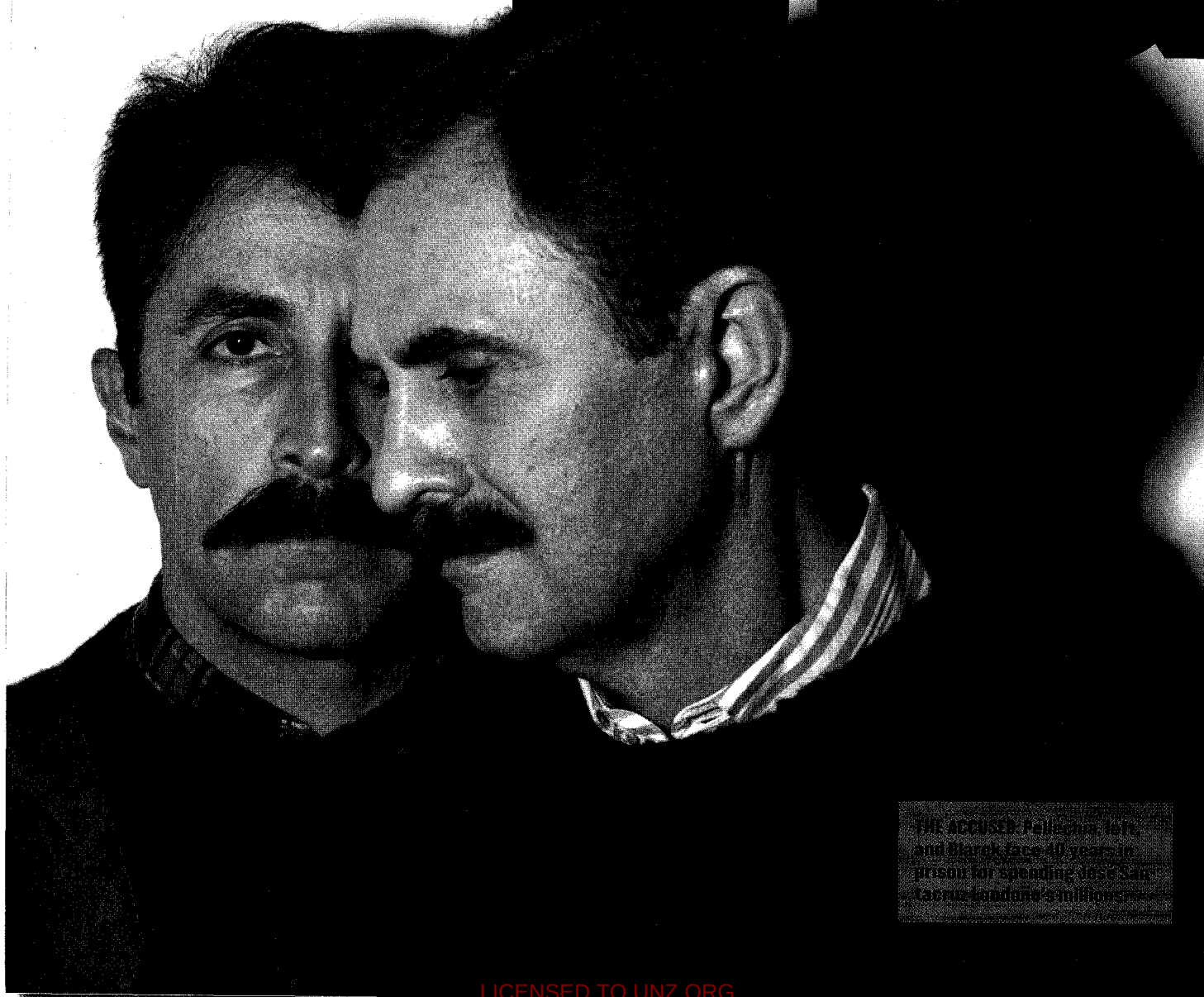
Not that it matters much for the Pates' career if *Deceiver* succeeds in the theaters. Three months ago, Interscope made a deal for their next project, a sci-fi thriller with a budget of \$50 million. And a couple of weeks ago, Jonas had a dream in which he saved the world. "So I called Josh, and he's like, 'Man, that's totally a TV show.'" A few days later, Disney bought the dream.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LYNDIA CHURILLA

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HIP



THE ACCUSED: Pellegrini, left, and Blarck face 40 years in prison for spending José Sarraz's fortune millions.

BY MARK SCHAPIRO

LIFESTYLE

This couple earned millions as interior decorators for Colombia's biggest drug lord. Now they're being tried for money laundering, in a controversial case that has civil libertarians livid.

Who's next, John Gotti's tailor?

THE KNOCK ON THE DOOR AT ALEXANDER Blarek and Frank Pellecchia's home came at 7:30 in the morning. Inside, the two men were just awaking in their upstairs bedroom, where picture windows framed the spectacular backdrop of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge. For sixteen years, Blarek, 56, and Pellecchia, 49, had been lovers and partners in a thriving interior-design business. Success seemed to roll at them, like the swells of the Pacific, in great waves of cash. They owned an Italianate villa just five doors away from the home of actor Robin Williams in the elite Sea Cliff neighborhood, where the tree-lined streets wind along the cliffs above San Francisco Bay. Their home was a portfolio of their professional taste: the Biedermeier secretary table on the Bakhtiari rug, a Botero perched near a baby

grand piano. In the garage shone their prize possessions—three top-of-the-line Harley Davidsons, parked alongside their 1985 Mercedes. To their millionaire neighbors, Blarek and Pellecchia seemed like a couple of nice guys, generous and community-spirited.

But last June, there was the knock on the door. As Pellecchia threw on a pair of jeans and went out, shirtless, to answer, he had no idea that an indictment issued by a U.S. Attorney in Brooklyn was about to shatter the world that he and his partner had so assiduously created.

A San Francisco police officer ordered Pellecchia to step outside: "There's been a robbery in the neigh-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY NEWBURY

borhood, and we'd like to ask you a few questions," he said. Pellecchia walked through the garage, and straight into a police trap: A SWAT team of six DEA agents and a squad of 30 other agents from the SFPD, the IRS, Customs, and even the local Marine unit were arrayed just beyond the gate. The normally quiet street outside was packed with more than a dozen police cars, vans, and unmarked vehicles, all there for him and for Blarek. Within seconds, Pellecchia was handcuffed and pushed inside a patrol car. He watched as the DEA agents, wielding pistols and shotguns and wearing bulletproof vests, stormed into their home and found Blarek in his bathrobe in the kitchen.

Blarek was ordered to get on his knees, handcuffed, and taken outside to another police cruiser. First Pellecchia, then Blarek was brought back into the house to change into street clothes. Local television-news cameras were soon swarming the scene. Inside, a search team tore the place apart with the help of a drug-sniffing dog. They found no narcotics and not a single weapon but thousands of dollars in cash, and the keys to many safe-deposit boxes.

By three that afternoon, the shell-shocked interior decorators would find themselves in a San Francisco courtroom being booked for money laundering. They were, according to a 29-page indictment issued by the Federal Grand Jury for the Eastern District in New York, the personal decorators for one of Colombia's most notorious drug lords. From 1979 to 1996, Blarek and Pellecchia's main client was the now-deceased José Santacruz Londoño, one of three men who ran the Cali cartel, which once supplied 80 percent of the cocaine coming into the United States. Their interior-design business was accused of laundering more than \$10 million worth of drug profits—money generated by Santacruz's U.S. cocaine sales.

Suddenly Blarek and Pellecchia, without a misdemeanor between them, found

themselves accused of collusion with Colombian drug traffickers. The government—in a nearly unprecedented interpretation of money-laundering statutes—is arguing that the two men are guilty simply for spending a drug dealer's money.

TWO CHARACTERS LESS LIKELY to be in league with a drug lord could not have been invented. The Brooklyn-bred Pellecchia is the more gregarious of the couple: Friendly and loquacious, with short-cropped black hair and a bushy moustache, he seems like a genial maître d' at a fine Italian restaurant. The blue-eyed, rugged Blarek (he sometimes goes by the name Anthony

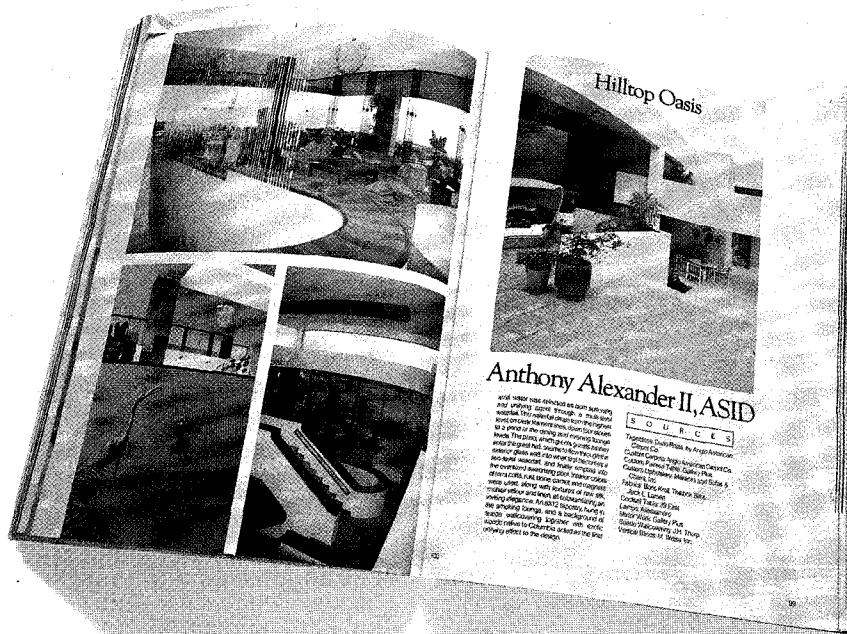
on February 2 in Brooklyn Federal Court, puts Blarek and Pellecchia at the center of a case in which the brutal Colombian drug trade intersects with the rarefied world of interior design.

"These two men were collecting hundreds of thousands of dollars at a time in drug cash from Santacruz Londoño," says Mark W. Lerner, a 35-year-old assistant U.S. attorney in Brooklyn who is trying the case with another young prosecutor, Richard Weber. "They then transformed that money into material wealth in a manner which concealed the source of that money. That's money laundering."

The defense admits that Blarek and Pellecchia spent millions of Santacruz's money. But is that illegal? "They were not 'money launderers,'" asserts Jason Solotaroff, Blarek's attorney. "They were 'money-users.'"

The defense will argue that Blarek and Pellecchia—like car dealers or real-estate agents or stereo salesmen—provided a service and were little more than hired hands for Santacruz. "What's next?" demanded Pellecchia's attorney, Paul Shechtman, at a bail hearing last summer. "Are you going to prosecute John Gotti's tailor?"

THE INVESTIGATION into Santacruz's New York drug enterprise began in the late seventies at the DEA's office in



NARCHITECTURAL DIGEST: A Florida journal featured Blarek's work for Santacruz in 1981.

Alexander II) is more reticent. Friends say both men are real-estate and antiques junkies—but that's about as far as their addictions go. Neither of them drinks or smokes. Their idea of pleasure is making periodic expeditions on their Harleys up the Pacific coast, and they occasionally frequented gay motorcycle bars in San Francisco. No more. Both men were detained for five weeks in solitary confinement—"for their own protection"—at the Alameda Detention Center, then confined for another three weeks at the Metropolitan Corrections Center in Brooklyn until finally being released on \$11 million bail in mid-August. Their trial, which opens

New York City and has involved more than 100 agents who call themselves the "Chepe chasers," in reference to Santacruz's nickname. Working closely with the NYPD and with Lerner and his colleagues in the Brooklyn D.A.'s office, the "chasers" have succeeded in convicting dozens of Santacruz operatives in New York over the past decade. In 1996, Santacruz was killed by Colombian police in Medellín after escaping from prison. Unable to prosecute him or any other of the surviving leaders of the Cali cartel, who are protected by Colombia's non-extradition laws, New York law enforcement has gone after anyone who helped the opera-

IN 1992 THE DECORATORS BUILT THE DRUG LORD AN EERIE REPLIC

tion domestically. Last year, Lerner obtained guilty pleas from two Colombians, Franklin Jurado and Edgar García, who laundered \$64 million of Santacruz's money through banks and front companies in Europe and Panama. Now it's on to his interior decorators; the charges carry a prison sentence of up to 40 years for both Blarek and Pellecchia.

On the day of their arrest, the two men were transformed from millionaires into virtual paupers: The government seized or restrained the contents of two safe-deposit boxes containing \$665,400 and \$90,100 in small bills, accounts with Dean Witter totaling \$1.4 million, and the bank account Pellecchia shared with his elderly mother, whom he helped support. Back at their home in Sea Cliff, a DEA team catalogued an assortment of 50 objets d'art valued altogether at more than \$300,000, along with the \$10,000 Biedermeier table, the sculptures, the three Harleys, the Mercedes, a parcel of land in Easthampton, and their flagship home in Sea Cliff: In all, approximately \$6.4 million was seized or restrained by the government that day under drug-seizure laws. While the men continue to live in their home, they are legally prevented from selling or altering it. If they are convicted, the property reverts automatically to the government.

The three charges of money-laundering conspiracy now hanging over Blarek and Pellecchia are based on two components of the RICO statute. Prosecutors allege that the two men walked into their accountant's office with millions of dollars in cash and left with checks for the same amount drawn on his personal account. Last October, the accountant pleaded guilty to money-laundering charges in Miami, and is expected to testify against his former clients. The second component of the prosecution's case hinges on a rarely used statute that makes it illegal to "engage in monetary transactions in criminally derived property." Under this provi-

sion, it is essentially the money—from drug sales or other criminal acts—that is illegal; those who knowingly reap the proceeds are thus considered accomplices to the crime.

Under RICO, the prosecution will have to prove that Blarek and Pellecchia's design business not only provided Santacruz with innumerable and luxurious comforts but was also—as Lerner alleges—"an integral part of the drug lord's conspiracy, whose goal was to profit from narcotics sales in the United States."

While New Yorkers were rolling up tens and twenties to sample his product, Blarek and Pellecchia designed at least ten major projects for Santacruz back in Cali, including homes for him and his

\$100,000 in purchases from Bed, Bath & Beyond to \$55,000 in expenditures at Lorin Marsh Ltd., the exclusive customized-furniture outlet that makes reproductions of French Art Deco, Venetian, Louis XIV, Edwardian, and other classics of the furniture trade. There were also \$60,000 in purchases from Milari Furnishings and numerous supplies from EuroTec, in Queens, which sells brass kitchen and bathroom fixtures.

Blarek and Pellecchia's design work allegedly had a dual purpose: transforming Santacruz's drug profits into physical objects whose financial origins would be much more difficult to trace than cash, and fulfilling Santacruz's tastes for expensive home décor. "Santacruz could not spend a dime where the goods he coveted lay: the United States," wrote Lerner in a government motion filed last summer. "Shackled by notoriety, forced to hide behind a curtain of corruption in his native Colombia, Santacruz recruited willing shills like Blarek and Pellecchia to gather the garish booty for which his 'traficante' appetite hungered."

BLAREK AND PELLECCIA's attorneys—being paid now after Judge Jack Weinstein released \$300,000 to cover living, medical, and legal expenses for the duo—are a colorful cast themselves. Solotaroff was a Legal

Aid attorney who achieved a 75 percent acquittal rate before he went private last year. In 1991, he and Lerner shared an occasional lunch while they were both clerking with judges in the Eastern District. Paul Shechtman, a partner with Stillman & Friedman, has fought on both sides of the drug war: A former prosecutor and chief of the Criminal Division for the Southern District, he worked until last year as a criminal-justice adviser to Governor George Pataki. He was also Solotaroff's law professor at Columbia; now in private practice, he represents largely white-collar cases. Most recently, Shechtman represented Rabbi Bernard Grunfeld, who pleaded guilty in December to improper financial



BLEAK HOUSE: The couple's lavish estate was seized by federal authorities in June.

wife and various mistresses, a country ranch house, and offices for his legion of front companies—fulfilling the tastes of a man considered responsible for some of the most extreme examples of "narcotecture," the grandiose style for which the flamboyant, nouveau riche drug lords are renowned.

The decorators did much of their shopping in New York City, where they owned an apartment on West 23rd Street. A Miami shipping agent was hired by Santacruz to transport the purchased goods from New York to Colombia. According to prosecution records, the couple's purchases for the drug lord ranged from the quotidian to the extravagant: from

THE WHITE HOUSE EQUIPPED WITH A THREE-PERSON HAIR SALON.

structuring in relation to a drug-money-laundering operation run out of Mesivta Eitz Chaim, a yeshiva in Borough Park.

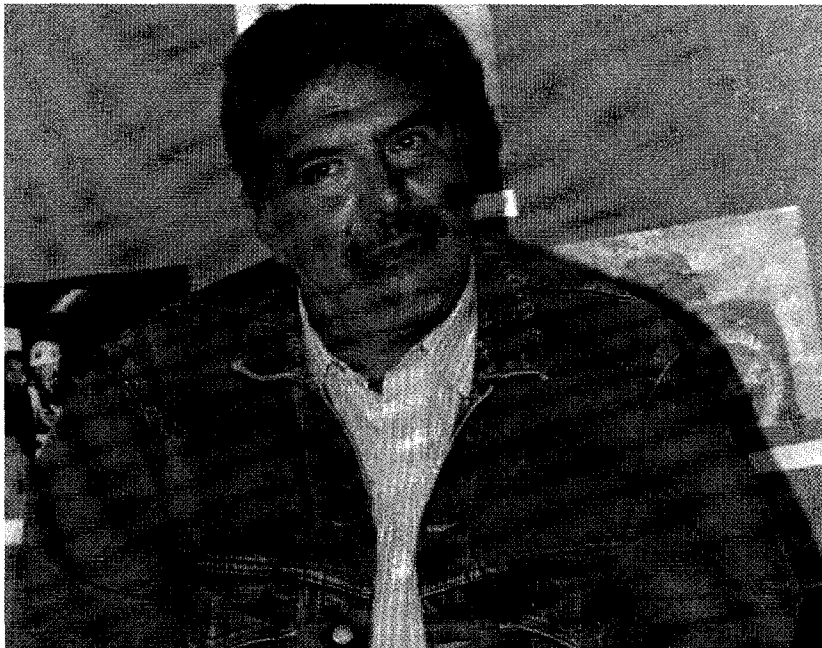
Blarek and Pellecchia admit that millions of Santacruz's dollars passed into their hands. But both men maintain they did nothing to conceal the fact that they were receiving large sums from Santacruz—whom they usually charged a standard 30 percent commission. They spent the money openly and used their own names, and the names of their companies: Blarek Designs and A. Alexander & Co. More important, says Solotaroff, they did not launder anything, in the sense that one brings dirty clothes to the cleaners to get cleaned. "These guys weren't going out and buying a hundred refrigerators, then turning them around for a profit," Solotaroff argues. "Laundering money means changing hot money into something else that then can be sold to clean it. That is not what these men were doing."

The case against Blarek and Pellecchia is unorthodox. The Jurado-García case successfully prosecuted by Mark Lerner last year was a far more traditional example of money laundering: The two Colombians used false names and front companies to funnel money back to Santacruz under false pretenses—thereby transforming "dirty" drug money into "clean" money.

The principals in the Grunfeld case came up with an even simpler scheme: They transformed \$1.7 million in small bills into checks drawn on Mesivta Eitz Chaim's account, and sent the checks back to businesses controlled by a Colombian trafficker. By contrast, nothing Blarek or Pellecchia purchased for Santacruz was ever resold. Nor was the drug money they received ever sent back to Santacruz in Colombia; rather, it was transferred to Blarek and Pellecchia in the United States. "Here you've got two people receiving money from overseas to perform a service: working on furniture and carpets," argues Shechtman.

"I'll grant you, they had bad taste in clients," he continues. "But the prosecution is trying to go down a new path with a giant leap. They are taking what was a service relationship and painting it as part of some broad conspiracy. That will fail. Most money launderers are encouraged to spend as much money as possible. We will demonstrate that Santacruz wanted them to spend as little money as possible."

Civil libertarians and advocates of drug-



DRUG LORD OF THE MANOR: Santacruz Londoño spent lavishly on furniture and antiques.

law reform assert that if the two men are convicted, anyone who receives any money from a drug dealer for any reason could be prosecuted for money laundering. "Through the warped glasses of the drug war, suddenly, normal business transactions have become money laundering," said Kevin Zeese, president of Common Sense for Drug Policy in Washington, D.C.

Jason Solotaroff also questions the prosecution's motive for bringing the case, claiming that they've gone after his clients partly to gain access to their riches. There is no question that the Eastern District stands to benefit if the two men are found guilty: At a time when all law-enforcement agencies are under increasing pressure from the Justice Department to increase their seizures to supplement tightening budgets, a significant percentage of Blarek and Pellecchia's \$6.4 million in forfeited assets would go to finance the district's own law-enforcement activities. The prosecution, not unexpectedly, scoffs at this assertion.

ONE MATTER NOT UNDER DISPUTE IS THAT Santacruz ran one of the most successful drug enterprises in New York history. "Santacruz Londoño," according to DEA Intelligence Analyst Kenneth Robinson, a former NYPD detective and a twenty-year veteran of the Chepe chasers, "was without a doubt the largest distributor of cocaine in the New York area."

According to the DEA, throughout the late eighties and early nineties, Santacruz was responsible for exporting as much as 800,000 grams of cocaine a week into New York, where it was stored and distributed through a network of safe houses in Queens and Brooklyn. Santacruz's cocaine empire was vertically integrated: He and another faction of the Cali cartel controlled production, processing, distribution, and sales. Retail hubs were centered in Miami, Houston, Los Angeles, and New York. Santacruz himself displayed quite an affinity for New York City; until 1992, he maintained an \$8,365-a-month apartment on West 57th Street.

Though the Cali cartel was far more businesslike than its brutal Medellín counterpart, Santacruz was not above resorting to murder when necessary. In 1992, he ordered the execution of the New York-based journalist Manuel de Dios Unanue as retribution for a series of groundbreaking reports in *El Diario* about Colombian drug operations. Unanue was shot in a Jackson Heights restaurant that year after Santacruz put a \$50,000 price on his head.

Colombian police also consider Santacruz responsible for the explosive violence associated with the Cali cartel's attacks on the Medellín cartel as the two drug organizations fought over territory. That war extended into the lucrative New York market and was one of the underlying reasons for much of the drug-related violence in this city in the late eighties and early nineties.

If Blarek and Pellecchia were laundering money for Santacruz, they were a puny part of his operation. In 1988, at the height of their alleged conspiracy, the

CIVIL LIBERTARIANS ASSERT THAT IF THE MEN ARE CONVICTED, ANYO

DEA busted a Santacruz employee, Luis Ramos, at a safe house in Queens, where they confiscated \$7.8 million in cash; later that month, another Santacruz courier was found in possession of 2,000 kilograms of cocaine and \$2.2 million in drug proceeds. Overall, the DEA claims that the cartel shipped billions of dollars in drug profits back to Colombia; Santacruz himself was reportedly worth a quarter of a billion dollars when he was shot.

In Colombia, Santacruz plowed his profits into legitimate businesses. The drug lord fancied himself a real-estate mogul: He owned hundreds of homes, apartment buildings, and office complexes in and around Cali, as well as a huge cattle ranch and restaurants, lending a veneer of legitimacy to his enterprise and generating millions of dollars in non-drug-related income.

It was a visit to one of those homes, back in 1979, that originally brought Alexander Blarek to the attention of Santacruz. Blarek, who ran his own interior-design business in Miami, had been invited for a social visit to the wealthy Ciudad Jardim neighborhood in Cali by a friend who had family in Colombia. He noticed a home being constructed nearby and paid a visit to the site, where he struck up a conversation with the guard overseeing the property. Shortly afterward, the guard introduced him to Santacruz's wife, Amparo Castro Meza Londoño. Such chance meetings were not inconceivable back in the heady days when dealers and their families lived openly inside Colombia. A photo of Señora Santacruz obtained by the Colombian Security Service shows an elegantly dressed and ample woman in her mid-50s who looks exactly like what she was—a wealthy housewife. Amparo introduced Blarek to her husband, who promptly hired him for his next project: a 30,000-square-foot mansion on the outskirts of Cali.

Blarek was clearly pleased with his new client. "Made the connection. Fantastico!", he allegedly wrote in his diary—confiscated from his house—days after meeting Amparo. Soon afterward, he be-

gan taking Spanish lessons. A portfolio of Blarek's work from the late seventies presaged his later narcotecture endeavors: very busy interiors, bright colors, shag rugs, and a plenitude of small statues and wall hangings.

Whether he knew that his new client was a drug dealer will be a major issue at the trial. Jason Solotaroff claims that a visitor encountering Santacruz would have many reasons to think that his vast

décor. He sketches out designs for exteriors as well as interiors, planning everything from construction materials to the artwork. Pellecchia, a skilled carpenter who speaks fluent Spanish, is the hands-on partner who deals with contractors and knows his way around the electricity and the plumbing. By 1986, say prosecutors, Blarek and Pellecchia gave up virtually all their other clients in the Miami area and went to work full-time for Santacruz.

The DEA had long been aware of the decorators' Colombian connections. In 1982 and then again in 1995, narcotics agents interviewed Blarek about Santacruz and advised him to cut off all contact, which the government alleges he did not do. "We had confidential informants telling us they were still working together," Robinson says. By 1995, the DEA had determined that the couple's decorating activities were worthy of intensive surveillance; a team of agents began scouring the men's trash behind their Sea Cliff home, where they



IN LOVE AND WAR: Blarek, left, and Pellecchia outside a Brooklyn court this fall.

wealth was not necessarily based on cocaine but derived from any number of his businesses: meat, the food trade, home building. Even if Blarek did know, back in 1979 simple knowledge wasn't illegal. It was only in 1986, when Ronald Reagan let loose the artillery of the drug war—mandatory sentences, asset-forfeiture laws, and new rules governing money laundering—that doing business with a drug dealer became illegal. By 1991, however, the nature of Santacruz's business couldn't have been a mystery: Inside Blarek's scrapbook, confiscated by the government, was a *Time* cover story on the Cali cartel, with a cover picture of Santacruz Londoño.

BLAREK HAD MET PELLECCCHIA IN COCONUT Grove in 1982. In time, the two became lovers and went into business together. Blarek, a licensed member of the American Society of Interior Designers, is the more visionary partner—hand him a blueprint and he can dream up a suitable

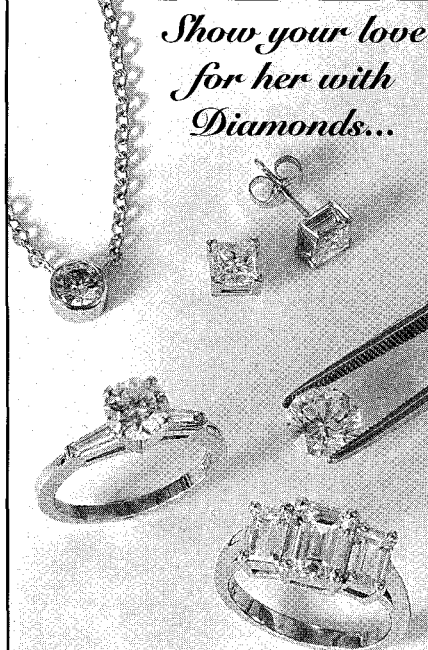
found a trove of coded invoices for Santacruz projects, receipts from items they had purchased, and cryptic references to their communications with the drug lord. "We didn't have to go through any food-stuffs," quips Lerner, who personally searched through much of the refuse. "They were good citizens: They recycled everything."

One of their most spectacular projects was a Santacruz mansion on the outskirts of Cali known as Casa Blanca, which was a replica of the American White House—an audacious touch of political theater in a country renowned for its magic realism.

Though the \$18 million project was only partially completed, blueprints obtained by *New York* feature a classic half-crescent portico, Grecian pillars out front, and vaulted ceilings. Inside, there's space for a three-person hair salon. Among the objects the decorators allegedly ordered for the Casa Blanca were \$300,000 worth of Italian tiles for the swimming pool and a 22-foot dining-

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room table and eighteen chairs purchased from Lorin Marsh for \$100,000. Colombian authorities, who now administer the Casa Blanca, described its design as "the most ostentatious of the eccentricities confiscated from the drug ringleaders."

Lerner claims that tape-recorded transcripts prove that the two men were fully cognizant of the nature of Santacruz's business. But though the cocaine kingpin provided them with plenty of work, they had to forego the professional recognition that is normally accorded successful designers. Only one article about either man has appeared in the trades—on the cover of *Florida Designers Quarterly*, in 1981. Entitled "Hilltop Oasis," it features a project that Blarek designed for Santacruz in Cali (though the client is not identified), displaying three pages of photographs of a comfortable retreat with tropical hardwood furnishings and a fountain coursing its way through the living room and splashing into an outdoor garden.

They may have been denied the recognition of their peers, but the decorators were certainly well compensated in other ways. There were frequent trips to Cali for consultations and expense-paid shopping trips to Europe. Payments were allegedly made cloak-and-dagger style: The prosecution cites numerous trips to New York, Miami, and Los Angeles, where Blarek and Pellecchia are said to have picked up duffel bags filled with as much as \$500,000 in cash. Millions more were allegedly wired into their accounts from banks in Europe, Panama, and the United States. Since Santacruz was not free to hold bank accounts in his own name, all of the money was transferred through intermediaries.

Blarek and Pellecchia were living out a decorator's dream, and it showed in their discreetly indulgent lifestyle back home. They moved to the Bay Area in 1988 and bought their Sea Cliff home for \$1.4 million in cash in 1995; in two years, they transformed it into an immaculate villa, now worth an estimated \$3 million. The ochre-colored stone wall surrounding their garden and blue-and-white checkerboard tiles lining the windows suggest a pocket of Venice; VIA VECCHIA is inscribed in tile alongside the ornately carved wrought-iron gate.

On the advice of their lawyers, neither man would talk for this article. But their neighbors in San Francisco paint a picture of a devoted and generous couple. Their Sea Cliff place was described by one friend as "a contemporary version of a *Masterpiece Theatre* set."

Pellecchia was diagnosed with HIV in 1985. Since then, he has remained healthy on a regimented diet of high-protein foods, fresh vegetables, megavitamins, and the emotional support of his partner, according to Pellecchia's doctor,

who submitted a testimonial at their bail hearing. Pellecchia regularly attends an HIV support group, and Blarek has long participated in a counseling group for those with infected partners.

Prosecutors, who believe that Blarek was the prime mover in business dealings with Santacruz, allegedly tried to pit the two men against each other, without success. The time the couple spent in prison was the longest they'd spent apart over the past decade. Pellecchia, unable to sustain his anti-HIV regimen, saw his T cells plummet. Last August, after a federal judge released them on an \$11 million bond, the two men returned to San Francisco, where they are now preparing for their trial in Brooklyn.

THE ANTI-NARCOTICS-POLICE compound in Cali is located on the edge of the city in a former hacienda. A sprawling ranch-style home with half a dozen bedrooms, it's now the gathering place for a legion of undercover operatives. Forty-five agents live here in barracks spread throughout the estate, which offers high-security protection from the hostile world outside, where the drug economy once provided employment to 40 percent of the city's residents.

A Jeep Cherokee, a Mazda, and a couple of Chevys are parked in a nearby lot, all confiscated during recent drug busts. Since last December, when the Colombian parliament passed a law permitting the seizure of drug dealers' assets, agents have been conducting daily raids on properties suspected of having been purchased with drug money—much of Blarek and Pellecchia's handiwork is now in the hands of the Colombian government.

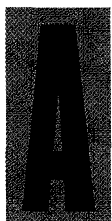
An agent, who identifies himself simply as "Capitán Luis," slips a pistol under his knee on the driver's seat of a Mazda, where three weeks before, ten pounds of cocaine were discovered secreted inside the chassis. We embark on our tour of Ciudad Jardim, the richest district in Cali, a calm and airy refuge from the bustling city of 2 million people in a valley of the Andes Mountains. It feels like a mountain version of Easthampton: No home is smaller than a mansion and BMWs cruise the tree-lined streets. Santacruz lived here, and his wife and mistresses still control numerous homes in the city, as do many lesser figures of the Cali cartel.

"Santacruz owned half of this city," says Capitán Luis, adjusting the pistol under his leg. We cruise slowly past a string of mansions hidden behind stone walls and tall hedges. The agent points out the plush residences that once housed the titans of the Cali cartel: "There's Rodríguez Orejuela's place. . . . There's his brother

Gilberto's. . . There's Ivan"—a Cali enforcer who erected a life-size bronze statue of himself in his garden.

He stops for a moment alongside a fence and a thick row of trees. "And there's a place of Santacruz." Through the trees on a square block rises a white, modernist construction with elegantly curved walls and a domed roof, known as the Café Colombia. Santacruz had this home built in the early eighties as a replica of an elite social club by the same name that once refused him membership—driven by the same defiant impulse that motivated him to build the White House-inspired Casa Blanca.

Luis spent years trailing Santacruz and is still part of the team tracking down his wealth; he finds it amusing to encounter someone on the trail of the drug lord's decorators. "Very ostentatious," he says. There are marble hot tubs and gold faucets in the massive bathrooms, suntan chambers, statues of naked women, frilly draperies, porcelain collections, glittering chandeliers, and grand pianos that leading musicians were sometimes hired to play. "They lived like French royalty."



SIDE FROM THE SINGLE MAGAZINE article and the vast inventories compiled by Colombian narcs, the only documentation of the design team's work for Santacruz is contained in a twenty-minute videotape made by Pellecchia of a country home the two

men designed for Santacruz and Amparo in 1992. Camera in hand, Pellecchia silently tours the more than a dozen rooms, which appear to be alternately tasteful and garish. A sitting room is decorated with a jungle mural colored in splashy brown. Leather couches frame glass tables, massive chandeliers hang from the roof.

Brightly woven rugs—designed by Blarek—cover the wood floors. French posters for the Folies Bergère and the original *Lolita* film hang framed in one of the bedrooms. Ornate sculptures, glassware, and porcelain figurines abound. Outside, the camera pans a pleasant garden with tropical plants and a fountain bubbling along the rocks.

That home and the possessions inside it, like many other Santacruz properties, will soon be sold by the Colombian government to help finance the army and the police. If Blarek and Pellecchia are convicted, they lose everything they accumulated in the U.S.; if not, the government is likely to pursue a civil suit claiming that their possessions were purchased with drug money. In the end, the decorators for Santacruz may well find themselves defacto decorators for the American and Colombian governments.

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Beauty Editor
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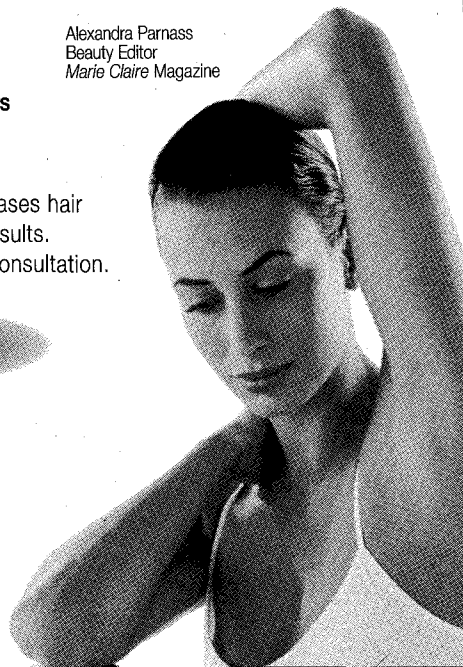
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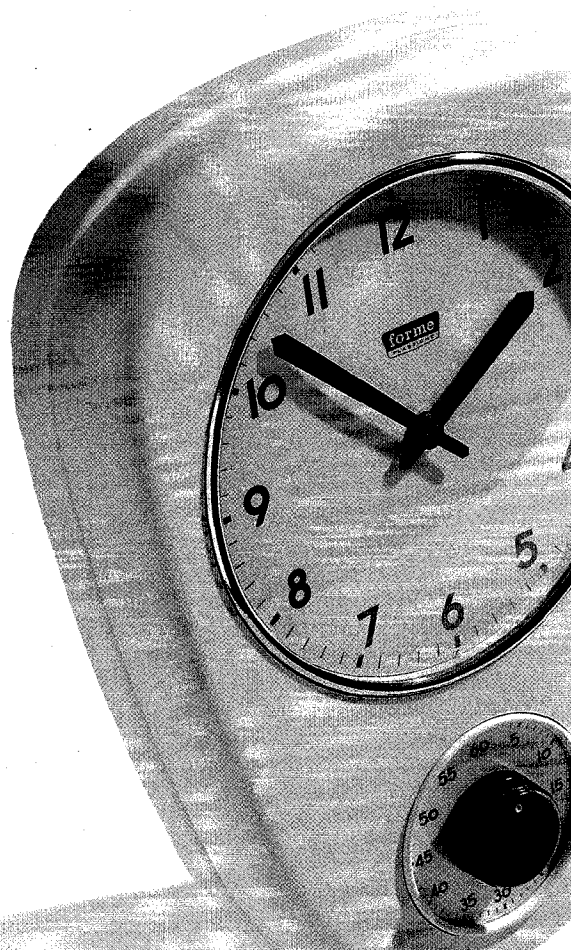
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BY CORKY POLLAN

Sure Shot

The clever people at Workbench have come up with an essential for any home office or teenager's room: a pivoting wastebasket. This cunningly designed plastic receptacle promises to put an end to paper-littered floors (\$25).

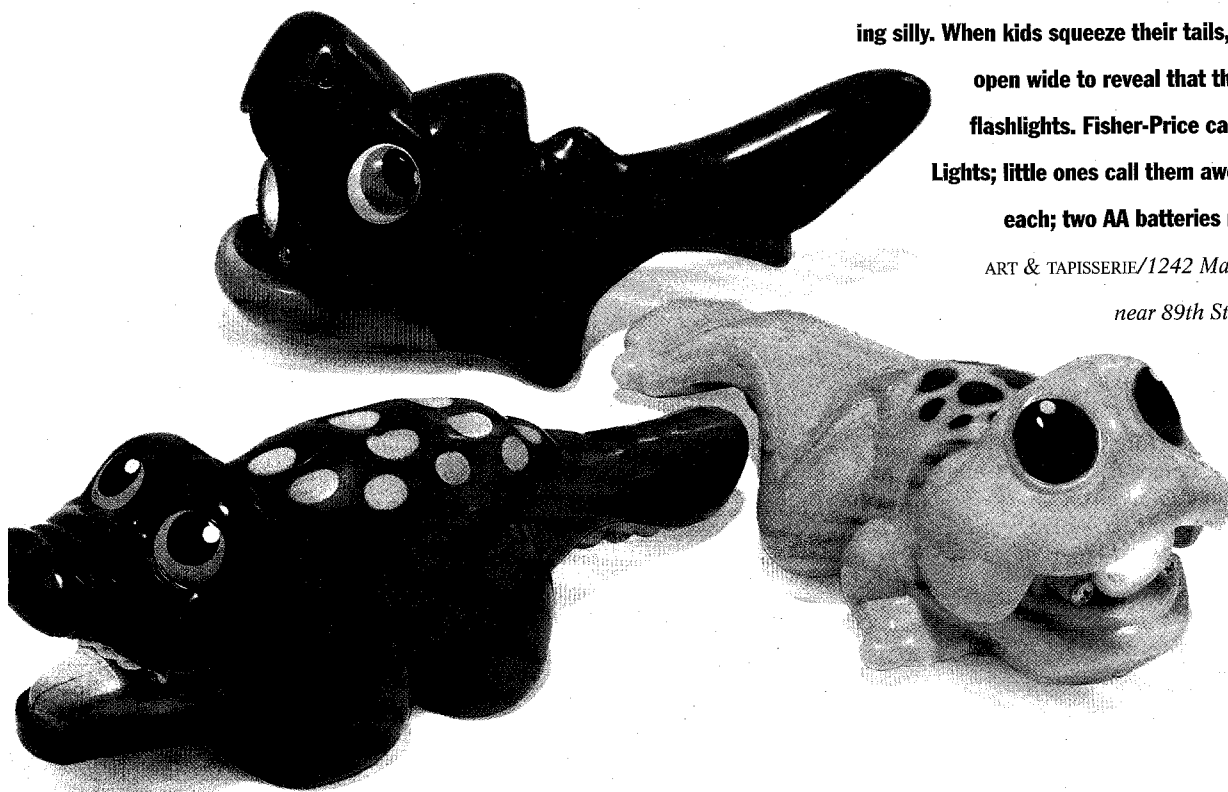
WORKBENCH/All locations



Tail Lights

These little plastic critters don't just sit around looking silly. When kids squeeze their tails, their mouths open wide to reveal that they're actually flashlights. Fisher-Price calls them Wild-Lights; little ones call them awesome (\$7.50 each; two AA batteries not included).

ART & TAPISSERIE/1242 Madison Avenue,
near 89th Street/722-3222



Letter Perfect

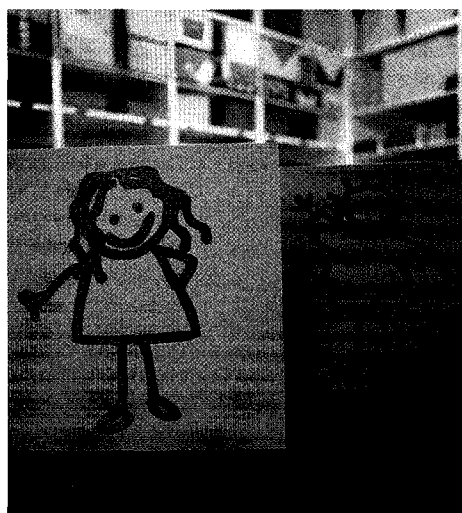
In Swedish, *Ordning och reda* roughly means "putting things in order," but it's also the name of a smart new store that will help New Yorkers do just that. A pint-size American outpost of an internationally famous chain, it's a kind of upscale Staples, but Ordning&Reda's top-of-the-line paper products are *handmade* in Sweden from recycled materials. Everything is tightly organized floor-to-ceiling by color: Business essentials, like stationery, notebooks, portfolios, binders, folders, and diaries, and nonessentials, like archival boxes, wrapping papers, and photo albums, come in eight "base" colors, as well as various seasonal "trend" shades. (From \$3.95 for a tiny notepad to \$64.95 for an oversize scrapbook.)

ORDNING&REDA/253 Columbus Avenue, near 72nd Street/799-0828

Double Time

Techno-modern materials meet retro design in the Forne wall clock. Though it's made of recyclable polypropylene, the look is thirties kitchen. But this battery-operated Italian *orologio* is geared to more than standard time: It has that cook's best friend—a timer—built right in (\$110).

WOLFMAN-GOLD & GOOD COMPANY/117 Mercer Street/
431-1888



Buy the Sheet

It's cold out there: *Pratesi's peerless linens to keep you in bed, and Papivore/Marie-Papier's stationery to keep you in touch with the outside.*

A HAPPY MEMBER OF THE SMALL specialty-shop community that seems so at home in the tree-lined West Village, Papivore sells the kind of colorful books and papers that make journal-keeping or letter-writing a special pleasure. Its sale includes: blank books, were \$35 and \$24, now \$26.25 and \$18; ribbon closure portfolios, were \$32, now \$24; notepads, were \$14 and \$10, now \$7 and \$5. *Papivore/Marie-Papier*, 117 Perry St. (627-6055); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.-Sat. 11-7, Sun. 12-6; 1/13 until supplies run out.

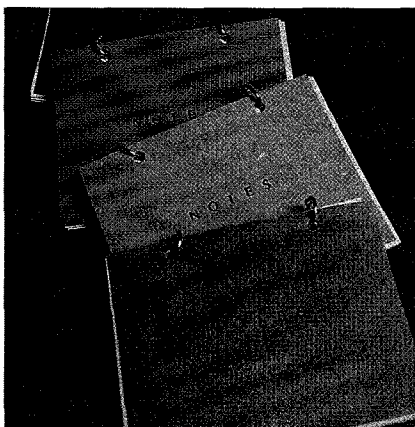
Dukes Down

HALSTON—THE LABEL OF CHOICE FOR THE fabulous at Studio 54—has enjoyed a serious comeback in the capable hands of designer Randolph Duke. But since Halston's prices haven't remained at their Carter-administration levels, this sample sale makes purchasing a body-clinging number much more feasible. Beaded gown, retail \$2,800, here \$800; short cocktail number, was \$1,300, here \$300; beaded cashmere gown, retail \$2,800, here \$550. *Halston Couture*, 530 Seventh Ave., near 38th St., seventeenth floor (282-1278); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 10-4; 1/12-1/16.

Solid Cole

IN ADDITION TO HAVING A STAFF ADEPT AT figuring out what measurements and styles work for your spaces at home and office, RV Cole has an extensive inventory of furniture at very good prices. Solid-oak desk, was \$880, now \$599; Italian walnut armoire, was \$1,475, now \$850; solid maple chest of drawers, was \$1,400, now \$790; solid-oak dining or conference table (which opens to eight feet), was \$1,625, now \$900. *RV Cole*, 114 E. 32nd St. (481-5566); M.C., V., checks; Mon.-Sat. 10-6, Thurs. until 8, Sun. 12-5; 1/18-1/31.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to *Online Cohane*, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



Calling all writers: Papivore's supplies for inscribing—not processing—your words.

Bax Rub

BY THE TIME THE MASSEUR AT DORIT BAXTER was finished with us, we were so relaxed and happy we really didn't want to move. Try it yourself with Baxter's "Winter Warm-up" package, in which three treatments (full-body massage, herbal wrap, and aromatherapy holistic facial) usually costing \$175 are now \$99 for the trio. *Dorit Baxter*, 47 W. 57th St., third floor (371-4542); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 9-7; 1/12-2/28.

Bedding Down

AT PRATESI, THE IDEA OF LUXURY BEDDING reaches an entirely new sphere. Sky-blue cutwork-lace-pattern king top sheet and two shams, was \$1,500 for the set, now \$750; queen-size Matlasse blanket cover, was \$950, now \$665. *Pratesi*, 829 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (288-2315); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.-Sat. 10-6; 1/12-1/31.

Ora's Originals

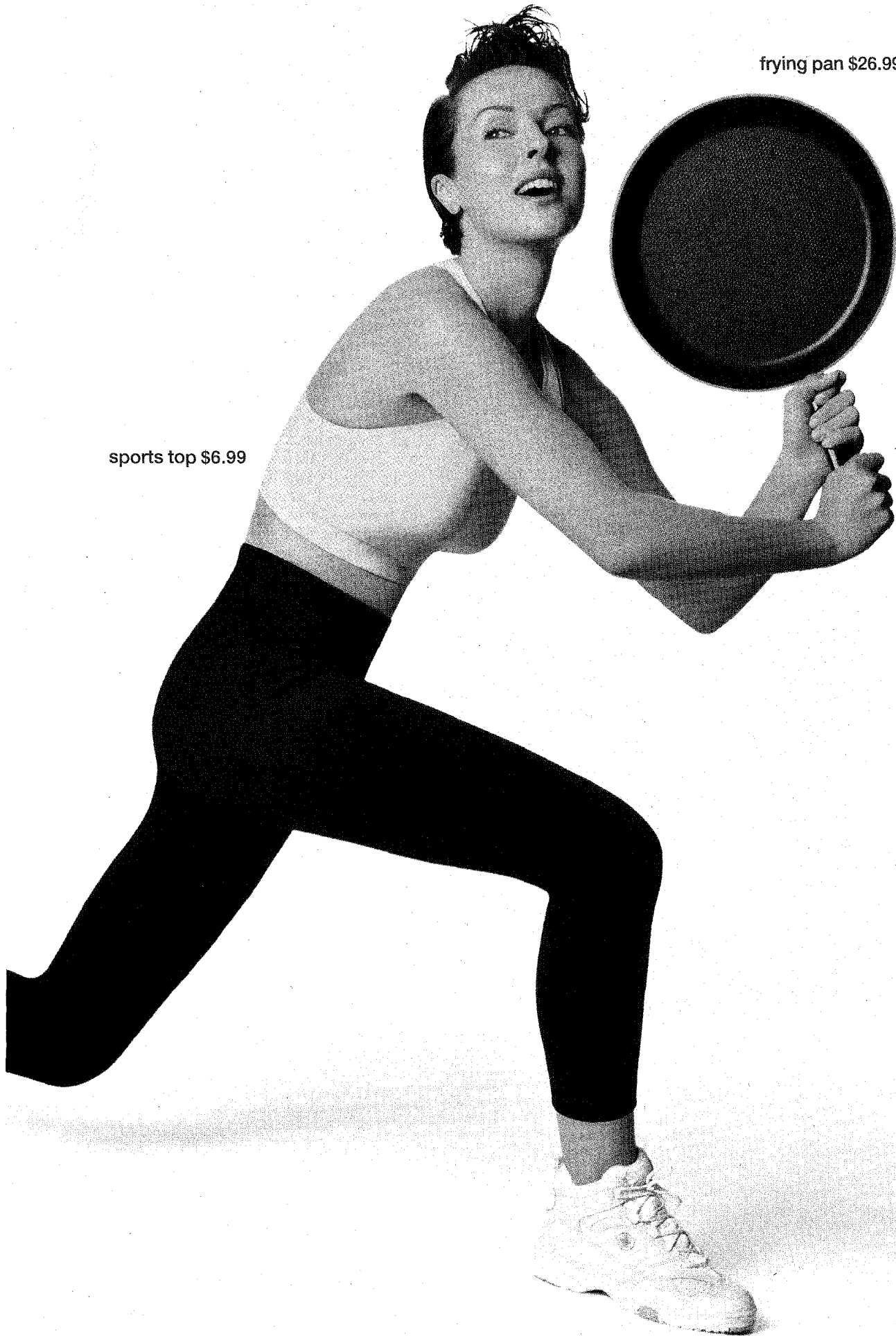
ORA FEDER—AN UPSCALE LINGERIE SHOP tucked away on the second floor of a small Upper East Side building—is packed with sumptuous chemises, slips, bras, and underwear. Ora is having a post-holiday sale both on her designs and on the merchandise she imports; for example, long silk nightgown, was \$300, now \$210; Vogue bra, was \$32, now \$19.20; silk print chemise, was \$185, now \$92.50. *Ora Feder*, 20 E. 69th St., second floor (517-7125); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 12-5; 1/14-1/18.

Shi's the One

SHI SELLS SOME OF THE BEST MINIMALIST housewares in town. If you haven't already checked the store out, its sale is the perfect time. For example, aluminum clip-on light, was \$125, now \$100; porcelain clip-on night-lights with motif bulbs, were \$55, now \$44; hand-blown wall mirror, was \$225, now \$180. *Shi*, 233 Elizabeth St. (334-4330); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.-Sat. 12-7, Sun. till 6; 1/13 till supplies run out.

Riflessi's More

THE ITALIAN MEN'S-WEAR STORE RIFLESSI'S clientele keeps returning because of the store's wide array of high-quality merch. Canali suit, was \$1,300, now \$495; Ermenegildo Zegna suit, was \$1,200, now \$495; Cerruti 1881 suit, was \$960, now \$395; dress shirt, was \$165, now \$49. Free alterations. *Riflessi*, 260 Madison Ave., near 38th St. (679-4875); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 9-8, Sat. 10-7, Sun. 11-6; 1/12-1/31.



sports top \$6.99

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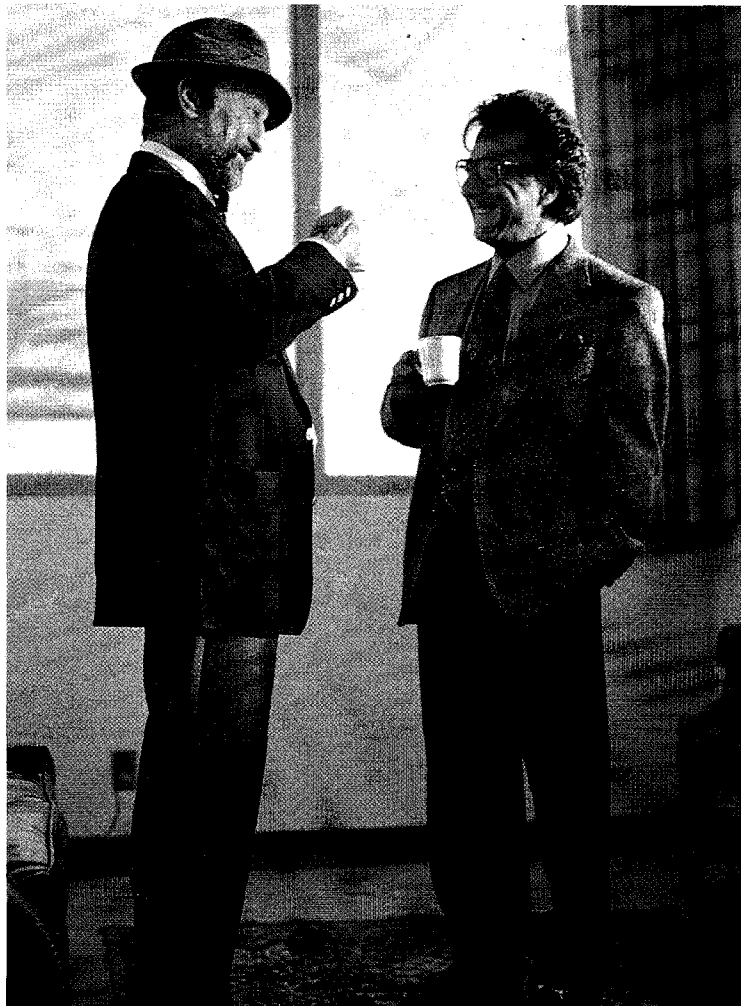
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MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Apocalypse, Nu?

To divert attention from a presidential scandal, two spinmeisters create a fake war in 'Wag the Dog,' a crass satire that nevertheless gets the details right.



Liar, liar: In *Wag the Dog*, De Niro plays the president's fixer, Hoffman a hot producer.

BARRY LEVINSON'S POLITICAL AND MEDIA SATIRE *Wag the Dog* goes as fast as the wind, and that's a relief because the idea behind the movie is thin. Very thin—and at times offensively glib. So if Levinson had directed with a heavy hand, or paused for more than an instant's reflection, he would have killed the nasty fun. It's less than two weeks before an election, and the president, seeking another term, is accused of molesting a teenage girl just outside the Oval Office. That the allegation may be false is not the point; the *Washington Post* is about to run the story. What to do? The president's operative Winifred Ames (Anne Heche) calls in a Dick Morris-like Mr. Fixit, Conrad Brean (Robert De Niro), and Brean, together with a big-deal Hollywood producer, Stanley Motss (Dustin Hoffman), distracts the press and the public. They whip

up a nonexistent war with mighty Albania, complete with sinister Albanian terrorists crossing the Canadian border carrying a nuke in a suitcase. Brean is a master of spin; his general method depends on exploiting other people's paranoia and disbelief. He sends out rumors and then denies them—denies, for instance, that the United States has a B-3 bomber, which causes the press to believe that there really is such a plane and that the White House wants it kept secret.

The CIA, refusing to play ball, announces the end of the "war"—which exists, of course, only as media images and rumors put out by the White House—so Brean and Motss, in order to keep things going, create an American hero who was somehow left "behind the lines" in Albania (Woody Harrelson). The entire country goes nuts over the brave soldier who has been "cast off like an old shoe." With a little prodding from a Motss crony known as "the Fad King" (Denis Leary), teenagers all over the country throw old shoes, tied together, up onto telephone poles. Come home, Old Shoe! There are songs, anthems, patriotic events; the scam goes on and on, each snafu provoking a triumphant new lie to keep the press and public happy right up to the election.

Now, satire doesn't have to be responsible, but it does have to be internally coherent, and this idea, however funny, is so extremely opportunistic—and at times so crassly conceived—that it falls into a variety of contradictions of its own making. If the press is as disbelieving as Brean thinks, then it would also not believe in the "war" with Albania, including the easily disproved story of terrorists crossing the border. The disbelieving press would want to know where the instant videos of the war (which producer Motss has manufactured) come from, and so on. The script was written by David Mamet, who claims never to have read the novel—*American Hero*, by Larry Beinhart—that an earlier version of the screenplay (by Hilary Hankin) was based on. The screen credit has been disputed, but Levinson says he shot Mamet's version, and in any case, the dialogue sounds like pure Mamet—brutal, fragmentary, the sound of self-justifying egotists balling their way through existence. How smart is David Mamet's cynicism? The notion that politics is just a series of media images, that everything is manipulated behind the scenes by a few all-powerful insiders, is the kind of hip idea that has been around for decades, and in a way, it smacks of fakery itself and even of vanity. The implication is that no one can fool David Mamet; he can see through absolutely everybody. But this may be the worst illusion a talented writer can fall into.

People more intelligent than Mamet know that intelligence has its limits; a writer of genius like Chekhov approached the human mystery with some degree of humility. Knowingness may be David Mamet's greatest vice—the limitation of his savage voice—but among

show-business people, Mamet's wary hostility passes for toughness, even for wisdom. As Jacob Weisberg pointed out in the online magazine *Slate*, people who stage things for a living and spend all their time caught in the secretive, deal-ridden mania of Hollywood film production may very well believe that everything important is arranged behind the scenes for a public composed of imbeciles. Cynicism is *their* way of life; they can't see that politics, for all its manipulateness and lies, is very different from show business. Ronald Reagan manipulated images, yet Reagan—corny, ignorant, deluded in some ways—was not a phony.

But now, having done my duty as a skeptic of extreme skepticism, I have to say that *Wag the Dog* is accomplished and at times viciously funny. Levinson, shooting very fast and cheaply, creates a likable, low-key world of rogues and scoundrels working together to gull the public; we enjoy their company, we enjoy the pretense that political and media life is like this—fast, wisecracking, devastatingly effective. The picture conveys an irresistible pleasure in fakery for its own sake, and that's its charm.

De Niro gives a light, unemphatic performance as the fixer, a nearly anonymous man who slips into the White House wearing a rumpled tweed hat (he might be a Maryland suburbanite running for a train). De Niro's Brean doesn't have to speak in a loud voice; his intelligence is so obvious that everyone falls silent when he speaks at all. On the other hand, the producer Motss (the *t* is silent) is a boaster, a raconteur, an endless celebrant of his own triumphs and elegist of his own failure to receive sufficient recognition for those triumphs. He is the voice of purest Hollywood. When we first see Dustin Hoffman, he appears to be lying in a glass coffin. It turns out he's getting a suntan, one of those appalling, perfect Los Angeles tans that looks painted on with brownish gold leaf. His hair fluffed and swept back nobly, Hoffman could be a swank duchess. (A resemblance to the producer Robert Evans has been lovingly noted by a number of observers.) Stan Motss is very vague about details, but he has an unquenchable, let's-put-on-a-show spirit. "This is nothing! Nothing!" he exclaims as some unspeakable disaster befalls the team of scam artists. After all, Stan has produced the *Oscars*. Dustin Hoffman latches on to the producer's vanity and grievances. Increasingly proud of the outrageous con he is working on the country—he considers it a work of art comparable to, oh, *The Ten Commandments*—Stan refuses to remain anonymous. He wants the public glory he doesn't get out of putting a movie together.

Anne Heche is funny, too, in one of Mamet's acidly written parts for women.

Her political operative is so boneless morally that she invariably rushes to agree with the most powerful person in the room. Heche has a temperament like pent-up electrons; she flows in the direction of whatever circuit opens up to her. Some of the best work in the movie consists of little flashes from Heche and the other actors—things said *sotto voce* in the background of scenes. In many small ways, the movie is inventive and intricately wicked. Willie Nelson, as an alcoholic country-and-western singer, turns up as one of Stan's cronies, a man who can manufacture a croaking, bluesy song at the drop of a hat. What tickles Mamet and Levinson is how cultural "authenticity" is now used to prop up completely ersatz media imagery. In order to support the "war," Willie Nelson writes a Depression-era style folk song and also a patriotic anthem with ecstatic solos for women and blacks. In a recording session devoted to this drivel, the soloists sing so passionately they might be sending George Washington or even Jesus himself to heavenly rest.

In brief: THERE ARE STILL PLENTY OF INTELLECTUALS in New York, but "the New York intellectuals" as a compact group with common passions and a great magazine at their disposal—*The Partisan Review*—have all but vanished, leaving behind a disputatious roomful of books, memoirs, fallings-out, and reconciliations, as well as many studies of the group, not the least of which is the superb documentary *Arguing the World*, now playing at Film Forum. This film, written and directed by Jonathan Dorman, a public-TV veteran, is firm yet nuanced, accurate yet never pedantic. Using interviews and newsreel footage, Dorman has woven together the life and work of four representative members of the species—Irving Kristol, Daniel Bell, Nathan Glazer, and the late Irving Howe—all of whom came from poor Jewish-immigrant backgrounds in New York and attended, in the thirties and early forties, City College, where they partook in endless debates over socialism, capitalism, democracy, and tyranny. All four were members of the anti-Stalinist left, but except for Howe they moved rightward after the war—all the way right in the case of Kristol, who wound up tutoring the Reagan administration on the failures of liberalism. Dorman follows the complex pilgrimage of each with proper regard for detail and variation, and he lets us hear the men speak at some length. For the record: I am devoted to Irving Howe, whose writings have greatly affected my views of a hundred things; the movie brings his severe but humane consciousness back into focus with startling force.

David Denby's reviews are available at newyorkmag.com, along with movie news, a schedule of upcoming openings, and more.

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Tip-Toperetta

New York's opera-light life is thriving with Symphony Space's 'The Yeomen of the Guard'; Gergiev is good news for the Met.

SAVOYARDS REJOICE. **The New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players** are once again in residence at Symphony Space on upper Broadway, currently performing *Iolanthe*. For 24 seasons, this plucky troupe has been hanging on, and it has earned our prayers—not so long ago, the city was full of enterprising small companies that produced opera, heavy and light, but NYGASP is one of the few that still manages to survive. Of course, its mission is restricted to the G&S canon of operettas, but these indestructible works never seem to lose their musical freshness or satirical point, and NYGASP's lovingly traditional productions never seem to lose their zing.

Tyler Bunch as his dimwitted foil, Wilfred Shadbolt, while the ladies they pursue—Charlotte Detrick (Elsie), Katie Geissinger (Phoebe), and Amy Ellen Anderson (Dame Carruthers)—could hardly have looked or sounded more delicious.

The man long responsible for setting the tone of these marvelous productions is artistic director-conductor Albert Bergeret, who has obviously lost none of his enthusiasm for G&S operettas or his ability to renew them. More than its companion works, *The Yeomen of the Guard* is laced with an undercurrent of melancholy, and Bergeret now gives that quality more attention in his nuanced treatment of Sullivan's wistfully delicate ensembles and Gilbert's often bitter self-

mocking identification with Jack Point. But that never prevented general merriment from reigning onstage, as no doubt will be the case when this treasurable troupe flies off to fairyland in *Iolanthe* this weekend and next.



FOR THOSE WHO PONDER THE OFTEN inscrutable movements of today's international star conductors, the appointments of **James Levine** to head the Munich Philharmonic and **Valery Gergiev** to occupy the newly created post of principal guest conductor at the Metropolitan Opera have led to much head-scratching. No convincing reasons have yet been offered to explain why Levine would want to spend what little free time he has away from the Met overseeing a minor-league European orchestra, especially since the prospects for glamorous international exposure—global tours, major recording projects, and the like—are virtually nonexistent in these tight times for classical music. Of course, the pay

I recently dropped in on a matinee of *The Yeomen of the Guard*, as ever a trim and colorful representation of the lively antics on Tower Green in sixteenth-century London. If anything, the casting is even stronger than in the past—perhaps the shrinking opportunities for talented young singers to perform in New York have worked to NYGASP's advantage. As Colonel Fairfax, whose intrigues to escape the headsman's ax set the whole complicated plot into motion, Brandon Jovanovich was just about ideal, a dashing romantic figure with an attractive, firmly anchored lyric tenor and an elegant way with words. Comic spice was supplied by Stephen O'Brien as a quicksilver Jack Point and

isn't bad—an annual salary of \$289,000 plus an extra \$34,680 for each of his contracted 24 appearances per season—but money can hardly be an issue for a conductor who already commands a huge yearly salary and for whom dogged work seems to consume his whole life.

Then, too, one wonders why Levine continued to pursue the job at all after the acrimonious negotiations culminated in an outrageous demand from Germany's liberal Green party that the conductor present the city with a certificate of "good behavior," i.e., proof that he has not been convicted of a criminal offense or that any such charges may be (continued on page 72)

Duane McDavitt, center, in Gilbert & Sullivan's *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

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TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

State of Minds

As 'California and the Dream Seekers' entertainingly recalls, El Dorado has always been irresistible to visionaries and charlatans.

FROM AN EXCESS OF MATERIAL, **California and the Dream Seekers** (Sunday, January 18; 8 to 10 P.M., and Monday, January 19; 9 to 11 P.M.; A&E) culls four absorbing hours on a golden state of mind, and it's amazing how many tents we've pitched there in dewy expectation of getting rich, or utopian politics, or self-transcendence, or the perfect wave. On the 150th anniversary of statehood for El Dorado, executive producer Thomas Skinner, producer Miriam Birch, and omniscient narrator Edward James Olmos have touched most of the obvious bases, talked to a diversity of historians, and found visuals to educate the eye. Thus: mountains, deserts, oceans, and story-telling architecture; Indians, Hispanics, Anglos, and Chinese; clipper ships and railroads; missionaries and robber barons; aqueducts and motion pictures; table wines and blue jeans; aerospace and microchips; cable cars and earthquakes; oil and oranges. I will presently complain about omissions, but the full story would have needed at least a month—and been, perhaps, less buoyant.

We are asked to think about what archaeological digs can tell us of 300 Amerindian tribes, speaking maybe 125 different languages, who had been around as long as the sequoias when sixteenth-century European explorers first nibbled on the California coast. About Father Serra's famous missions, and what distinguished them from plantation slavery. About John Sutter's dream, in New Helvetia, of an agricultural empire, dashed by the discovery of gold and a forty-niner rush of miners that amounted to the greatest voluntary migration in recorded history. About the coolie labor that built the transcontinental railroad and the Alien Exclusion laws that immediately followed the golden spike. About Union Pacific, Wells Fargo, Levi Strauss, and buccaneer businessmen like Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, Collis Huntington, and Charles Crocker, each of whom made a huge fortune and even gave a portion of it back, in the form of hush money for universities, libraries, cathedrals, beaches, and hotels. About John Muir and

Teddy Roosevelt at Yosemite, Cecil B. DeMille in Hollywood, Charles Lindbergh building the *Spirit of St. Louis* in San Diego, William Mulholland getting everybody's feet wet, and John Steinbeck feeling bad on behalf of Okies. About tromping grapes in Sonoma Valley, irrigating arid San Fernando, interning 112,000 Japanese-Americans. About Golden Gates and Boulder Dams.

Never mind that the surprising museums we visit do not include the new Getty. Or that in its emphasis on California as both a rainbow of races and cultures and the fruit bowl of the nation, *Dream Seekers* never mentions the recent ban on affirmative action, the zoot-suit riots, insurrections in Watts and South Central, or Cesar Chavez and the *braceros*. If I sound testy, it's because I grew up there, force-fed a lot of Father Serra in high school, flunking automobile, volleyball, and puberty rite on the beach, ignorant till *Chinatown* of who made money in the water deal, what Hollywood did to Upton Sinclair when he ran for governor, and why Harry Bridges caused so much trouble on the San Francisco docks.

While the mini-series doesn't exactly stop at World War II, it does cease to think. Among its omissions are the radical labor history we'll have to find instead in Thomas Pynchon's *Vineland*; the black history that shows up only in the Easy Ed novels of Walter Mosley; the corruption in Los Angeles of record companies, gossip magazines, studios, and police that drives James Ellroy crazy; the recycled Pacific Rim funny money exhumed in such brilliant detail by Mike Davis in *City of Quartz*, the atom-smashing and the anxiety production at the Lawrence Livermore laboratories that inspires so much dread in Joan Didion. Also absent: the sob stories of such children of the dream factory as Jill Robinson, Brooke Hayward, and Carrie Fisher; the Beverly Hills of Charles Manson; the Oakland of the Black Panthers; the Haight-Ashbury of the hippies and the Diggers, as well as of Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, and *noir*; the L.A. of O.J. and the Menendez brothers, gated communities and surfing, the blacklist and the Beach Boys. When we talk, (continued on page 99)



Ambition and drive: In 1913 chief engineer William Mulholland brought water to Los Angeles, turning the north into a dustbowl.

Odeon and On

Why contend with the schlock of the new? The Odeon and La Lunchonette, nearly 30 years of bistro experience between them, have only gotten better with age.

THE YEAR IS ONLY TWO WEEKS OLD, AND YOU'VE already bummed three Camels, skipped the gym twice, had sex with your ex, used your cell phone not only at the table but while walking past two sets of phone booths, and been suckered yet again by film critics into suffering through another Alan Rudolph film (loving Julie Christie is no excuse). Are there any resolutions you haven't left in tatters?

Willing to belatedly take one on that might be easier to keep? Promise yourself you will no longer swallow the baloney that everything hip has to be new.

Want proof? Let's consider your travails as a dutiful foodist. You've already gone hoarse and deaf at Rialto, discovered at 147 that there is such a thing as an inedible dessert, and willingly allowed strangers to eavesdrop on your intimacies by sitting at Asia de Cuba's "family table." Why not enter a domain with a style and grace that all of the above can only aspire to? A restaurant as urbane at 8 P.M. as it is at midnight, serving food that's meant to be enjoyed instead of comprehended, where there are no velvet ropes and no I'm-so-fabulous-I'm-like-this-with-Uma-and-Ethan maître d'. A place so flatteringly lit that if you don't look good there, you should quietly excuse yourself, go home, and lie down.

The only obstacle you have to get past is that the **Odeon** is seventeen years old, which means your parents may have been there and done this while your baby-sitter was teaching you how to Etch-A-Sketch.

In October of 1980, the Odeon opened, establishing it-

self as the blueprint for almost every grand bistro that ever plopped a scallop on a kiwi slice. It also spawned the McNally-Wagenknecht dynasty that produced both blood-line crown princes (Cafe Luxembourg, Indochine, Nell's, Lucky Strike, the infamous 150 Wooster, Bodega, E&O, Pravda, Balthazar), as well as stylish bastards (Match, the Kiosk, the Independent—started by former employees) in almost every corner of the city.

The Odeon could well have ossified into a double-decker-bus port of call like the Oyster Bar, or ended up tapeworming off the circumspect routines of its charter clientele like Elaine's, or, worst of all, vamped into some El Teddyesque retro lair that gets periodically reborn for the next generation wearing white go-go boots. But the Odeon just stayed cool (albeit with a few brief fading spells). Instead of familiarity breeding contempt, the Odeon's deliberate rhythms remain its lure.

By cannily restraining its kitchen from overreaching and its wait staff from ever behaving as if they're "on the list," the Odeon has nurtured a rare balance, affording its core clientele trustworthy snugness while offering newcomers inclusiveness. Only Raoul's and Barocco can match its confident manner and customer loyalty.

Not surprisingly, all three places have made minimal changes to their décors and menus. In fact, except for a patina of age that has added a touch of romanticism to its sleek, Brassai-set curvaceousness, Odeon looks exactly the way it did when it introduced its country salad, cassoulet, steak frites, and lemon tart. Surprisingly, three out of the four dishes taste the same. There's no secret,

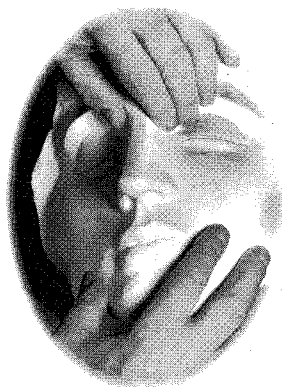
really. Odeon opened with chef Patrick Clark when nouvelle was nouveau. After Clark left both here and Cafe Luxembourg, Tony Shek, the latter's sous-chef, was placed in charge on upper Broadway and developed into one of the most underrated chefs in town. He quit Luxembourg last year, to its detriment. When the dependable Stephen Lyle left Odeon's kitchen to open the Independent, the house treaded water for a while, until Lynn Wagenknecht (now the sole owner) cajoled Shek into coming on board and steering Odeon back on course.

This is bistro food. Satiating, not startling. Shek's beet salad with endive and walnuts has just the right smack of sweet-cider vinegar. Cracklingly tender, greaseless fried calamari get dipped in a tomato chipotle sauce that bears no resemblance to anything Shoney's serves with shrimp cocktail. The only

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thing missing from the soups—white bean and escarole, and butternut squash—is a fireplace to eat them in front of. The mignonette sauce is a kick even to a fresh oyster, and a miso wasabi vinaigrette supplies the same to seared scallops. The pâté could use a love tap, though, and the grilled portobellos, though meaty, are tired. Crab cake, and arugula, fennel, and parmesan salad, however, are as dependable as the bar's Cosmopolitans.

The house's strength has always been its entrées. Fish and red meat are virtually mistake-proof. Tuna arrives handsomely seared and matched with red-pepper vinaigrette. Relish the moist, roast cod best by mashing it into the garlic-and-chive mashed potatoes. Sautéed sea bass has a welcome pale thyme sauce and a soothing parsnip purée alongside. Pity those who've never taken to liver. With leeks, currants, and cranberries, it's such a treat. Steak and its frites are faultless. Chicken and poussin in any variation are just fine. Though the caramelized ginger glaze is yum, ask for the duck undercooked. Pasta still tastes like an afterthought. Desserts are competent but rarely memorable.

Two hallmarks of the Odeon, though, need immediate attention. Its cassoulet, one of the few things that can make winter bearable in New York, has turned mushy, bland, and stingy with the good stuff. Too many crumbs and beans, and not enough tomato, spice, and meat. And though, granted, it's a long workday's journey into late night for this staff (especially since the terrazzo floors are a killer on the feet), the crew gets a little woozy after midnight. This is a problem—it's not as if there's no one in the place except you and me. Ever.

The Odeon is a landmark New Yorkers should never cede to tourists. As for those of you heat-seeking missiles out there, you can bet your favorite Prada trench that the Odeon will simmer just as it is long after Asia de Cuba has given over its wee hours to lounge nites. Should you be hesitant merely because you're late to the party, the following will help instill confidence. All Odeon regulars know that only one of each of the double doors at the entrance is ever open. Look for the ones with the push-pull decal. Now yank and make your entrance. See how consistency can make you look hip? And you thought you needed to be in cashmere thermal.

The Odeon, 145 West Broadway, at Thomas St. Open Monday through Thursday, noon to 2 A.M., Sunday from 11:30 a.m., Friday and Saturday, noon to 3 A.M., Saturday and Sunday brunch, 11:30 A.M. to 4 P.M. Appetizers, \$6–\$10.50; entrées, \$14–\$24.50. (Brasserie menu after midnight.) All major credit cards.

HIPNESS IS NOT THE ONLY THING LACKING IN those gotta-get-there restaurants: They al-

so rarely feel idyllic. Name two new boîtes that make you want to whisper something more deeply felt than "Whose card are we putting this on?" Add this to the sad fact that there is a dearth of romantic restaurants in Manhattan that don't require pawning a Breitling and you understand why a satisfying Valentine's Day reservation is tougher to obtain than a smile from a Duane Reade cashier.

Try looking where you least expect it. On a tree-forsaken, wind-blasted corner surrounded by nothing, **La Lunchonette** is an inviting oasis—walking in there is like having someone put two warm hands on your cheeks. Snug as a chenille afghan, this agreeably ramshackle room makes you want to hunch your shoulders and huddle a little closer. It could be the sparks that fly between Jean-François Fraysse, the chef, and his wife, Melva Max (a former Odeon waitress, by the way), who own the place together. It's best to go when at least one of them is around, not only for their warmth and kindness but also because the service suffers drastically when they're absent. Unfortunately, she's not there as much anymore because their two kids demand more time.

Allow the food to dispel your chills—the thick, soothing lobster bisque, the aromatic fennel soup, or a terrine of foie gras that glides down your throat like velvet across a smooth back. It's difficult to overstate the succulence of lusciously tender sea scallops in a fragrant herb-and-lillet sauce or the yin-yang of dense, gamy duck confit tossed against crisp greens. There is a wondrous cassoulet deep and rich as your daydreams; a rack of lamb that tempts you to suck the juices out of its bones; a muskily sweet venison brightened by quince; hearty, meaty rabbit in a sauce dark as sable and sparkling with glazed prunes; skate in capers and lemon that gleams like mother of pearl; and a tuna that, like a temptress who understands perfume, knows exactly how much aroma of pernod and fennel to exude.

Can Jean-François make you forget the cold completely? With his 9½ Weeks-worthy chocolate cake, a crème caramel even blasé lunch ladies would covet, salaciously rich profiteroles, and the most superb tarte tatin, the man's offering all the aphrodisia he's allowed by law. The self-trained chef cooks only what he knows, and he's been doing so for more than a decade. Some of you may think that is very unhip. Fine. You go to Torch on Überhip Ludlow Street. Oh, and take a hat. It's always cold on Ludlow Street, especially when you're waiting behind a rope to get in.

La Lunchonette, 130 Tenth Avenue, at 18th St. Open Sunday through Thursday, noon to 11:30 P.M., Friday and Saturday till midnight. Appetizers, \$4.50–\$10.50; entrées, \$10.50–\$21. All major credit cards.

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**E. L. Doctorow's
Ragtime struts
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movies

Half Baked... Paul Robeson... The Dress

New Films

Afterglow—Two marriages hit the skids, and, seeking comfort, the unhappy spouses unknowingly swap partners. With Nick Nolte, Julie Christie, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) Angelika Film Center; Regency.

An American Werewolf in Paris—Julie Delpy is a French werewolf whose efforts to stop a more sinister breed are assisted by an American on vacation. With Tom Everett Scott. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) Chelsea; Embassy 2-4; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.

Amistad—Steven Spielberg has made a stiff but powerful film about an actual revolt aboard a slave ship in 1839 and the constitutional struggle that followed in its wake. The best thing in the movie is very violent indeed, though it's not the revolt itself, which appears right at the beginning of *Amistad*. The Africans slaughter most of the crew, ordering the two Spanish survivors to take them back to Africa. But the Spaniards trick them and steer the *Amistad* north, and the ship is finally intercepted off the coast of Connecticut by the American Navy. Put on trial for murder and piracy, the Africans are defended by abolitionists, who hire a real-estate lawyer, Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey), to try the case. The question arises: Were they born as slaves—on a plantation, say, in the West Indies—or as free men in Africa? Silent until then, Cinque (Djimon Hounsou) finally speaks (through a translator) and recounts the entire tale: The Africans, mostly from the Mende tribe, were kidnapped by rival tribesmen, kept in a slave fortress off the coast of Sierra Leone, and then taken across the ocean in an illegal Portuguese slaver, the *Tecora*. As Cinque speaks, we see it at last—the voyage, the excruciating transit in the cargo hold known in accounts of the slave trade as “the middle passage.” Spielberg stages these scenes with a power that perhaps he alone in film history is capable of. The filmmakers’ point of view is that the *Amistad* incident was a central way station between the imperfectly executed Declaration of Independence and the inevitable Civil War. Many of the players are conscious of the significance of the moment. The opportunistic, cunning President Martin Van Buren (Nigel Hawthorne), afraid of losing the South in the coming election, wants the Africans returned as property to Queen Isabella of Spain. The abolitionists, both white (Stellan Skarsgård) and black (Morgan Freeman), see the *Amistad* affair as Armageddon in the New World—the trial of Christian faith, of humanity’s right to be saved. Just when *Amistad* is about to perish from nobility, Anthony Hopkins, as John Quincy Adams, saves the day. There are, I suppose, less sensational ways of doing this material, but Spielberg’s way is astonishing, and the shock for us lies both in the images themselves and in the realization that we have never really seen this primal American story. By contrast, the comparable passages in *Roots* are no more than genteel. (Denby; 12/15/97) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.

Anastasia—The animated adventures of the Romanov princess. Voices by Meg Ryan, John Cusack, and Angela Lansbury. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) 59th Street East; Criterion Center; Ziegfeld.

Arguing the World—The lives and contributions of four New York intellectuals (Irving Howe, Daniel

Bell, Nathan Glazer, and Irving Kristol) are documented, from their days at City College to the present. Written and directed by Joseph Dorman. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) Film Forum.

As Good As It Gets—In James L. Brooks’s new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder. Ferociously intelligent but mad as a hatter, Melvin needs two bars of soap to wash his hands and hates to be touched or even spoken to. Melvin torments

coming a man. A superbly written and acted tear-jerker. (Denby; 12/22-29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.

Boogie Nights—*Boogie Nights*, the second feature by 26-year-old writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson (*Hard Eight* arrived earlier this year), is a kind of ragamuffin epic about the San Fernando Valley porn industry. Much of the film is funny and touching, and even rather sweet. It’s a good but not great movie—a movie conceived realistically, without falsifying glamour, but without great insight or excitement either. The movie stretches



Opening Ill Will Hunting

In ‘*Gonin*,’ Japanese superstar Takeshi Kitano (above, with Kazuya Kimura) is a mob hit man chasing down a band of upstart hoods—all the while fretting about issues like health care and his illegitimate birth. The stylish, bloody thriller opens Friday, January 16.

his neighbor in Manhattan—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear)—but the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. Brooks avoids commonplace sentiment by cultivating his idiosyncratic sense of character and a series of unstable moods. He lets the scenes play at length, giving each of the actors plenty of time to develop a mood. Helen Hunt, holding the screen at times in silence, has never seemed more powerfully sane. She virtually stares the ridiculous Melvin into be-

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

from 1977 to 1984—the disco-and-cocaine period of bell-bottom L.A.—and covers the varying fortunes of a small group of porn actors, filmmakers, and hangers-on gathered under the wing of Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds), an avuncular producer who likes to have people hang out at his house. Horner takes one look at Eddie Adams (Mark Wahlberg), a busboy in a Valley club, and decides that Eddie has got the stuff. He picks up Eddie by using one of his minor actresses, Roller-girl (Heather Graham), who strips down to her skates and jumps on Eddie at Horner’s house, while Jack, appraising, watches the show. Mark Wahlberg may have something in his pants, but there’s no gleam in his eye. What Wahlberg does best is convey Eddie’s desperation. His Eddie wants success and money, but he doesn’t desire anyone; he wants other people to desire him. In Wahlberg’s scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. Moore, a great actress, has red, red lips and lambent flesh, yet her eyes are anxious; she’s a kind of neurotic siren, always available but frantically unhappy. *Boogie Nights* is made up of many vignettes, and while Anderson is a good observer, he hasn’t really shaped the screenplay. The vignettes don’t comment on one another. The movie has its giddy moments, but in the end it is peculiarly depressing. Anderson reports on the porn industry, but he doesn’t satisfy our curiosity about this pleasure-driven but pleasureless, fascinating but wan way of life. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) Village East; Eastside Playhouse.

The Boxer—Just as the Irish troubles seem to have gone on forever, movies about the Irish Troubles have also gone on a bit, and so I may, perhaps, escape censure if I merely salute *The Boxer* in passing as yet another forceful, honestly made drama about Belfast, fanaticism, explosions, and the blue-

‘Cue’ cover photograph by Catherine Ashmore.

gray light of desperate hope. Like *In the Name of the Father*, this picture was written by Terry George and directed and co-written by Jim Sheridan, and it's about an IRA man, Danny Flynn (Daniel Day-Lewis), who comes out of prison after fourteen years and no longer feels hatred for anyone. Danny wants to get back into the ring, where he was once a promising Irish fighter. He likes the discipline of training, and after so many years of numbing self-suppression, he actually needs to feel the pain of being hit. Day-Lewis brings to the role his usual rapt physical and mental absorption in what he is doing. Silent and wary much of the time, with hawklike eyes and a closed-off face, he bursts out, now and then, in tirades of memorable bitterness. The movie's acts of violence and betrayal may be familiar, but the filmmakers' obvious contempt for people given over to fanaticism is enormously welcome—a call for the most elementary kind of sanity. Even in the smallest roles, the acting is exceptionally strong. As long as such English and Irish powerhouses as Emily Watson, Brian Cox, Gerald McSorley, and Ken Stott are ready to make these movies, they will continue to be made. (Denby; 1/12/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Beekman; 84th Street; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Dark City—A man discovers his memories aren't his own and fights to discover reality. With Kiefer Sutherland, Rufus Sewell, Jennifer Connelly, and William Hurt. Directed by Alex Proyas. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Deconstructing Harry—There are some excruciatingly funny moments in Woody Allen's new movie, but scandalously entertaining as parts of it are, the picture still left me in the foulest of foul moods. Ostensibly, it's about a selfish writer, Harry Block (Woody Allen), who travels to his alma mater in order to accept an honorary degree. Harry is at an impasse in both his creative and his personal life, and as he tries to get someone to accompany him on his trip, various women show up and tear into him—he has cheated on them, he has used their experiences with him in his novels and stories, he's a shit, a twerp, a betrayer, and so on. Woody Allen stages the fictional version of various marital events, drawn from Harry's books, and then he shows us the people that the fictions are based on—often very different from the originals. The movie is meant to be a Philip Roth-like comic demonstration of the existentially ambiguous relations between art and life, and much of it is very free in form. I leave to the literal-minded the task of working out the relation between *Deconstructing Harry* and Woody Allen's tangled life. Since Harry is self-serving, dishonest, and weak, the literal-minded may also be induced to see the picture as Woody Allen's mea culpa. But "mea gloria" might be a more proper description. Harry may be an utter dog, but he attracts and disappoints one beautiful young woman after another—and what could be a greater ego blast than that kind of "self-criticism"? Woody Allen has wound up making a fetish of himself, and it's beginning to be embarrassing. Yes, we accept that he has built, over the years, a comic persona onscreen, and we hardly expect that figure to look like Alec Baldwin. Still, it's getting a little creepy to watch a short, pale 61-year-old man kissing (in one movie) Elisabeth Shue, Judy Davis, Hazelle Goodman, Amy Irving, Kirstie Alley, etc., etc. I have nothing against egocentricity, but Allen doesn't seem to realize that he's left the impression that women are drawn to Harry only because his creator is a famous movie director. (Denby; 12/22-29/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

Don't Look Back—D.A. Pennebaker's classic on Bob Dylan. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Eve's Bayou—A little girl in Louisiana discovers the mix of fact, fiction, and fantasy in her family's lives. Starring Samuel L. Jackson, Lynn Whitfield, Diahann Carroll, Branford Marsalis, and Kasi Lemmons. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Fast, Cheap & Out of Control—The stories of four obsessives—a lion tamer, a topiary gardener, a rat specialist, and a robot designer—are documented by Errol Morris (*The Thin Blue Line*). (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG) *Film Forum.*

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Firestorm—A smoke-jumper fights a forest fire and a convicted murderer posing as a fellow firefighter. With Howie Long, William Forsythe, and Suzy Amis. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Flubber—Robin Williams stars in an update of 1961's *The Absent Minded Professor*. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Sutton.*

For Richer or Poorer—Kirstie Alley and Tim Allen are Manhattanites hiding from the Feds in Amish country. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; PG-13) *National Theatre; 86th Street.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Full Speed—A young writer becomes successful and uses his friend's life story for his follow-up project. Directed by Gaël Morel. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—What if an extraordinary mind was put into the body of an orphaned, abused South Boston blue-collar worker, a boy contemptuous of career and status, a boy with a violent streak—even a bit of a thug? Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgard), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. The boy doesn't want to be "saved." He wants to be left alone. At night, Will and his buddy Chuckie (Ben Affleck) drink with a couple of friends at a neighborhood pub, and the four of them, a white-boy gang—Southies—drive around in an old car, egging one another on to brilliant flights of profanity. People turn themselves inside out trying to help him, but he repels them all. Affleck, Damon, and director Gus Van Sant don't condescend to the Southies, but they don't sentimentalize them, either. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it anywhere. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

Hard Rain—Morgan Freeman and Christian Slater do battle over \$3 million in a flooding midwestern town. With Minnie Driver and Randy Quaid. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Home Alone 3—Young Alex D. Linz steps into Macaulay Culkin's shoes. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; National Theatre; Gemini; New Coliseum; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Illtown—Lili Taylor and Michael Rapaport are narcotics traffickers whose lives fall apart when an old partner gets out of jail. With Kevin Corrigan, Tony Danza, and Isaac Hayes. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Jackie Brown—Quentin Tarantino has written some scandalously funny lines for Samuel L. Jackson, who plays one Ordell Robbie, an egotistical L.A. gun seller. Ordell keeps a number of people in his employ, including a libidinous white surfer girl (Bridget Fonda); a mangy ex-con (Robert De Niro); and a stewardess, Jackie Brown (Pam Grier), who carries cash for Ordell back and forth between Los Angeles and Mexico. The movie is about Jackie's attempt to break free of Ordell and fleece him of his money. The picture is actually an elongated and ambitious B movie—a dogged homage to the kind of atmospheric minor crime picture that Tarantino, having grown up in a video store, enjoys more than he does prestige movies. He has built the movie around Pam Grier, the strapping, bodice-spilling star of early-seventies



Opening Puff Daddies

Stand-up comic Dave Chappelle (above, with Rachel True) co-wrote and stars in 'Half Baked,' a successfully sophomoric comedy about—surprise!—four guys who smoke too much dope. The film, which will offend just about everybody, opens Friday, January 16.

black exploitation movies, yet she's a limited performer, and she can't really bloom in the realistic, matter-of-fact framework that Tarantino has constructed for her. Most of the time, Tarantino pairs her with another B-movie actor, the somber, stone-faced Robert Forster. When Forster acts with Grier we realize what Tarantino is getting at. These two actors, sitting across a table in some dim bar, don't open anything up; they're not particularly expressive. Perhaps Tarantino is saying that this is what people in the crime world are really like—sly, mean, and limited. The plot is enormously complicated and never speeds up. At the climax, in fact, it slows down: Tarantino shows us the same sequence of events three times consecutively, each time from the point of view of a different character. After the formal bravura of *Pulp Fiction*, it's as if he were saying, "Look, no tricks; everything is exactly as it seems." So it may turn out that Quentin Tarantino is not, after all, the American Godard, not a mall-rat pop genius eager to transform pulp into formally demanding art. He really likes pulp for its stiff, repetitive, bull-headed qualities. He likes it so much, he's made his own sober version of it. (Denby; 1/5/98) (2 hrs. 34 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; 86th Street; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Kundun—Unlike the fatuous, conventional *Seven Years in Tibet*, this movie has been made with love. It has an assured beauty and an exquisite formality that honor the subject. And yet, lovely as it is, *Kundun* is of very little dramatic interest—it's an

extremely beautiful, boring movie. A boy grows into a gracious and modest young man, a man not always sure that he's up to the role of leader; but still, he has no great spiritual crisis, no awful time of testing, and everyone in Lhasa gathers around and tutors and protects him. It may seem odd to Westerners that Tibetans recognize this teenager as Buddha's representative and, at the same time, instruct and correct him as if he were an ordinary young man, but it's part of the meaning of the film. Spiritual grace is something given; the boy matures into the near-divinity that was there inside him from the beginning. Approaching an alien tradition, Scorsese is entirely respectful, and the respectfulness dulls out the movie. But what, I wonder, can any director do with the subject of Buddhism and the Chinese invasion of Tibet? This nonviolent, religious country gets assaulted by a totalitarian dictatorship eager to extirpate religion. A slimy, patronizing Chairman Mao tells the Dalai Lama that "religion is poison" and proceeds to destroy a good part of Tibet's heritage and culture. Except in a few of the Dalai Lama's dreams, Scorsese won't show the torment and death brought on by the Chinese. "They have taken away our silence," one of the monks observes, in reproof of the insistent Communist people's-chorus music suddenly blaring everywhere in Tibet. It is the most aggressive remark made by any of the Tibetans. Not many of us are likely to respond the way we are clearly meant to respond—with deep satisfaction that the Tibetans maintained their dignity and emerged as the spiritual victors in their struggle with the Chinese. The elements of hope in this movie look rather wistful, even wan. I can't escape the feeling that Buddhism is an impossible subject for the movies. After all, great movie characters are men of overbearing will—Charles Foster Kane, or Vito and Michael Corleone, or Scorsese's Jake La Motta—not characters who renounce will. (Denby; 1/5/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG) *Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square.*

The Leopard—Luchino Visconti's 1963 epic of an aristocratic Sicilian family's slow death. With Burt Lancaster. (About 3 hrs.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Ma Vie en Rose—The incredibly appealing story of a little boy who thinks he's a little girl and the emotional upheavals this stubborn belief creates among his family and neighbors. Winner of a 1996 César award. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mouse Hunt—Nathan Lane and Lee Evans inherit a mansion and square off against a mouse. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Mr. Magoo—Leslie Nielsen is the nearsighted millionaire. With Kelly Lynch. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) *Village East; Embassy 2-4; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Centre Sunnyside.*

Oscar & Lucinda—Two gamblers—one a man of God and the other an uncommonly independent Australian woman—find that love is the hardest risk to take. Starring Ralph Fiennes and Kate Blanchett. Directed by Gillian Armstrong. Based on the book by Peter Carey. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Postman—Kevin Costner brings a post-apocalyptic America together by jump-starting the postal service. (2 hrs. 50 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Movieworld.*

★**The Rainmaker**—Matt Damon is Rudy Baylor, a just-out-of-law-school southern boy, gallant by instinct, with a streak of natural piety. Rudy is also a lawyer, and therefore it's his business to consort with crooks and sellouts, and in general to work within a corrupt system that favors the wealthy and the powerful. Adapted and directed by Francis Ford Coppola, the film is essentially a David-and-Goliath tale. In Memphis, Rudy and his scapegrace helper, Deck (Danny DeVito), take on a huge insurance company, a crooked outfit that won't pay the claims made by a family with a boy dying of leukemia. It's not exactly a moving target, and unfortunately the picture falls into caricature now and then. The company's CEO is a

Photograph by Michael Gibson.

desiccated moron (Roy Scheider), its chief lawyer (Jon Voight) a beautifully coiffed swine who gives himself away at every turn. Rudy's first employer is a cuff-linked gangster played by a bearded Mickey Rourke with his early modesty and precision. Despite its moral simplicities, the movie is highly watchable. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin*.

Scream 2—The sequel to last year's famously clever *Scream*. Starring Neve Campbell and Courteney Cox. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas*.

★**Shall We Dance?**—Hollywood's virtual abandonment of dancing has been one of the industry's greatest follies of the past twenty years. To our chagrin, it is now up to other countries to put dance into the movies. The Japanese, perhaps, are not ready to make a full-scale dance musical, but in the gravely charming *Shall We Dance?* they have made a shy and tender pass at one. Ballroom dancing, we learn, is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant, with a wife and daughter tucked away in a suburban house, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Sui) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Screening Room*.

Shivers—Residents of a high-rise apartment building contract a venereal disease that causes them to get gruesomely violent with each other in David Cronenberg's 1975 horror film. This was the most financially successful film ever funded by the Canadian government. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Sick—The moving life chronicle of artist, poet, and supermasochist Bob Flanagan. (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR).

Star Kid—A beleaguered boy befriends a space hero and together they fight aliens and the problems of adolescence. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday*.

★**The Sweet Hereafter**—Atom Egoyan's film is a rarity. Adapted from Russell Banks's 1991 novel devoted to the aftermath of a devastating school-bus accident, the film appears to be a kind of detective story. A big-city lawyer, Mitchell Stephens (Ian Holm), enters a snowy, forlorn town in British Columbia after fourteen children have died and travels about interviewing the parents and survivors, desperate to enlist everyone, including the teenage survivor, Nicole (Sarah Polley), in a grievance suit. As Stephens investigates, we see what led up to the accident—the family life of the town, with its fissures and its secrets, including adultery and a suggestion of incest—and eventually we see the accident itself. The film cuts backward and forward in time, and we expect that Stephens will uncover some amazing circumstance that will explain everything. We experience the accident through the eyes of Billy (Bruce

Greenwood), who is driving behind the bus and is the father of two of the children. Billy sees; he's the hero of the movie, an unillusioned man, rejecting avenging lawyers and bad-luck omens in favor of the most bitter reality. His adulterous scenes with Alberta Watson (the mother in David O. Russell's *Spanking the Monkey*) have an acrid intimacy. The actors are all excellent in a plain style that avoids irony, pose, perversity. By the end of the movie, everything comes together—the answer to the detective inquiry is all that is most difficult to face in life. If there were many movies as reality-bound as this one, I think I would go mad. That this one exists, however, is almost a blessing. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe state-rooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel baron from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only

by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside*.

Tomorrow Never Dies—The first hour or so is laced with the usual satisfying sexual innuendo and insolent humor. Pierce Brosnan, of course, will never possess Sean Connery's aura of menace—Brosnan is Bond lite (“Bond . . . Jim Bond”)—but Jonathan Pryce is self-amused and amusing as a Rupert Murdoch-like media entrepreneur who foments a war between Britain and China. There is a fine BMW 750iL that can be driven by remote control (i.e., from the backseat), but much of the action—explosions, more explosions, men firing at one another with machine guns—is just as boring as the action in ten other big movies of the past year. You won't miss a thing should you leave well before the end. If more can't be found in Bond than this, I wouldn't object, in principle, to that tuxedo's being hung up in the closet for good. (Denby; 1/12/98) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld; Plaza*.

Wag the Dog—Robert De Niro and Dustin Hoffman play a spin doctor and a Hollywood producer who create a phony war to distract the American public from its philandering president. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld*.

★**Welcome to Sarajevo**—This film, which follows the adventures of some Western journalists during the siege of Sarajevo in 1992, is a noble try, but it's a thing of shreds and patches—a mix of documentary footage, acted-out scenes based on true stories, and a general atmosphere of suffering, bravado, and endurance. Written by Frank Cottrell Boyce and directed by Michael Winterbottom (both Brits), it doesn't really work as a movie—there are too many powerful fragments, too many scenes only half developed—but I'm still very glad I saw it. Woody Harrelson is the prime peacock here, a flippant, often drunk, but secretly brave and caring star reporter. Woody and his colleagues—female as well as

Talent On the Verge of Calming Down

At the beginning of Pedro Almodóvar's new film, *Live Flesh* (opening January 16), a baby is born in Franco's Madrid on a bus zooming to the hospital. It's a hopeful scene, albeit a frantic, Almodóvar-esque

one: The umbilical cord is severed by someone's teeth. “I like very much that it starts like this,” the director says in his gleeful, accented English.

“It's like *Speed* with human beings.” Spain's clever son made a name for himself in the eighties with offbeat tales of lust, guilt, and destiny—movies driven by headstrong (and high-strung) heroines. The female characters in *Live Flesh*, while still highly emotional, are decidedly less fierce. At 46, Almodóvar admits he's embracing a change—though he's not quite sure where it's taking him. “The eighties were my decade,” he explains. “But I'm

running away from the aesthetic of the eighties—perhaps to embrace it in two years, because I'm sure it'll be very hot in two years. Now I'm more interested in austerity.” But, he says, “my sense of austerity is still very colorful.” Though Almodóvar is planning to direct his next film far from the Iberian Peninsula (perhaps in Miami, though he “can't mention all the details”), he's purposefully avoiding big-budget opportunities and Hollywood in general. Unless, of course, he's visiting his friend and discovery Antonio Banderas. “I would like to work with him,” Almodóvar says, “but I don't know if that's possible—he's become too expensive for me.” PATRICIA FALVO

Almodóvar with *Live Flesh*'s Francesca Neri and Angela Molina.



male—find it hard to leave Sarajevo. Many months go by, and they are still hunkering down at night in the dark hotel, drinking and making mock passes at one another. They have become attached to the city as a cause as well as addicted to their own courage in covering it; they combine daring and egotism in ways that aren't easy to judge. The documentary scenes of massacre and destruction are a lot more powerful on the big screen than they ever were on TV, where they could easily be ignored. In the movie, the journalists covering the story appear to know that, particularly the British TV reporter played by Michael Henderson (based on ITN's Michael Nicholson), a man who wanders through the ravaged city in a bleak, unappeasable rage. Henderson centers his anxieties on some children in an orphanage, covering their story again and again, and when relief help shows up (in the unconvincing presence of Marisa Tomei), he tries to sneak one 9-year-old girl out as his adopted daughter. Inevitably, the "upbeat" story of a reporter taking a girl out of hell and relocating her to a sunny, idyllic garden in England strikes us as a sentimentalization of what the documentary camera, in the rest of the movie, can't help seeing—the fabric of life ripped, torn, and almost obliterated. (Denby; 12/1/97) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village East; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**The Wings of the Dove**—The movie differs from Henry James's novel in a hundred particulars, but the great point is that it works on its own terms, which is all one can ask. At the center, there are two young people who love each other but need money. Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter), clever, beautiful, and distinguished, lives in London with her wealthy aunt (Charlotte Rampling), who is determined to marry her off to a rich man and who does what she can to break up Kate's relationship with the charming but penurious young journalist Merton Densher (Linus Roache). We are drawn to Bonham Carter's intelligence, even though her Kate is not brave enough to live with Densher in poverty. Kate plays for the largest stakes; she wants her handsome young man and she wants to be rich, too. By degrees, and without his quite understanding it, Densher gets pulled into a conspiracy that Kate engineers. For there is another young person in their social circle, the fabulously wealthy American heiress Millie Theale (Alison Elliott), who is sweet, generous, and wasting away from some nameless disease. Millie needs a lover; she needs to live. Kate, who genuinely likes her, wants Millie to be happy and to know love—with Densher, who would then inherit the money, after Millie's death, that would allow Kate to marry him. Kate's motives are mixed, both selfless and selfish, benevolent and sinister, and she corrupts Densher with her provocative ambivalence. Because he's such a splendid fellow, Densher's puzzlement as Kate pushes him into Millie's arms is painful; his anger and sexual aggression as he realizes how he is being used become the dramatic high point of the movie. The complicating factor is that Densher falls for Millie; or rather, he falls for her desire to experience everything she can before dying. The filmmakers have aggressively bumped the period ahead from 1902 to 1910; the characters take the subway, smoke cigarettes furiously and attend a gallery exhibit of Klimt's decadent nudes. We get the point: Kate Croy and Merton Densher are modern personalities, rebels against the constrictions of their time. Rebellion is certainly not something that Henry James had in mind, but it's a minor vulgarization. (Denby; 11/10/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; 59th Street East.*

The Winter Guest—Emma Thompson is a long-grieving widowed photographer who spends a long cold day moving past the tragedy—with help from her aging mother (played by Thompson's real-life mother, Phyllida Law). Directed by Alan Rickman. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Afterglow; Good Will Hunting; Oscar & Lucinda; The*

Sweet Hereafter; The Wings of the Dove.
Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *L. A. Confidential; Home Alone 3; The Rainmaker.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *The Leopard; Shivers.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Arguing the World; Don't Look Back; Fast, Cheap & Out of Control.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Eve's Bayou; The Ice Storm; Ma Vie en Rose.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Chasing Amy; Cop Land; Mrs. Brown; Shall We Dance?; She's So Lovely.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *As Good As It Gets; Boogie Nights; Deconstructing Harry; Jackie Brown; Mr. Magoo; The Rocky Horror Picture Show; Welcome to Sarajevo.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Amistad; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Firestorm; Mouse Hunt.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Jackie Brown; The Postman; Wag the Dog.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *An American Werewolf in Paris; The Boxer; Firestorm; Mouse Hunt; Scream 2; Titanic; The Wings of the Dove.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Good Will Hunting; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Jackie Brown; Wag the Dog.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Anastasia; The Wings of the Dove.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Titanic.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Deconstructing Harry; Wag the Dog.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Amistad; The Postman.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Firestorm; Mouse Hunt; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Jackie Brown.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Boogie Nights.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Jackie Brown.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Mr. Magoo.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Kundun.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *For Richer or Poorer; Home Alone 3.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Winter Guest.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Amistad; Good Will Hunting; Scream 2; Wag the Dog.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Flubber; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Mr. Magoo.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Bean; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; Mortal Kombat; One Night Stand; Starship Troopers.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Anastasia; The Postman.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Oscar & Lucinda.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *For Richer or Poorer; Jackie Brown.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Firestorm; Mr. Magoo.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Boxer.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Firestorm; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; Home Alone 3; Mouse Hunt.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L. A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Deconstructing Harry.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Welcome to Sarajevo.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Boxer; Firestorm; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Scream 2; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Deconstructing Harry; The Full Monty; Ma Vie en Rose; Oscar & Lucinda; The Sweet Hereafter.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *L. A. Confidential; An American Werewolf in Paris; Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Good Will Hunting; Kundun; Mr. Magoo; The Postman; Titanic; Wag the Dog; IMAX: Nutcracker; Across the Sea of Time; L5—First City in Space; Into the Deep; Titanic.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *As Good As It Gets; Jackie Brown.*

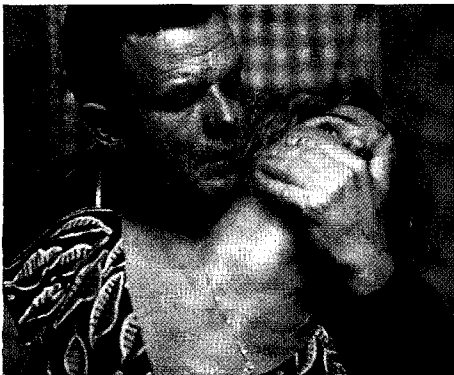
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Firestorm; Home Alone 3; Mouse Hunt; Titanic.*

Retrospective Big Fella

Paul Robeson was master of most everything he tried—Rutgers valedictorian, lawyer, pro football player, singer, and, most famously, stage and screen actor. His enthusiasm for Marxism, however, meant leaving America to find respect (once the State Department gave him back his passport). "Paul Robeson: A Centennial Retrospective" showcases films like 1933's *The Emperor Jones* (below), and features Paul Robeson Jr. on living with his father's legacy. Starts Friday, January 16 at Film Forum. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



Photograph from Film Forum/Photofest.



Opening Sewn Under a Bad Sign

In *'The Dress,'* a delicate little number (worn by Ariane Schluter, above, with Alex Van Warmerdam) is designed in a studio overflowing with ill will and, once created, becomes a bad-luck token for all who come in contact with it. 1996 International Film Critics' Award-winner, Venice Film Festival. Opens Friday, January 16.

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Firestorm*; *Jackie Brown*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Afterglow*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Amistad*; *As Good As It Gets*; *Firestorm*; *Flubber*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Home Alone 3*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Mr. Magoo*; *Scream 2*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Amistad*; *Flubber*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Scream 2*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Amistad*; *As Good As It Gets*; *Firestorm*; *Flubber*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Mr. Magoo*; *The Postman*; *Scream 2*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Home Alone 3*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Mr. Magoo*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Firestorm*; *Jackie Brown*; *Titanic*.

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Amistad*; *As Good As It Gets*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Wag the Dog*.

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Firestorm*; *Flubber*; *Home Alone 3*; *Jackie Brown*; *Scream 2*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Jackie Brown*; *Scream 2*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Firestorm*; *Home Alone 3*; *Titanic*.

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Amistad*; *Firestorm*; *Jackie Brown*; *Scream 2*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Mr. Magoo*; *The Postman*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Anastasia*; *Firestorm*; *Jackie Brown*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Boxer*; *Deconstructing Harry*; *Firestorm*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Firestorm*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mr. Magoo*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

The Movies at Sheephead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Firestorm*; *Flubber*; *Home Alone 3*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *The Postman*; *Scream 2*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *As Good As It Gets*; *Firestorm*; *Home Alone 3*; *The Postman*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Amistad*; *Firestorm*; *Flubber*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mr. Magoo*; *The Postman*; *Scream 2*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Good Will Hunting*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mr. Magoo*; *Scream 2*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Amistad*; *Firestorm*; *Flubber*; *Jackie Brown*; *Scream 2*.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Amistad*; *Deconstructing Harry*; *Mr. Magoo*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Scream 2*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Anastasia*; *Firestorm*; *Flubber*; *Home Alone 3*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *The Postman*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Flubber*; *Scream 2*; *Titanic*.

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Boxer*; *Firestorm*.

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Home Alone 3*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Firestorm*; *Titanic*.

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *As Good As It Gets*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Home Alone 3*; *Jackie Brown*; *Scream 2*; *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for Renovations*.

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *As Good As It Gets*; *Firestorm*; *Home Alone 3*; *Jackie Brown*; *The Postman*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Ice Storm*; *The Wings of the Dove*.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Titanic*.

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *As Good As It Gets*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Anastasia*; *As Good As It Gets*; *Deconstructing Harry*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Home Alone 3*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Good Will Hunting*; *Jackie Brown*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Amistad*; *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Deconstructing Harry*; *Firestorm*; *Flubber*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Home Alone 3*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Mr. Magoo*; *Scream 2*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Father of the Documentary: Robert Flaherty." 1/17: *Elephant Boy* (1937) and *The Land* (1942). 1/18: *Louisiana Story* (1948) and *Louisiana Story Study Film* (1962). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); \$12-\$15 nonmembers; \$8-\$10 members; \$4 ages 5-18.

Anthology Film Archives—1/15-1/17: *Birth of a Nation* (1997). 1/15 and 1/22: *La Rencontre* (1996). 1/16-1/18: *Underground* (1995). 1/17-1/18: *Le Carrosse D'or* (1952). "Tribute to Shirley Clarke." 1/17: *The Connection* (1961). 1/18: *The Cool World* (1963). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); \$7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"A New Day in Taiwan: Four Films by Edward Yang." 1/17: *The Terrorizer* (1986). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); \$6; \$4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Different Light—1/18: *Once Is Not Enough* (1975). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Featuring: The Social Problem Film." 1/14: *Regeneration* (1915). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Chaplin." 1/13: *Chaplin at Essanay, Part II* (1915) and *Chaplin at Keystone* (1913). 1/14-1/15: *A King in New York* (1957) and *Chaplin at First National* (1918-1921). "Paul Robeson." 1/19-1/20: *Body and Soul* (1924) and *Borderline* (1930). Also 1/20: "Remembering Robeson." 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/13: *La Verité si je Mens! / Would I Lie to You?* (1997). 1/14: *Sterne* (1959) and *Farewell* (1992). 1/13 and 1/19: *The Boy With Green Hair* (1948). 1/14-1/15: *Fragments Jerusalem* (1986-1996). 1/14 and 1/18: *East of War* (1996). 1/14 and 1/17: *I Can Get It For You Wholesale* (1941). 1/15 and 1/22: *None Shall Escape* (1944). 1/15, 1/17-1/18: *The Castle* (1997). 1/18: *The Master Race* (1944). 1/18: *Ukierovana/The Cross* (1921). 1/19: *Greta* (1997). 1/19-1/20: *Odessa Steps* (1997). 1/19 and 1/21: *Chants of Sand and Stars* (1997). 1/20: *From Hell to Hell* (1990) and *Simon Judit/Judith Simon* (1916). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); \$8.50.

French Institute—1/13: *Le Samourai* (The Godson) (1967). 1/20: *Nelly et Monsieur Arnaud* (1996). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, \$10 double feature.

Museum of Modern Art—1/16 and 1/18: *A Lawless Street* (1955). 1/16: *The Big Combo* (1955). "From the Archives: Samuel Fuller and Paul Jarrico." 1/13: *Shock Corridor* (1963) and *Salt of the Earth* (1953). 1/15 and 1/17: *Run of the Arrow* (1957) and *House of Bamboo* (1955). 1/16 and 1/18: *Hell and High Water* (1954). "New Documentaries." 1/15-1/16: *Cela* (1996). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with \$9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of January: *Hustling* (1975). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); \$6.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Late-night showing: *Foxy Brown* (1974). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

theater

The Libertine... Ragtime... June Moon

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Capeman—Paul Simon's painstakingly crafted and vigorously ballyhooed new musical finally arrives. The score—a cross-fertilization of salsa, rock, doo-wop, and gospel tunes—features more than 30 songs; the story, based on one of the most sensational double murders in New York history, is one of redemption, following Salvador Agron, the perp, for more than 30 years of his uncommon life as he metamorphoses from gang tough to poet. Book by Nobel Prize-winning poet Derek Walcott, direction and choreography by Mark Morris, and star turns by Ruben Blades and Marc Anthony. \$50–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 1/29 opening. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Ragtime—If the buzz from L.A. and Toronto is to be trusted, this musical, adapted from E. L. Doctorow's historical novel by playwright Terrence McNally and composer-lyricist team Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens, will raise goose bumps and maybe even teach us something. The story intertwines the fates of a black man, an immigrant, and a complacent family of Wasps, as well as an assortment of historical characters ranging from Harry Houdini to Emma Goldman. \$31–\$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/18 opening. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, pre-



Opening Foul Territory

'Century City,' a new thriller by Mark Lee, combines such all-American preoccupations as high-priced lawsuits, sex crimes, and baseball. Dennis Ryan and Ellen Parker star. Opens January 14 at the WPA Theatre.

sumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50–\$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. \$20–\$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50–\$65. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theatre, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If *Chicago* in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96). \$20–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls*, stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. \$40–\$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testimony to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. \$30–\$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. \$30–\$67.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 6. Closes 1/25. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Jackie: An American Life—As ominously titled as it is, this isn't a serious play. It isn't even a straight biography, though Gip Hoppe, the author, manages to cram in historical events both great and small. Instead, it relies on whimsical devices to convey some ideas about the nature of the First Lady's celebrity (the Rat Pack? LBJ? Joe Kennedy?—all puppets) and revels in portraits of the mundane. Margaret Colin stars. \$45–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/10/97. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. \$45–\$75.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom*, in the role created by Yul Brynner. Marie Osmond stars as Anna. \$25–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).* 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy*. The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. \$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsisizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$15–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).* 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. \$40–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: magical. Kiddies will delightfully swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. First, the animals, large and small, re-created with unparalleled imagination, underpinned by costumes that artfully blend realism and fantasy: The prancing giraffes and leaping antelopes, the nodding elephant and barreling warthog, keep you marveling even during the story's stodgiest galumphing. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-

Photograph by Carol Rossegg.

screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. You will be harangued by second-rate show music and lyrics by Elton John and Tim Rice, but also by Lebo M's stirring African chants and ululations, to which your active ear should be cocked. (Simon: 12/1/97.) \$20-\$80. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater*, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, will next week become one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastafello, Rebecca Pidgeon, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. \$45-\$55. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 11/19/97. *Booth Theatre*, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater*, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Proposals—It wouldn't be a new Broadway season without a Neil Simon comedy. This one varies from its predecessors, however, in that (a) it's set outdoors, (b) young people make up over half the *dramatis personae*, and (c) Joe Mantello, who is not Gene Saks, directs. \$35-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/6/97. *Broadhurst Theatre*, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater*, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre*, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it—its blocking and pacing nowhere to be faulted, and here and there a deliciously new detail. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/9.) \$20-\$75. Wed.-Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre*, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65-\$75. At the *Virginia Theatre*, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Opening Chicago Hope

With *The Lion King*, Julie Taymor showed how a gifted director could refine third-rate material into fan-

tafistical, furiously inventive art. With *Ragtime*,

the consensus goes, Frank Galati has accomplished something more subtle: He has taken first-rate material and invisibly honored its integrity. The musical, which opens January 18 at the Ford Center for the Performing Arts, is a pulse-rushing, ambitious adaptation of E. L. Doctorow's novel, deftly braiding the stories of three fictitious families (one black, one Jewish, one WASP) with those of such historical figures as Emma Goldman and Harry Houdini. Though it's the Chicago-based director's first attempt at a musical, Galati specializes in the taming of multi-threaded, hydra-headed epics: He won two Tony awards in 1990 for his adaptation of *The Grapes of Wrath*, imported from Chicago's Goodman Theatre, and his successful productions in the Windy City have included such ungainly un-favorites as *A Winter's Tale* and two operas by Gertrude Stein. "Frank is an amazing storyteller," says Marin Mazzie, one of *Ragtime*'s leads. "That's what he stresses the most—telling the story. As an actor, it takes you out of the I'm-doing-a-show mode and forces you to focus." Galati, whom no ordinary citizen could gaze upon without thinking of Father Christmas (snowy beard, round frame, congenial disposition), says that Chicago has been the perfect crucible for his panoramic and complicated narratives. "One should, in the theater, be given the opportunity to fail," he explains. "In the regional theater, you can make a risky choice, and if you fail on your ass, you fall on your ass—you can always pick yourself back up. In New York, if you fail, you're dead." Of course, *Ragtime*, as most critics have already noted, hardly seems destined to fail; it was created by an armada of notables, playwright Terrence McNally among them, and the production drew rave reviews when it passed through Los Angeles and Toronto. This directing experience has been so positive, in fact, that Galati's impressions of New York have softened—somewhat. "Coming from the outside, one thinks of Broadway as a high summit to scale," he says. "But really, it's just people."

JENNIFER SENIOR

Street Corner Symphony—The seventies, a decade that increasingly seems better suited to art than to life, comes roaring back in this revue of soul, pop, and disco ditties. Period costume and dances accompany each number. *Get down*. Conceived and staged by Marion J. Caffey. \$47.50-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/24/97. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre*, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. (5) A play about old croakers will capture Broadway's senescent regulars. (6) Big Apple-vs.-New Jersey jests draw in the trans-Hudsonians. (7) As ex-vaudevillians, Willie and Al generate nostalgia for a vanished world. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. John Tillingher has directed zestfully. Jack Klugman has won his gallant battle with throat cancer: The slight residual croak only adds to his spirited characterization. Tony Randall finally allows his age to show, and this, along with a dandyism nicely contrasting with Willie's slovenliness (a reminder of the pair's chemistry in *The Odd Couple*), is a dandy payoff. (Simon: 1/5/98.) \$20-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre*, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by

Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre*, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).

A View From the Bridge—Anthony LaPaglia, last seen in *The Rose Tattoo*, stars in Arthur Miller's affecting drama about the passion of betrayal. Directed by Michael Mayer. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/15. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right*, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Century City—A professional baseball player is accused of sexual assault and hires one of L.A.'s most successful female defense attorneys. Intrigue, as well as a tangle of *Oleanna*- and *Disclosure*-type questions, ensue. Written by Mark Lee; directed by Constance Grappo. \$25. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 1/14 opening. *WPA Theatre*, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).

Coming Through—A collage of the early immigrant experience, drawn verbatim from the copious materials of the Ellis Island archives. An encore production of American Place Theatre's 1995 success; adapted and directed by Wynn Handman. \$21. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Queens Theatre in the Park, Flushing Meadows*. (718-760-0064).

Eyes for Consuela—A new play by Sam Shepard, based on Octavio Paz's short story *The Blue Bouquet*. An American traveler, wandering through the Mexican jungle, meets a love-struck bandit who demands an outrageous ransom. Starring David Strathairn; directed by Terry Kinney. \$35. Tues.-Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/14 for a 2/3 opening. *Manhattan Theatre*

Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).

Gun-Shy—Richard Dresser's new comedy about divorce, bicoastal parenting, and the perils of starting over. \$37.50 Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 1/13 for a 2/1 opening. *Playwrights Horizons*, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!—Sandra Bernhard resumes her one-woman show, taking aim at Mariah Carey, supermodels, and other deserving targets. \$35-\$40. Tues.-Sat. at 9. Performances begin 1/19. *Westbeth Theatre Center*, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).

June Moon—A revival of a revival. Last year, the Drama Dept. brought back this 1929 comedy by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman to great acclaim; this winter, the story of the Tin Pan Alley songwriter who falls for a big-city sophisticate comes roaring back, after a bit of tweaking in Princeton, New Jersey, at the McCarter Theatre. Directed by Mark Nelson. \$20-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/15 opening. *Variety Arts Theatre*, 110 Third Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (239-6200).

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that may stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. The show was well reviewed when it played earlier this season at Expanded Arts, and the conceit—that a quartet of private-school boys perform Shakespeare's drama on a lark and actually learn something—has its charms. \$40. Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 1/14 for a 1/22 opening. *John Houseman Studio Theatre*, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).

Richard II and Richard III—Are presented in rotating repertory by Theater for a New Audience. A company of eighteen actors plays 60 roles; Ron Daniels directs. \$37.50 per *Richard*. Schedule varies. Previews begin 1/17 for a 2/15 opening. *Playhouse at St. Clement's*, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).

Ricky Jay & His 52 Assistants—This is a repeat engagement from the actor-prestidigitator, who in 1994 first presented crowds with this strange evening of card tricks. Some you've seen before—like the three-card monte—and some you surely haven't; he makes cards levitate, for example, and cuts them in midair with scissors. David Mamet, long fascinated by the power of the scam and human gullibility, directed. \$55. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Opens 1/14. *Second Stage Theatre*, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3471).

Scotland Road—A thriller-mystery by Jeffrey Hatcher about a neglected, underexploited topic: the *Titanic*. A man obsessed with the the ship's doomed voyage finds a young woman clinging to an ice-

berg in the North Atlantic. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/14 for a 1/27 opening. *Primary Stages*, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).

Shopping and Fucking—And how these two pursuits intersect in the lives of five young Londoners. The play, by newcomer Mark Ravenhill, was a sensation last year in the West End; it opens here with a homegrown cast. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/14 for a 2/2 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop*, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).

Virtue: Senpo Sugihara—A drama based on the heroic efforts of Chiune Sugihara, a Japanese diplomat who issued thousands of visas to Polish Jews fleeing Lithuania during World War II. The play premiered in Tokyo in 1992 and continues to play to sold-out houses today. Written by Koichi Hiraishi; translated into English by David W. Griffith and Mariko Hori. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. For one week only, beginning 1/16. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse*, 152 E. 68th St. (722-5207).

Now Playing

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. \$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre*, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).

Bashevis—Tales of I. B. Singer—A play based on the short stories of the Nobel Prize-winning author. Starring David Margulies. \$20. Tues. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre*, 432 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).

Black Humor—Lewis Black peddles his brand of shrewd, informed political comedy without, amazingly, invoking Bill Clinton's weakness for Big Macs or Al Gore's resemblance to plywood. \$25-\$27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. Through 2/14. *Cherry Lane Theatre*, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).

The Blacksmith's Folly—The Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre, which performs all of its selections in the language of the old country, presents a musical based on David Pinski's play about a womanizing Russian, *Yankel der Schmid*. Simultaneous English and Russian translation available. \$22-\$30. Wed. at 2, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/18. *Folksbiene Theatre at Central Synagogue*, 123 E. 55th St. (755-2231).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. \$39-\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre*, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).

Cyrano de Bergerac—Frank Langella, who has always had a nose for a star-turning truffle, now gets to show it off in this 100th-anniversary production of Edmond Rostand's classic at the Roundabout. In addition to playing the title character, Langella directs and provides the adaptation. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 1/25. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre*, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse*, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$40-\$45. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre*, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. \$25. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre*, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).

Goose-Pimples—The New Group inaugurates its fall season with this searing comedy by Mike Leigh, writer and director of the films *Naked*, *Secrets and Lies*, and *Career Girls*. Scott Elliott directs. \$25-\$30. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 3/1. *Judith Anderson Theatre*, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$37.50-\$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse*, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." \$20-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre*, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita*. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Molly Ringwald and Bruce Davison. \$25-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/16/97. *Century Theatre*, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. \$45. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre*, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

I Can't Remember Anything/The Last Yankee—The Signature Theatre Company continues its Arthur Miller season with these two relatively recent one-acts, both directed by Joseph Chaikin. \$30. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Signature Theatre*, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-7529).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$47.50-\$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way—An irreverent, lovingly told Gaelic history by Frank McCourt, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Angela's Ashes*. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 8:15, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/25. *Chelsea Playhouse*, 125 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

The Last Session—This is a musical that, strangely, is about AIDS and, stranger still, is not at all morbid. Music and lyrics by Steve Schachlin, upon whose life the musical is partially based. Book and direction by his partner, Jim Brochu. \$25-\$30. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30 and 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/17/97. *47th Street Theatre*, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex*, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street*, does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts



Opening Depression Humor

June Moon, the Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman comedy charmingly revived last year by the Drama Dept., returns with almost the entire cast intact. The open-ended engagement starts January 15 at the Variety Arts Theatre.



Onstage A Rake's Progress

Stephen Jeffreys's *'The Libertine'*—which has been performed at both the Royal Court and Steppenwolf—dramatizes the life of Lord Rochester, seventeenth-century intellectual and imponderably glandular drunkard. (Cheers.) At Theatre Row Theatre through January 25; for tickets and more information, call 279-4200.

the contents of people's wallets. It's pretty entertaining stuff, and not only for kids, but the show's biggest mind game may be its marketing: Salem, perhaps more than anything else, is a magician, and one assumes that fewer people would attend if he were advertised as such. With that said, go anyway: It's a wild ride. \$40. Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 11/17/97. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

Mojo—Jez Butterworth's Olivier Award-winning comedy, soon to be a film, about five toughs who try to launch their careers in London's fledgling rock-and-roll scene. Watch for shades of Tarantino, not just in the gritty, paranoid dialogue but in the cheerfully violent plot. \$32. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. Through 1/17. Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).

Pride's Crossing—It was a glorious day for women in the arts—and everyone else—when Tina Howe and Cherry Jones joined hands. One of our subtlest playwrights and one of our most incisive performers have combined talents to give us this delicate, minor-key memory play, which, by turns, is wistful, sassy, radiant, and melancholy. It rehearses the life of Mabel Tidings Bigelow from 10 to 90 in seemingly random order, the way reality and remembrance play hopscotch with each other. It arrives at no hard answers, only at more bittersweetly and urgently proffered questions. Mabel is a quirky, headstrong, despotic nonagenarian, a New England matriarch whose high point was being the first woman to swim the English Channel the harder way, from England to France. Cherry Jones has to be seen to be believed—if then. Without aid from makeup, she roams fast and free across the decades, embodying all ages and conditions through the sheer power of acting. (Simon: 12/22/97.) \$50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/5. Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. \$60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (1-888-MOB-BOYS).

The School for Scandal—One of the most famous comedies of manners in the English language, and a great deal catter than most daytime talk shows. \$18–\$30. Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Pearl Theatre, 80 Saint Marks Pl. (598-9802).

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from *Private Lives* with its ex-spouses honeymooning with new partners on adjoining Riviera terraces to Montezuma's revenge on unsuspecting gringo bowels. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Cathilian lithp geth a tuneal thong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) \$40; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).

The Show Goes On—Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt offer a charming retrospective of their work in this revue. Not at all a dreary "And then we wrote" ego trip, this is a selective overview of the high and low points of their joint career, whose best-known peaks were *The Fantasticks*, *110 in the Shade*, and *I Do! I Do!* What we get here is Schmidt, ebullient at the piano, and Jones as the choicest of compères and raconteurs evoking the history of creating Broadway and Off Broadway musicals, as well as writing for nightclubs, cabarets, and movies. We also get experiments with yet-to-be-produced musicals from their private laboratory. Through their personal prism, Schmidt and Jones cover something bigger: the rise and fall of show music in the past four decades. (Simon: 1/12/98.) \$30–\$35. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 12/17/93. Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. \$24.50–\$47.50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).

10 Naked Men—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn*, which just closed after more than 500 performances. \$30–\$35. Tues.—Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/16/97. Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. \$25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at Vinie's, 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$65–\$75. Tues.—Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (239-6200).

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. \$40–\$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened 10/30/97. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. \$35–\$45. Written by Jeff Baron; directed by Lonny Price. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).

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Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Herbert Brown—Painted subway posters from the early sixties; 1/15–2/28. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Gustave Courbet—Portraits and landscapes dating from 1860 to 1877; through 1/31. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Eric Fischl—Recent sculpture; 1/15–2/28. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Tony Scherman/José María Sicilia—Encaustic paintings of faces from the artist's Napoleon series/Paintings of flowers on fields of honey-colored wax; 1/14–2/27. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

Helen Torr/Vivienne Foley—Paintings, watercolors, and charcoal drawings of still-life arrangements and landscapes by this artist (1886–1967) whose husband was the painter Arthur Dove/New porcelain vessels by the London-based ceramist; 1/15–2/21. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

John Walker—Recent paintings that draw on the artist's memory of a series of conversations with his father about the elder Walker's experiences during WWI, and incorporate texts from poems of the Great War by Wilfred Owen and David Jones; 1/15–2/7. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

57th Street Area

Debra Bermingham/George Tooker—Paintings that depict spare compositions of small balls and boxes, antique clocks, mounted butterflies, and other objects symbolizing the passage of time/Egg tempera paintings of figures in windows. Through 2/7. D C Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Richard Diebenkorn—Prints made between 1964 and 1992; through 1/31. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (888-4220).

Arthur Dove/Edwin Dickinson—Works on paper spanning the Modernist's career/Major examples of his Wellfleet landscapes, including paintings of marsh, woods, and paths to the beach. Through 2/7. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Mitchell Johnson—Genre and landscape paintings executed on site in Italy, California, and New Mexico; through 1/28. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Ellen K. Levy—Oil-on-wood paintings of eccentric architectural environments; through 2/7. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Wes Mills—Small-scale abstract drawings in powdered pigment and graphite; through 2/21. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Michel Nedjar—An exhibition pairing

the mixed-media paintings of this self-taught artist with works by Expressionists; through 3/14. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Joan Nelson/Rodrigo Moynihan—Recent landscape paintings on paper/Late paintings. Through 1/24. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

John Newsom—Drawings of animals, women, and commonplace objects in allegorical vignettes; through 1/31. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Suzanne Pines/Nancy Hagin—Paintings that depict scenes from the everyday lives of the Amish/Still-life paintings. Through 1/31. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Peter Saul—Early paintings and drawings made between 1960 and 1964 when the artist was living in Europe; through 1/31. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5666).

Anthony Springer—Paintings of New York City scenes; 1/15–2/9. Findlay, 41 E. 57th St. (486-7660).

John Van Alstine—Sculptures of found objects and granite; through 2/7. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Rita Ackermann—Recent paintings in ballpoint pen, acrylic, and pastel whose images refer to student uprisings of the sixties; through 2/7. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

John Baldessari—Recent paintings from "The Goya Series" that combine photographic images and text on canvas; through 2/14. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

James Brown/Richard Rothman—Selected paintings/Photographs of landscapes in and around New York City. Through 2/7. Sorokko, 430 W. Broadway (941-8888).

David Bunn—Recent conceptual works by a California-based artist; through 1/24. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Squeak Carnwath—New paintings incorporating text and pictographs; through 2/14. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Maureen Connor—An installation titled *Love (at first) Site* that converts the gallery's two rooms into three distinct spaces, each with its own mise-en-scène of music, dialogue, and lighting; through 2/7. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Hanne Darboven—An unedited work titled *Stone of Wisdom/Stein der Weisen 1996* that consists of an installation of 165 framed drawings and 53 books of manuscripts with photographs; through 2/7. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

David Eckard/Paul Forte—Recent sculpture by both; through 1/31. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Retrospective Dove Tale

It has been argued that between 1910 and 1912, Arthur Dove—whose transcendental nature-inspired paintings are the subject of "Arthur Dove: A Retrospective," opening at the Whitney Museum this week—became the first American artist to create abstract paintings. But to quibble over that, say some Dove scholars, detracts from the artist's real importance. "It's not the main point of his work, and it takes away from the heart of his achievement," says William C. Agee, a co-curator of this traveling exhibition. His opinion is shared by Barbara Haskell, a coordinator of the show's Whitney stop and curator of the last Dove traveling retrospective, in 1975. "He did make those abstract paintings," says Haskell, "but he never followed through on an aggressive nonobjective art." Instead, Dove used his early experiments with abstraction to develop what he called "extraction"—to express, in visual terms, nature's pulsating rhythms. "His profound contribution was his ability to distill the essential spiritual and emotional aspects of his subjects," Haskell says. It is more interesting, perhaps, to ponder what Dove might have achieved had he been free of financial burdens. Would he have the public recognition of, say, Georgia O'Keeffe, his great admirer? Or does it even matter? "I like to think of what O'Keeffe said," says Haskell. "That John Marin walked on the earth, but Dove was of it." EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph courtesy of the Whitney Museum.

Sally Elesby—Three-dimensional painted structures made from wires coated with acrylic-colored glue; 1/15–2/21. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Mike Fitzpatrick/Maciej Wisniewski—Photography, sculpture, and video incorporating popular cultural images from the Midwest/An installation that consists of Website and an MTA turnstile that duplicates, in real time, all the movements of a turnstile at the Times Square subway station at 42nd Street and Broadway. Through 2/7. Silverstein, 476 Broadway (226-0640).

Pamela Fraser—New large-scale paintings that depict tiny, multicolored racing stripes that stop short, go in circles, and comprise an enormous variety of clashing colors; 1/16–2/21. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Elliott Green/Christian Schumann—Large-scale monochromatic paintings that use the image of a farm as a symbol of nostalgia/New works on paper that depict the artist's cartoonlike creatures, doodles, and abstract patterns. Through 2/7. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Daniel Hauben—Paintings of New York City views; through 1/31. Ingbar, 568 Broadway (334-1100).

Peter Hutchinson—Sculpture and landscape collages of juxtaposed photographs from the artist's "Utopia" series; through 2/7. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Cameron Jamie—A video and photographic installation inspired by apartment wrestling; through 2/11. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

Alan Johnston—Geometric abstract paintings whose asymmetry is influenced by Japanese art; through 2/7. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Donald Lipski—Book works—sculpture using books as subject matter—made between 1982 and 1997; through 2/14. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Sherry Markovitz—Sculptures of animals and dolls embellished with beads, feathers, and jewels; through 1/24. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Lynn McCarty—Abstract paintings on aluminum panels; through 2/3. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Melissa Meyer—One-of-a-kind encaustic on paper works produced with the Garner Tullis Workshop; through 1/24. Golden, 16 Mercer St. (334-3124).

Louis Monza—Paintings on the theme of war that were first exhibited at the Artist's Gallery on 13th Street in Manhattan, by the self-taught Italian expatriate; through 2/21. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Sana Musasama—Tall, treelike ceramic sculptures that incorporate Egyptian paste beads and other materials; through 2/3. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Ulrich Rückreim—Stone sculptures that begin as rough stone monoliths and are then cut and/or split and subsequently reassembled; through 2/28. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (255-5599).

Julão Sarmiento—A large-scale triptych that was made specifically for Sarmiento's solo exhibition as the official representative of Portugal in the Portuguese Pavilion at the Venice Biennale earlier this year; through 1/24. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Alyson Sholtz—Photographs, sculptures, and video that focus on man's relationship to nature; through 2/14. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Marilee Stiles Stern—Works on paper that depict faces, children, babies, and body parts metamorphosing into increasingly complex images; through 1/24. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Robert Williams—New paintings; through 1/31. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Cindy Workman—Structures of wood, Plexiglas, and metal that encase images drawn from printed media; through 1/31. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Jan W. Zakrzewski—Paintings that combine geometric abstraction with lyrical images from the artist's own history; 1/16–2/14. T.Z.'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9069).

Michael Zwack—Paintings depicting landscapes and views of ancient palaces interwoven with Mayan glyphs, Latin texts, and Sanskrit; through 2/7. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Chelsea

Pia Andersen—Abstract paintings inspired by South American landscapes; through 2/14. DCA, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-5511).

Polly Apfelbaum and Lynn McCarty—A "conversation exhibit" of a floor installation by the former and abstract paintings by the latter; through 2/1. Art Resources Transfer Inc., 504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956).

Bill Barrette/Jennifer Reeves—Photographs mounted in boxes and manipulated with mirrors, lenses, and light/Paintings that depict abstract markings in faux-naïve landscapes; 1/15–2/10. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Robert Brady/Stephen Whittlesey—Recent wood sculptures by both; through 2/28. Elder, 529 W. 20th St. (462-2600).

Angela de la Cruz—Monochromatic paintings paired with "parasitic" object-paintings; through 2/7. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Charles A. A. Dellschau—Large-scale books that incorporate newspaper clippings, an elaborate symbolic language, and painted images of fantasy flight, by a self-taught artist who died in 1923; through 2/7. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Graciela Hasper—Paintings by an Argentine artist whose colors and geometric shapes draw on Argentina's Art Deco architecture; through 1/29. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Amy Hauff—An installation that represents the volume of space of the gallery in a structure of double-ply netting over a metal armature; through 2/7. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

James Hill—Recent found-object assemblages that are painted with tiny dots the color of precious metals and refer to settlements that were formed in the American West during the gold rush; through 1/28. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Bob Knox—Large-scale paintings of rooms; through 1/31. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Yayoi Kusama/Andy Warhol—The artist's sculpture, *A Snake*, from 1974, which has never been exhibited in New York/A sculpture, *Silver Clouds* (1966), that consists of dozens of inflated Mylar cloud forms. Through 1/31. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Judy Ledgerwood—Recent abstract paintings; through 1/24. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Francisco Leiro—Painted carved-wood sculptures of distorted human figures; through 2/7. Marlborough Chelsea, 211 W. 19th St. (463-8634).

Glenn Ligon—New works that recontextualize erotic and pornographic images within domestic tableaux; through 1/28. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Scott Lyall—A sculpture installation; through 1/31. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Helen Marden—Abstract paintings and works on paper; 1/17–2/28. Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Daniel Oates—Hand-carved cartoonlike sculptures of human and animal figures; through 2/14. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Ernesto Pujol—Works that combine found and sculpted objects to explore the social and political construction of gender identity; through 1/31. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Helen Sadler—Portraits of girls that depict them in states of rapture; through 2/7. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Other

Nicholas Micros/Kathleen Ruiz—Elegiac sculptures of plaster, wood, and fabric that combine abstract traditional statue forms/A multimedia object installation. Through 2/7. Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. (242-3232).

François Morellet—A neon installation and three sculptures by the French artist; through 1/31. Davies, 23 Commerce St. (243-6840).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Feigen—49 E. 68th St. (628-0700). "Patriarchs and Prophets," an exhibit of Old Testament paintings from 1550 to 1800 by major Italian and Dutch artists such as Bassano, Procaccini, Guercino, Preti, Bravo, others; through 2/28.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). An exhibition entitled "Apprentice, Mentor, Friends" featuring the work of late sculptors Tony Smith and Christopher Wilmarth; through 1/24.

Nardin—605 Madison Ave. (486-1888). An exhibit of sculpture, painting, and drawing by contemporary Italian artists Finotti, Casella, Castagna, Guadagnucci, Sironi, others; through 2/28.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "Fotomontage: European and Russian Collage, 1920-1950," with more than 30 collages that incorporate original photographs and newspaper and magazine clippings by Blumenfeld, Brzeski, Galadjev, Hofmann, Hugnet, others; through 2/14.

57th Street Area

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Born of Clay II," consisting of modern and contemporary ceramic figures by Archipenko, Artis, Caro, Doner, Eglin, Fekete, others; through 1/31.

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). An exhibition focusing on work made by Bennington teachers Caro, Feeley, Noland, and Olitski during the sixties, titled "The Green Mountain Boys"; through 2/28.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Photographs exploring the concepts of interiority and exteriority by Casebere, Goldsworthy, Matta-Clark, Mossman, Muniz, and Voita; through 2/8.

Whalen—24 W. 57th St., suite 507 (397-9700). "Snow Drifts and Dreams," an exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and works on paper that recall memories of winters past; through 1/31.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). "Original Scale," paintings that establish scale without the certainty of a grid by Ascheim, Conner, del Rivero, Frost, Greenwald, others; through 2/7.

Castelli—420 W. Broadway (431-5160). The last portion of the three-part exhibition "The Artists of the Castelli Gallery, 1957-1997," with works by Barry, Darboven, Dibbets, Grisi, Huebler, Kosuth, Nauman, Scarpitta, Sonnier, Mike & Doug Starn, and Waldman; through 1/31.

Feature—76 Greene St., 2nd floor (941-7077). Paintings by Alexander Ross, models or prototypes by Bome, and a show of "Drawers," with works by Bransford, Fury 161, Hammond, Hug, Jones, others; through 2/13.

Martz—529 W. 20th St., 6th floor (206-3686). "Elevator," an exhibition of sculpture and multimedia works that incorporate the languages of the "New Age" by Asdam, Becker, Grosser, Lislegaard, McCorkle, others; through 2/7.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). "The White Painting," with works by Barawarsky, Dietemann, Ferren, Greene, Grillo, others; through 1/28.

P.P.O.W.—476 Broome St. (941-8642). Sculptures by Elana Herzog, paintings by Marilla Palmer, and collage, clay, and fabric wall pieces by James Esber; through 2/7.

Stefanelli—132 Crosby St (539-6793). "Glyph Riff," with works on paper by Jolicoeur, Lyon, McMur-ray, Seward; through 2/15.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). "Technosophia I: Overpromised," a multimedia exploration into the convergence of artistic practice and new digital technologies, with installations by Swiss artists and D.J.'s Schumacher and Clavadetscher; through 3/1.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). "Abstracted Presence," paintings by Appel, Bladen, Held, Leroy, Leslie, and Resnick; through 2/28.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Lo-Fi Baroque," with works by Ahwesh, Bartlett, Hanson & Sonnenberg, Harrison, others; through 2/14.

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Major works by Dittborn, Doherty, Hatoun, Salcedo; through 2/28.

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). "Vertical Time," an exhibition in which five artists share their ideas about personal space to counter the fragmentation of contemporary reality; through 2/21.

Kempner—501 W 23rd St. (206-6872). A two-part exhibit of prints by Baldessari, Bartlett, Bleckner, Close, Dine, others; through 2/1.

Other

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047). "Reading Between The Lines," an exhibition of artists' books and work about books. Featuring works by Beube, Belichick, Cooperider, Kino, Marciano, others; 3/7.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Blind Faith," with conceptual works by Hanson, Jakob, Jennings, Larson, Lundberg, Monick, others; through 1/18.

Photography

Boone—745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929). Photographs by Demand, Fletcher, Gaskell, Gordon, Mori, Taylor-Wood, Thater, the Wilsons; through 2/7.

Constantin Brancusi—A collection of vintage photographs that were acquired from friends, lovers, and collectors of the artist, including self-portraits and views of his sculptures in the studio; through 2/7. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Paul Caponigro—Photographs of prehistoric megaliths, Celtic crosses, and Druid abbeys in remote regions of the British Isles and France; through 2/14. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute—408 W. 58th St. (307-7420). Mon.-Fri. 11-6; \$2 suggested admission. "Picturing England: The Photographic Narratives of Vanley Burke." Large-scale color photographs of England's Caribbean and Asian communities; through 2/15.

Imogen Cunningham—A selection of 27 images of flowers and nudes that were printed for this exhibition by the photographer's son, Rondal Partridge; through 1/30. Platinum, 551 W. 22nd St. (352-0070).

Jan Groover—Recent photographs of highways under construction in rural France; through 2/23. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

ICP—1130 Fifth (860-1777). Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2.50. "Images From the Machine Age: Selections From the Daniel Collection." Photographs, drawings, and prints spanning the twenties through the fifties; through 2/22. . . . "Nelly, From Athens to New York—The Work of Elli Seraidari"; through 2/22.

ICP Midtown—1133 Avenue of the Americas, at 43rd St. (860-1777). Tues. 11-8 (6-8 admission by voluntary contribution). Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 seniors and students. "Weegee's World: Life, Death, and the Human Drama." A retrospective of more than 200 images by the legendary tabloid-news photographer; through 3/8.

Yevgeny Khaldei—Photographs and photocollages dating from 1934 to 1946 by the Russian photographer who is best known for his image of the raising of the Soviet flag over the Reichstag in Berlin in 1945; through 2/21. Schickler, 560 Broadway (431-6363).

Laura Letinsky—Photographs of couples in domestic settings, and still lifes that suggest the presence of couples; through 2/14. McIntyre, 45 Crosby St. (334-9666).

Danny Lyon—The first New York exhibition of photographs from Lyon's legendary book, *The Bikeriders* (1969), taken between 1962 and 1966 when he was a member of a mid-

western outlaw motorcycle club; through 1/18. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "About Painting, Part III," with photographs by Derges, Lutter, Niedermayr, Ohringer; through 1/24.

Marvin E. Newman—Early shadow compositions made on the streets of Chicago in the fifties by the Institute of Design photographer; through 1/24. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Adrian Piper—Black-and-white self-portraits taken in conjunction with the artist's study of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*; through 1/31. Erben, 476 Broome St. (966-5283).

Seagram—375 Park Ave. (572-7379). Mon.-Fri. 9-5. Historic photographs of Universal City and the people associated with Universal studios between 1906 and 1936; through 2/28.

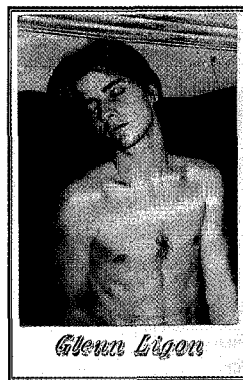
Arne Svenson—Photographs from the new book *Prisoners* (Blast Books); through 2/21. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Tessa Traeger—Photographs of the people living in the mountainous Ardèche region of France; through 1/24. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Randy West—Photographs that depict the reflections of light on the walls of the artist's studio; through 2/21. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255)



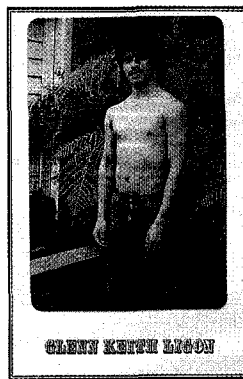
Glenn Ligon



Glenn Ligon



GLENN KEITH LIGON



GLENN KEITH LIGON

Talent Knock, Knock

By placing frankly erotic photographs in such appropriated formats as the traditional nineteenth-century 'carte de visite' (above) or Andy Warhol's 1960 painting 'Before and After,' Glenn Ligon makes a wry comment on the practice of sexual stereotyping. In addition to "Glenn Ligon: Unbecoming," a career survey opening at Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art (January 17-March 8), a selection of Ligon's work is currently on view at Max Protetch Gallery (511 West 22nd Street; through January 28).

Christopher Williams—New photographs that were taken at different points on the globe—among them Brasilia, Dakar, and Rotterdam—and depict encounters between cultures and enterprises; through 2/7. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Zwimer—43 Greene St. (996-9074). "Places That Are Elsewhere," with photographs by Bronson, Campus, Durant and Bowers, Mason, Schimert, and others; 1/17.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Expansion Arts: Artists of Our Time, II." Works that incorporate technology by seven contemporary artists; through 1/17. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Wed.-Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Four Acts in Glass: Installations by Chihuly, Morris, Powers, and Vallien"; through 1/18. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10-6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6-8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 4/26. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897-1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897-1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Sèvres Porcelain Manufactory: Alexandre Brongniart and the Triumph of Art and Innovation, 1800-1847." A survey of the achievements of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory when it was under the direction of the brilliant Alexandre Brongniart, featuring porcelain blanks and finished pieces and 110 working drawings and watercolors that have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 2/1. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000). Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966-1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 3/15. . . . "The Picnic: An Installation by Ernesto Pujol"; through 3/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000). Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$3 suggested donation, \$2 students, \$1 senior citizens, free to children under 12.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Furniture of George Hunziger: Invention and Innovation in Nineteenth-Century America." Furniture designed by George Hunziger (1835-1898) from the museum's collection; through 2/15. . . . "Graphic Alert: AIDS Posters From the Collection of Dr. Edward C. Atwater"; through 2/8. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-9, Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Rosa Bonheur." The first American retrospective devoted to the nineteenth century's acclaimed animal painter; through 2/21. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606). Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Tracey Moffatt: Free-falling." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra:

Photographs courtesy of Max Protetch Gallery.

Torqued Ellipses." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.-Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about A.D. 1200 to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Robert Adam, The Creative Mind: From the Sketch to the Finished Drawing." Sixty-six drawings and watercolors by the renowned eighteenth-century architect Robert Adam, his brother and partner, James, and artists employed in their office that were selected from the 9,000 Adam drawings acquired by Sir John Soane in 1833; through 4/5. . . . "From the Louvre to The Frick Collection: Poussin's *The Arcadian Shepherds*." An exhibition of one of the most celebrated icons of French art, Nicholas Poussin's painting, *The Arcadian Shepherds*, on loan from the Musée du Louvre; through 1/25. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Desert Cliché: Israel Now." Works that deconstruct stereotypes of Israeli culture, by eighteen contemporary Israeli artists; through 2/4. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Wed. 11-8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-5; \$2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"After Mountains and Sea: Frankenthaler 1956-1959." A selection of some fourteen key paintings from the artist's early career; 1/16-5/3. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8 pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$10, \$7 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"Japanese Theater in the World." A history of Japanese theater traced through costumes, masks, puppets, musical instruments, posters, and other historic objects and ephemera; through 2/1. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.-Sun. 11-5; \$3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"ASSIGNMENT: RESCUE, The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee." The story behind the 1940-41 rescue mission undertaken by Varian Fry, a New York-based Frenchman who arranged safe passage out of France for many anti-Nazi artists, writers, scientists, and political refugees; through 3/29. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5; free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Gianni Versace." A tribute to the late designer that reveals the influence of art on his fashion and theater designs; through 3/22. . . . "Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings." Fifty-five rarely or never-exhibited pages from the artist's three earliest extant sketchbooks, and 27 independent drawings, all dating from 1937 to 1941; through 2/8. . . . "Francesco Clemente: Indian Watercolors." Eighteen recent watercolors by the Italian artist who spends part of each year in Madras, India; through 2/8. . . . "John La Farge." A selection of paintings, drawings, watercolors, and stained-glass windows drawn from the museum's collection of works by the nineteenth-century American artist; through 1/25. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart, 1916-1992." A survey of the American Abstract Expressionist's paintings and works on paper; through 2/22. . . . "Flowers Underfoot: Indian Carpets of the Mughal Era"; through 3/1. . . . "King of the World: A Mughal Manuscript From the Royal Library, Windsor Castle"; through 2/8. . . . "Klee Landscapes." Works in all media from the Berggruen Klee Collection; through 2/8. . . . "Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, free-standing figures, containers, and architectural posts by male

and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the twentieth century; through 3/1. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500), Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$5, \$2.50 seniors, students, and children.

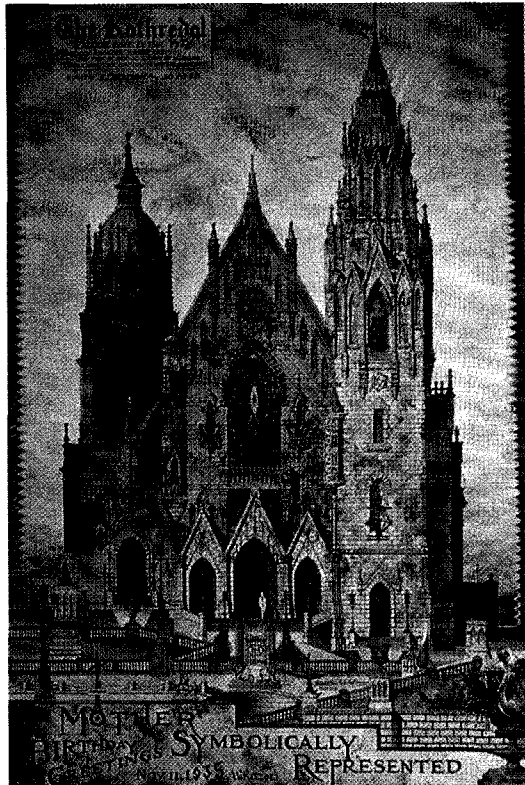
Museum of American Folk Art—"A. G. Rizzoli: Architect of Magnificent Visions." A survey of architectural drawings, illuminated poems, and visionary writings by the San Francisco architectural draftsman (1896-1981); 1/17-3/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the 1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.-Wed. 9-5, Thurs. 9-8, Fri. and eve of Jewish holidays 9-2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"On the Edge: Contemporary Art From the Werner and Elaine Dannheisser Collection." Paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and video installations given to the museum by Elaine Dannheisser and the Dannheisser Foundation last year; through 1/20. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." Artworks created by Halley as digital files on computer disk, comprising wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that are fabricated by professional printers whenever a site-specific installation is planned; through 2/8. . . . "From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." An exhibition focusing on various printmaking techniques, featuring more than 70 works from the museum's collection; through 2/8. . . . "Projects: Steve McQueen." A new film/video, *Deadpan*, that is a play on the Buster Keaton 1928 silent film *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*; through 2/10. . . . "The Hubley Studio: A Home for Animation." Concept art, animation drawings, storyboards, background paintings, and layouts for the films of John and Faith Hubley, who established the Hubley studio in 1955; through 2/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 10:30-6, Thurs. 10:30-6, Fri. 10:30-8:30 (4:30-8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$9.50, \$6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York." Costumes, models, props, posters, and other circus paraphernalia and ephemera dating from equestrian John Bill Rickett's first circus on Broadway in 1793 to today's Big Apple Circus; through 2/22. . . . "Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; through 3/8. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"Fair & Free: Images of Childhood, 1827-1992." Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures depict-



On View For many, "A. G. Rizzoli: Architect of Magnificent Visions" will be an introduction to the fantastic drawings of Achilles G. Rizzoli, a San Francisco architectural draftsman (1896-1981). Why? It wasn't until 1990 that the 80 or so works, which depict people as imaginary monuments, were discovered—stuffed into the rafters of his great-nephew's garage. At the Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square; January 17 through March 8.

ing children; through 3/8. . . . "Stages of Creation: Public Sculpture by National Academicians"; through 3/8. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (514-3888), 10-5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Mona Hatoum." A survey of sculptures, video, installations, and photographic documentations of performances by the Palestinian London-based artist; through 2/22. . . . "Cardoso Flea Circus." A miniature flea circus created in numerous sites in the museum by the sculptor/installation artist Maria Fernanda Cardoso; through 1/18. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Fri., and Sun. 12-6, Fri. and Sun. 12-6, Thurs. and Sat. 12-8 (free Thurs. 6-8); \$5, \$3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 years and under.

New York Public Library—"The Romanovs: Their Empire, Their Books." A selection of illustrated books that were originally in the collections of the Romanovs, the dynasty that ruled the Moscow Tsardom and the Russian Empire for 300 years until the Russian Revolution of 1917, and were acquired by the New York Public Library from the Soviet government in the twenties and thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Subject Matters: Photography, Romana Javitz, and the New York Public Library." The story of the visionary curator Romana Javitz, who, during her 39-year tenure (1929-1968), built the Picture Collection at the

New York Public Library into a world-renowned resource of documentary photography; 1/17-3/28. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Twas the Night Before Christmas." An exhibition of the desk on which New Yorker Clement Moore wrote the poem "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and a rare copy of the poem handwritten by the poet for the Historical Society Library; through 1/25. . . . "Signs and Wonders: The Spectacular Lights of Times Square." A look at the development of technology and imagery in Times Square's advertising signage; through 3/8. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Jack Smith: Flaming Creature"; through 3/1. . . . "John Coplans: A Self-Portrait"; through 3/29. . . . "Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; through 3/1. . . . "Lynne Yamamoto: Selected Work"; through 3/1. . . . "Martin von Haselberg: New Works"; through 2/1. . . . "Some Young New Yorkers: Four Artists"; through 3/1. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Heaven: Public View, Private View"; through 2/1. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084); Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$4 suggested donation, \$2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East. ca. 3500-2100 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 4/26. . . . "To Observe and Imagine: British Drawings and Watercolors, 1600-1900"; 1/14-5/3. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6; Sun. 12-6; \$6; \$4 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966-1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Bronx Museum of the Arts; through 3/15. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Arthur Dove: A Retrospective." Paintings, assemblages, pastels, and drawings by the pioneering American modernist; 1/15-4/12. . . . "The Warhol Look/Glamour Style Fashion." An exhibition showing how Warhol merged the worlds of style, fashion, and contemporary art, comprising paintings, clothing, photographs, archival material, and reconstructed period window displays; through 1/18. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pictures at an Exhibition: An Installation by Christian Marclay." An installation incorporating works from the Whitney's permanent collection; through 1/25. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.-Sat. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 1/16 at 10: "Highly Important American Furniture and Decorative Arts." On view from 1/10. 1/17 at 2: "The Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram D. Coleman." On view from 1/10.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 1/20 at 10 and 2: "Furniture and Decorative Arts." On view from 1/16.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/15 at 10:15 and 2: "Sid Luckett Americana." On view from 1/10. 1/15 at 5: "Coins." On view from 1/10. 1/16 at 10:15 and 2 and 1/18 at 12: "Americana." On view from 1/10. 1/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Sax Collection." On view from 1/10. 1/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Silver." On view from 1/16. 1/20 at 10:15: "Ceramics." On view from 1/16.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/15 at 10:30: "Art & Architecture Books, Prints and Drawings, Livres D'Artiste." On view from 1/10.

Davis continued from page 52

pending. It's unlikely that Zubin Mehta, Lorin Maazel, Bernard Haitink, or Colin Davis, other foreign conductors who hold or have held posts in Munich, were ever similarly insulted. The final slap came when one newspaper rudely suggested, just before Levine was officially tendered the post, that "the Philharmonic should choose someone cheaper, younger, slimmer, and more Bavarian." Obviously journalistic dialogue is saltier in Munich than in New York—this protracted and ugly controversy never even surfaced in the *Times*, which merely reported the news of Levine's appointment based on sanitized information fed the paper by the Met. In any case, Levine starts out on his Munich adventure under a cloud of speculation, a situation so delicate that even his worst enemies might wish him luck.

Meanwhile, Valery Gergiev continues to lead an even busier, more exhausting, and increasingly charmed life as his Kirov opera troupe and orchestra continue to make acclaimed recordings, videos, and world tours—their visit to New York next April and May with four Russian operatic rarities is eagerly awaited. The Met is obviously delighted to deflect any bad publicity the messy Levine situation might provoke by having a prestigious name like Gergiev on board as principal guest conductor, even if, as management insists, the Russian maestro will play no official role in artistic-policy decisions. The first fruits of this new relationship could be savored at the recent Met revival of *Boris Godunov*, which mixed Kirov and Met vocal personnel to give Modest Mussorgsky's rugged masterpiece a thoroughly international flavor.

The familiar stately 1974 production—sets by Ming Cho Lee with August Everding's direction restaged by Phebe Berkowitz—remains unstartlingly traditional but none the worse for that. The epic sweep of history is effectively captured in the many fluid crowd scenes, while the private tragedy of the guilt-ridden czar Boris, his family, and his enemies is brought sharply into focus. The major new element is Igor Buketoff's orchestration, the latest attempt to strike a mean between the composer's weak original scoring and Rimsky-Korsakov's glittering version, an edition that also involved a great deal of harmonic, rhythmic, and melodic recomposition in addition to a new instrumentation. Perhaps Buketoff has found the ideal compromise, at least for now, by preserving the best of both Mussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov: retaining the composer's original notes as well as elements of

Rimsky's brilliant orchestration, but throwing out the latter's more drastic editorial emendations. Of course a great deal of fine-tuning had to be done to reach even this compromise, and the musicological fights have already begun. Several more hearings will be needed before any firm pronouncements can be made, but to my ears the blend rings true, both musically and dramatically, and Gergiev's sympathetic advocacy makes a persuasive case for it.

Unfortunately, there is a hole in the middle of the performance. Samuel Ramey is a dignified, velvet-toned Boris but not a very interesting one. Nothing about his interpretation carries much dramatic conviction; this is a singer who is not so much performing the role as announcing it—now I will overturn a table in terror, now I will tear down a curtain in a rage, now I will die and topple down a staircase. His American colleagues in the many small roles are more effective, especially Paul Plishka as a gruff and appealingly sad-voiced Pimen. The Russian contingent is headed by Olga Borodina, seven months pregnant but still a dangerously seductive Marina; Sergej Larin, in ringing voice and chameleonlike in appearance as Grigory, the unscrupulous pretender to Boris's throne; and Sergei Leiferkus, as the oily, raspingly evil Jesuit priest, Rangoni. Only Constantin Plujnikov's pallid Prince Shuisky and Iosef Shalamayev's inexpressive Simpleton seem like unnecessary imports.

Apparently finding time on his hands, Gergiev also took on a two-week guest stint at the New York Philharmonic along with his Met dates—I caught up with him leading Mahler's immense 90-minute Sixth Symphony only hours after presiding over a *Boris* matinee. If orchestra gossip can be believed, the conductor is not a favorite with many Met and Philharmonic musicians, who find him often unprepared, overhasty, and uncomfortable outside the Russian repertory. I have to say that this was just about the messiest Mahler Sixth I've ever heard, as well as being closer to the edge of the Mahlerian ledge than any Philharmonic interpretation since Bernstein's. And yet despite the tempo uncertainties, sloppy attacks, and poor balances, the performance did generate an exciting sense of occasion, and how many conductors provide that these days? Gergiev may be one of a kind in that respect, the only international podium personality currently able to conjure up the old-fashioned maestro mystique of Bernstein, Karajan, Stokowski, et al. No wonder the Met is so tickled to have him around.

restaurants

Super Sandwiches... Delta Grill... Oscar's

Manhattan

Lower New York

A.J.'s Niota—This casual Indian duplex makes for a nice diversion from SoHo's French-and-Italian-restaurant stranglehold. The downstairs bar and upstairs dining room are ornately decorated with carved wood and silver doors, and the menu features whole tandoori fish, lots of vegetarian options, and weekend brunch. 337 W. Broadway (431-6222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. 482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. 310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M-E) AE, MC, TM, V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. 341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.

Donald Sacks—A corporate dining room for those brave enough to leave the confines of their own glass walls. Straight-up American bistro fare for a strictly business crowd and peckish Century 21 shoppers. 220 Vesey St. (619-4600). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

F.lli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. 39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the newly reopened Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like baby fried calamari, sushi and sashimi, and vodka pizza. Live music Thursday through Saturday. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial

Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. 4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. 18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Manhattan Bistro—SoHo charm without SoHo attitude. This cheerful, comfortable bistro offers hearty Franco-American fare like cured salmon, seared tuna, and hanger steak. Open late with a limited supper menu. 129 Spring St. (966-3459). (M) AE, MC, V.

Match—A SoHo loft space with a surprisingly creative modern American menu, a full sushi bar, and up-to-the-minute accoutrements like a DJ. and a

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some New York advertisers among them.

The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows:

(E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15-\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

jazz band. If all that hip posing makes you hungry, try fusion fare like wok-seared bluefin tuna with warm soba-noodle salad or spit-roasted duck with potato dumplings. 160 Mercer St. (343-0020). (M-E) AE, MC, TM, V.

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. 90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. 107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. 38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M-E) AE.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cave-like bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. 317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or

Preview Song Bird

Firebird Cafe, opening January 26, provides a less ornate, more intimate alternative to its adjoining sister restaurant, the heavily gilded Firebird. While a cabaret singer croons, nibble on a light menu of smoked salmon, reindeer carpaccio, smoked sturgeon, and boudin blanc, plus—adhering to the rich Russian motif—vodka, caviar, and champagne. (363 West 46th Street; 586-0244.)



seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a \$17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. 70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21 Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open ravioli of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and butter-milk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an intentionally shattered windowpane. 100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. 59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.

Roettele A.G.—One of the very few places on these shores to serve a distinctive mix of Swiss and German cuisines, including hearty specialties like spaetzle, sauerbraten, Wiener schnitzel, and fondue. There's a lovely garden and, on Thursdays, the exotic strains of live Swiss music. 126 E. 7th St. (674-4140). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Svoboda—The food at this casual East Villager is slightly Slavic and entirely eclectic, with offerings like dumplings, corn-chowder pizza, smoked-salmon blini, and something called "Siberian sushi surprise." There's also a cigar room and an extensive spirit selection. 248 E. 5th St. (387-0707). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. 83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the

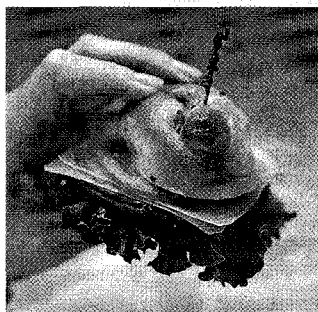
world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) 190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

C3 Restaurant—Henry James's Village was never like this: crawfish-and-turkey-sausage paella, coconut-curry salmon and lobster-and-shrimp ravioli are some of the dishes on the eclectic menu. Traditionalists can stop in for tea after a stroll through Washington Square Park. 103 Waverly Place (254-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna, nr. Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleeker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.

Fairway's garlic knot; Mezza's chili-crusted shrimp; and grilled radicchio with mushrooms and artichokes at Paradise & Lunch.



Takeout Sandwiching It In

When lunch on the run is a sandwich, it ought to be special. Who needs a table at Balthazar (80 Spring Street)? We're just as happy on the bench outside sharing grilled vegetables zingy with goat cheese and tapenade on house-baked ciabatta (\$7), and lush smoked salmon, cream cheese, and watercress on multi-grain bread (\$7.50). Pepe Rosso To Go (149 Sullivan Street) piles air-cured beef (bresaola) and goat cheese with arugula and a splash of truffle oil on Italian bread (\$5.95). I say "Hold the cheese" and stuff the works into Pepe's sensational focaccia, \$1 extra. In the huddle of good-looking sandwiches at Once Upon a Tart (135 Sullivan Street), roast pork with watercress and tangy aioli (\$6) is a temptation not to resist. Hunger builds while you're just waiting in line at Amy's Bread in the Chelsea Market (75 Ninth Avenue, near 16th Street). Her wonderful olive and nut twists need no adornment. But if you crave protein, try goat cheese, eggplant, tomato, thyme, and olive tapenade on a crusty baguette (\$5.25). Wanton in content but practically mini, Fairway's tiny ham, cheese, and tomato on a garlic knot of a roll is a no-regret indulgence at an amazing \$1.69 (2127 Broadway, near 74th Street). Kalustyan's (123 Lexington Avenue, near 28th Street), importer of Indian and Middle Eastern exotica, will stuff pita with lentils, tomatoes, fried onions, pickles, and sauce to make a fiery mujaddara, just \$3. At Paradise & Lunch (55 West 44th Street), the sandwich-maker's imagination runs wild. Believe it or not, I fell for cheddar, sour-cherry chutney, and cornichon on focaccia, only \$3.50 in house, twice as much delivered to your office. Chili-crusted shrimp on baby lettuces and preserved tomato (\$8.50) comes wrapped in delicate flatbread at Mezza (10 East 44th Street). If life takes you to Washington Heights, you might try pulled piggy on a kaiser roll (\$6.50) at Audubon Bar & Grill (3956 Broadway, at 166th Street, on the site of the ballroom where Malcolm X was shot). The chef can't be trusted with salmon or crab cakes, but his rich, caramelized pork is a standout.

GAIL GREENE

dards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. 314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. 17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. 104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I-M) AE, MC, TM, V

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdo on garlic. 62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. 36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Angelo & Maxie's Steakhouse—This luxurious new steakhouse serves enormous portions of beef—plus alternatives for artery-watchers—to a crowd that's come to have a good, gluttonous time. Many choose to follow their meal with a leisurely smoke, which they're welcome to procure in the well-stocked cigar store. 233 Park Ave. So., at 19th St. (220-9200). (M-E) AE, MC, V

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. 243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We love the white-peach sangria. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a

weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. 156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V

Calo & Co.—This newcomer to the midtown office-lunch market offers an interesting Mediterranean menu two ways: from a takeout counter in front or in a sit-down restaurant in back. Italy, France, Spain, and the Middle East have all been plundered for inspiration. Try the bacalao (seared cod with a mixed-grain hash, carrot-fennel glaze, and crispy leeks), or the impasto pizzette (grilled shrimp, tomato, garlic, pesto, mozzarella, and pine nuts). 18 E. 41st St. (683-1931). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Campagna—The Letterman crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that ...? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. 116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton-ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. 35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

I Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, I Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting for country French specialties like cassoulet and bouillabaisse. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Novità—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the hand-

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made pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave.* (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. 8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Salute!—This spacious midtown Tuscan Grill is the lighthearted outcome of a collaboration between the sceney Bice restaurant and the Sbarro fast-food chain. Go for huge portions of steak, seafood, veal, poultry, and especially pasta. Those lucky few with room for dessert should try the gelati assortment, ample enough to feed a small children's birthday party. 270 Madison Ave., at 39th St. (213-3440). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Turkish Kitchen—This crimson-walled den has long been a beacon for adventurous eaters, who come for house specialties including kebabs, seafood, and a variety of Turkish appetizers. 386 Third Ave., nr. 27th St. (679-1810). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I-M) (S).

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. 40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimpata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. 7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Soul Fixins'—Until now, this humble source of delicious soul food has been a convenient pit stop for lunch in the Penn Station-Macy's vicinity. Now house specialties like collard greens, macaroni and cheese, ribs, and sweet-potato pie are available for dinner or catered affairs. Closed weekends. 371 W.

34th St. (736-1345). (I) (S).

Tap Room—New York's very first Austrian brewpub, with fresh lagers and pilsners on tap and a menu that indicates a seriousness about food that's rare in the microbrewery business. Goulash, spaetzle, Wiener schnitzel, and homemade sausages sound like the perfect accompaniments for beer. 3 W. 18th St. (691-7666). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-smoked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. 538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A convenient roost for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. 301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. 244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The \$44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mica Bar—This quiet side street in Turtle Bay is slowly becoming a spawning ground for luxe lounges. The most striking element of this new duplex is its enclosed deck bar, with a convertible roof that can open and close depending on the season. A menu of light Asian tapas features baked oysters, a variety of satays, and Hong Kong gravlax; the beverage menu, from sake cocktails to champagnes by the glass, is extensive. 252 E. 51st St. (888-2453). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Otobe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to

midtown. 68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex-Lespinasse chef Fabrizio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. 109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district duplex is still owned, amazingly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piemontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. 321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.



Opening Gator, Later

At the new Delta Grill, Paul Prudhomme acolyte Gregory Tatiou stocks Hell's Kitchen with some N'Awlins spice, possibly auguring a return of last decade's Cajun craze. The roadhouse-revival décor is a properly rustic setting for po'boys, jambalaya, étouffée, BBQ alligator, and—in a miraculous exception to the norm—vegetable garnishes that haven't been steamed into submission. (700 Ninth Avenue, at 48th Street; 956-0934.)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Broadway Grill—Conveniently located for pretheater, with a good selection of thin-crust pizzas, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. The theatrical element is played up here, both in the décor, with displays of Broadway memorabilia, and in the live nightly performances. *Crowne Plaza Hotel, 49th St. at Broadway (315-6161).* (M) AE, MC, V.

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the \$19.98 prix fixe. 342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. 44 W. 44th St., in the *Royalton* (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the \$14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. 135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Molyvos—With Oceana chef Rick Moonen as its guiding light, this Mediterranean midtowner combines authentic flavors with a polished style that evades too many Greek restaurants. Sit at the bar to enjoy snacks from the meze menu, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and an enticing array of meat and fish entrées. 871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with breakfast pastries and quick lunches. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed. 18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Texas Texas Restaurant & Saloon—This casual barbecue joint on a bustling Broadway corner attracts tourists and local office workers looking for affordable southwestern grub like baby back ribs, plank-roasted salmon, and barbecued chicken. The CD player is programmed to play recordings by Texas artists only. 1998 1600 Broadway, at 48th St. (956-7427). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. 19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic establishment, with colonial African décor in the skylit upstairs restaurant and a fireplace in the low-key downstairs lounge. Some of the dishes on chef Thomas Harris's contemporary American menu include seared duck foie gras, risotto of grilled sweet corn and pancetta, and crispy salmon in rice paper. 313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Allora—This cozy restaurant appeals to neighborhood regulars looking for gently priced Italian standards like osso buco and linguine pescatore. For the fish lover, crab cakes and Dover sole would make an ideal order. 1321 First Ave., at 71st St. (570-0384). (I) AE.

Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European



Opening Sup in the Old Hotel

Oscar's, the quintessential hotel coffee shop in the Waldorf-Astoria, has been remade for the new century with a sleek \$3 million Adam Tihany design. Chef Joe Verde has implemented a bar menu and updated the classic specialties of the restaurant's namesake, infamous Waldorf maitre d' Oscar Tschirsky. Shaved fennel and an uncharacteristically light sauce transform the seafood Newburg, and the veal Oscar has become a salad served with crab cake and asparagus. (Lexington Avenue at 50th Street; 872-4920.)

dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). 1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) (\$).

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. 26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of its otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. 1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's casual uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers a unique variety of quesadillas, plus heartier dishes like ribs with molasses-barbecue sauce and sweet-potato tamale with spinach. The bar attracts regulars with the

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. 1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. 1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. 1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3300). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. 685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. 2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) (\$).

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—slow-cooked to order. 2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) (\$).

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. 2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ifed steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for



Opening Fishing for Complements

Steve Hanson continues to roll out new branches of the successful seafood formula he pioneered at Union Square's Blue Water Grill. His uptown outpost, Atlantic Grill, occupies the former site of Jim McMullen's, and features—besides signature Asian accents and wood-burning grill—all-too-popular oyster and sushi bars. (1341 Third Avenue, near 77th Street; 988-9200.)

those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. 255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) (\$).

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) (\$).

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. 5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) (\$).

Bronx

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. 296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) (\$).

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. 1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

in concert

Leonard Slatkin conducts the Philharmonic

Classical Music

Wednesday, January 14

Laurence Wilson, Piano—Performs works by Clementi, Brahms, Debussy, and George Walker. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; \$10.*

Reinventions—Experimental music by Robert Grawi, Richard Cooke, David Simons, and Wendy Mae Chambers. *The Winter Garden, World Trade Center, 200 Chambers St. (945-0505), at 7; free.*

Thursday, January 15

New York Philharmonic—Performs Mozart, Bernstein, and Corigliano, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; \$20-\$75.*

Little Orchestra Society—Performs the New York premiere of Britten's *The Rescue of Penelope*, narrated by Lynn Redgrave, as well as works involving Greek myths by Sibelius, Stravinsky, and Barber. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 7:30; \$20-\$30.*

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Performs Haydn's *The Creation*, with Sylvia McNair and the Robert Shaw Festival Chorus; Robert Shaw, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; \$20-\$85.*

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Mozart, Brahms, and Fauré. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$23.*

Thomas Buckner, Baritone—Premieres works by Annea Lockwood, Andrew Hill, and Mel Graves. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; \$10.*

Multipolyomni and We—Perform excerpts from a new-music opera, timed with video feed of sunsets and sunrises across the globe. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793), from noon 1/15 to noon 1/18; \$12.*

Friday, January 16

New York Philharmonic—Performs a one-hour concert, with works by Schumann, Bernstein, and Copland; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 6:45; \$20-\$75.*

Marilyn Horne Foundation—Performances by vocalists Marilyn Horne, David Daniels, Samuel Ramey, Deborah Voight, and pianists Warren Jones and Martin Katz; Dame Joan Sutherland, host. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; \$20-\$100.*

Saturday, January 17

Lucine Amara, Soprano—Performs opera and musical-comedy arias. *Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. (489-2128), at 8; \$15.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Shin-ichiro Ikebe, Composer—A chamber-music performance of the contemporary Japanese composer's work. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; \$15.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/15.

Sunday, January 18

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs Dohnanyi, Reger, and Bartók. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 5; \$25-\$35.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs Verdi's *Requiem*; Peter Tiboris, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 9; \$20-\$85.*

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—In commemoration of the state's fiftieth anniversary, Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman perform works by Strauss, Mozart, and Stravinsky with the symphony. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7; \$50-\$250.*

Keiji Azechi Kokyu Ensemble—Performs traditional Japanese music. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 2; \$15.*

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs Strauss's *Die Ägyptische Helena*, with Deborah Voight, soprano, and Paul Frey, tenor; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 3; \$18-\$45.*

Bargemusic—See 1/15, at 4:30.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, 1/14 and 1/17 at 8; Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, 1/15 and

1/20 at 8; Strauss's *Capriccio*, 1/16 at 8; Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, 1/17 at 1:30; and Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 1/19 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); \$24-\$200.*

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Performs *Iolanthe*, 1/15-1/18. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); \$25-\$55.*

Dance

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); \$30-\$65.*

"Altogether Different"—New works by Mark Dendy, Ronald Brown, Wally Cordona, Nai-Ni Chen, Irene Hultman, Joy Kellman, and Kevin O'Day, 1/15-1/18. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); \$18.*

Thunderbird American Indian Dancers—Perform the Butterfly Dance, a Hopi paean to nature, and the world premiere of *II*, by Native American choreographer Michael Taylor, 1/16 and 1/17 at 8. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109); \$10.*

Ben Munisteri—Performs *Late-Night Sugar Flight*, 1/16 and 1/17 at 11. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288); \$12.*

Second Generation—Performs *Making Tracks*, a dance-theater piece based on the Asian-American experience, 1/15-1/17 at 8, 1/17 at 2, and 1/18 at 3. *Pace Downtown, 3 Spruce St. (346-1715); \$20.*

Nancy Zendora—Performs *Sleep Has Her House*, 1/15-1/18 at 8:30. *St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-8194); \$12.*



Previews Mazel Tov

In recent months, Zubin Mehta has been involved in controversy ill-befitting a maestro. Inquiries into charges that his former bookkeeper Susan McDougal embezzled \$150,000 from him and his spouse made headlines, as did rumors that he'd soon depart his conductor-for-life position at the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. All that should be overshadowed this week, though, when attention will be more appropriately directed to what he does best. In celebration of Israel's fiftieth, Mehta leads the symphony in a program of Stravinsky, Mozart, and Strauss, with soloists Pinchas Zukerman and Itzhak Perlman. *Carnegie Hall, January 19.*

nightlife

Singh... Dylan... Gravigords and Whirlies

Concerts

Thomas Buckner—The baritone premieres works by Andrew Hill, Annea Lockwood, and Mel Graves. 1/14 at 8 P.M. Merkin Hall, at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). \$10.

Bob Dylan; Van Morrison—Despite reports of Dylan's somewhat bewildered acceptance, the Kennedy Center Medal he received last month seems to have rejuvenated the graying boomer, if his subsequent appearance at Irving Plaza was any indication. Couple that with the fact that *Time Out of Mind* was one his best records ever, and you've got a pretty exciting scenario for this series of big-theater dates. On *Time*, the increasingly grizzled boomer troubadour contemplates death and loss with clear eyes and a gravelly voice that hints at a familiarity with his subject matter that's at once scary and slightly at odds with his renewed vitality. Live, he continues to defy expectations, revising songs that might otherwise serve as dusty chestnuts into fresh, nostalgia-free versions. Van the Man, on the other hand, has settled into bloated middle age with an alarming degree of flabby comfort, trotting out the crowd-pleasers with gratuitous regularity. 1/16-1/18 and 1/20-1/21 at 7:30 P.M. Theatre at Madison Square Garden (307-7171). Sold out.

"Gravigords, Whirlies & Pyrophones"—As part of the traveling "Mechanical Marvels" exhibition, Wendy Mae Chambers, Richard Cook, Ken Butler, and other experimental-instrument builders featured in last year's book-CD set of the same name demonstrate inventions like the car-horn organ, the beep-mobile, and the flame-powered pyrophone. Perfect for circus enthusiasts and experimental-music freaks alike. 1/7, 7-8:30 P.M., 1/14 12:15-1:30 and 7-8:30 P.M. Winter Garden at World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. (945-0505). Free. 1/15 at 8 P.M. Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (219-3055). \$10.

B.B. King—Fresh off a week at the Blue Note (and still sans Lucille, the legendary ax he recently handed over to the Pope), King hits a bigger house with his ever-intense fretboard pyrotechnics. With his gritty-voiced onetime bandmate (and sometime chauffeur) Bobby "Blue" Bland. 1/15 at 7:30 P.M. New Jersey Performing Art Center (888-GO-NJ-PAC). \$25-\$45.

The Rolling Stones—What a shock. The Stones' date at Giants Stadium this fall was one of the best shows of the year. Hitting the usual numbers with panache and demonstrating that their new material is more than warmed-over oldies retreads, Mick and the boys proved themselves more than able-bodied. Too bad this show's already sold out. 1/14, 1/16-1/17 at 8 P.M. Madison Square Garden. Sold out.

Chucho Valdes—The great Cuban bopper. 1/15-1/16 at 8 P.M. Kaplan Penthouse, Lincoln Center (721-6500). Sold out.

Yanni—Sure, he's easy to make fun of—what long-haired, mustachioed New Age svengali isn't? But examined in a broader context, Yanni's ambitious spectacles are masterpieces of prog-rock pomp. Consider him a Mediterranean Keith Emerson, using an impressive bank of keyboards to helm a swirling miasma of dancers, visual effects, etc. Of course, all this looks a hell of a lot better, say, in front of the Taj Mahal or atop the Acropolis than it does on the same boards you've been watching the Rockettes hoof on for your entire life. Hey, nobody said the guy's perfect. 1/14-1/22 at 8 P.M. Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Avenue at 50th St. (307-7171). \$47-\$102.

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hip-pish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 1/13: Talking to Animals. 1/15:

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

Computer Cougar; World/Inferno Friendship Society. 1/20: Pee Shy. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 1/16: Unsane; Six Going on Seven; Sweetbelly Freakdown; Sweet Diesel. 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/16: Hubert Sumlin. 1/17: James Cotton. 1/19: Shade Tree. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 1/16: Robert Gordon; Tom Clarke & the Hi Action Boys. 1/17: ? & the Mysterians; Swingin' Neckbreakers; Lyres; Thee Pristeens. 1/19: Obituary. 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridor home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 1/16: Thurston Moore & Don Fleming; Kim Gordon; Deer Hoof; Splotch. 1/17: Abstract Truth; Grand Street. 1/19: Talvin Singh; D.J. Spooky; D.J. Rekha; Bhomshankar; Sirai. (See page 85). 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. 1/14: The hilarious weekly comedy revue "Stella" celebrates its first anniversary with appropriately big-time acts—Janeane Garofalo, Upright Citizens Brigade, and Marc Maron. 1/16-1/18: Bob Mould, eighties punk innovator turned enduring troubadour, continues his hit-or-miss solo career. Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 1/18: Sweet Honey in the Rock. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 1/14: The wonderful avant-jazz-ish clarinetist Don Byron finds an unlikely collaborator in mush-mouthed eighties rapper Biz Markie. 1/15: "Gravigords, Whirlies & Pyrophones" live. William Eaton, Ken Butler, and Arthur Frick play experimental musical instruments of their own design, including the 21-stringed gravigord, the

Talent Shell Shock

Leavening his Latinized bop chops with a dose of New Age spectacle, Steve Turre brings his trombone-fronted jazz outfit—and the twelve-conch Sanctified Shells Choir—to the Jazz Standard, January 12 through 16.



The Phoids. 1/16: Andrew Vladek. 1/17: Matt Keating; Jonathon Gregg; Life in a Blender; Richard X. Heyman. 95 Stanton St. (358-1633). \$.

The Baggot Inn—A cozy West Village gathering spot for NYU students and other sweater-wearing folk enthusiasts. 1/13: Charmaine; Papa Koo. 1/14: Deborah Silverstein. 1/15: Aphrodite; Nonfiction; The Bruck Brothers. 1/16: Future Chicken Farmers; Dharma. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622). \$.

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 1/15: Liz Queler. 1/16: Pete Belasco & David Poe. 1/17: Bill Frisell. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 1/15: Mer; Illyah Kuryahkin. 1/16: The Normans. 1/17: The Wrens. 1/18:

Photograph by Barron Claiborne.

beepmobile, and several pieces for nameless amalgams of circuitry, tubing, and other detritus. (See "Nightlife: Concerts" listings for more dates.) 1/16: Galactic. 1/17: Zorn, Sharp, Previte, and Horowitz. 1/19: Oliver Lake Big Band. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? 158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 1/15: Nick Gravenites. 1/16: The Boneheads. 1/17: The Christine Santelli Blues Band. 1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 1/14: Swervedriver. 1/15: Iguanas. 1/16: Mr. Henry; Travis Pickle. 1/17: Clem Snide. 1/19: Passion Fruit; Fern. 1/20: Peter Salett. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillys tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. Every Monday: Western Caravan. 1/13: Dan Zanes. 1/15: The Billy Goats. 1/20: Dan Zanes. 375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 1/17: Samba Novo. 1/18: Gil Scott Heron. 1/19: Orquesta de la Rosa. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

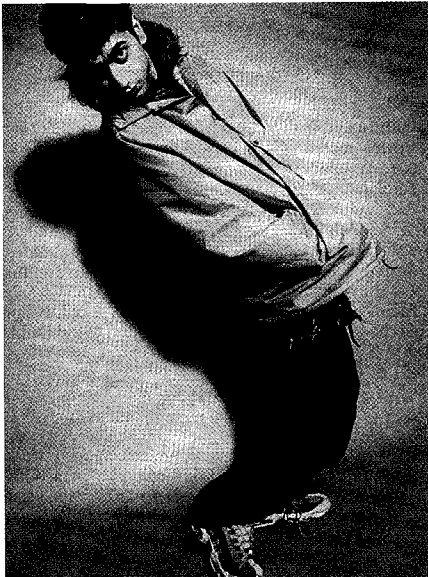
Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 94 Ave. A (473-7373).

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. The Flying Neutrinos play Saturday evenings in January. Too much hopping got you pooped? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. 1/16: The Blues Jumpers. 1/23: The Crescent City Maulers. 1/30: The Flipped Fedoras. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 1/15–1/16: The ever-kooky men of Ween recently went from high plains to high seas when they abandoned the twang of 12 *Golden Country Greats* for *The Mollusk*. On the latter album, the Jersey duo achieved a historic musical breakthrough—the world's first stoner-anthem sea chantey. 1/18: Chow down on Cajun cooking and get some Creole dance lessons with Louisiana's Nathan & the Zydeco Cha Chas. 1/20: San Francisco turntablist collective the X-Executioners (formerly known as the X-Men) take New York to the farther reaches of the hip-hop universe as we know it. Philly's Rahzel earns his "King of Noise" moniker handily, with one-man impressions of most rappers in history, plus all the music that accompanied them—simultaneously. With Common. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. Sandra Bernhard returns for several more weeks of twisted hilarity. 1/19. 151 Bank St. (691-2272).

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," a jungle-techno-hip-



Talent Awake and Singh!

Less than 48 hours after Princess Diana's death, one corner of London was partying down as if nothing had happened. The Monday-night revelers at the Blue Note weren't callous nihilists; they just couldn't get enough of Anokha—a weekly dance blowout whose D.J.'s hybridize South Asian pop, classical, and film music with fluttery drum-and-bass beats. So when Anokha's ring-leader, Talvin Singh, lands at the Cooler January 19, expect nothing short of a full-on boogie-thon—even if, God forbid, Buddy the presidential pooch skis into a tree that morning. The Cooler show—which also features local turntable luminaries Rekha and Spooky—is a benefit to defray the editing costs of a film-in-progress, *Mutiny: Asians Storm British Music*. Interviewed in the documentary, Singh says integrating centuries-old Indian classical with Western dance music was as natural as breathing: "Indian music . . . has got total freedom within its form; drum-and-bass has the same." (It doesn't hurt that Singh's been playing tablas seriously since childhood, and spinning records since his teenage years.) "In the West," he says, "we've given Indian classical music this concert status. You sit in a small chair at the Barbican Center or at Carnegie Hall, and it's not the right atmosphere. I wanted to bring the vibe back in." Now that the vibe has taken hold in London, Singh's counterparts in New York hope to create their own equivalent of Anokha. S.O.B.'s monthly Basement Bhangra is a start, says *Mutiny* director Vivek Renjen Bald, a New Yorker, but it focuses on only a single, relatively traditional musical style. One step at a time, though: Manhattan may not have a shindig of Anokha's proportions to call its own yet, but for one night, it'll sure have a sitarrific hoedown.

ETHAN SMITH

hop—"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 1/14: Scotch-Canadian violinist Martyn Bennett plays tunes from his new CD, *Bothy Culture*. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 1/14: Luis Salinas. 1/15–1/17: Gary Peacock Trio. 1/18: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. 1/20: Nineteen-year-old Paul Ellington (Duke's grandson) conducts the Duke Ellington Orchestra. 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 1/13–1/18: Blues-guitar hero Joe Louis Walker tears it up with fellow six-string wizard (and wholesome family entertainer) Ike Turner. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Cornelia Street Cafe—A cozy West Village hang with surprisingly classy jazz outfits within its cozy confines. 1/15: Lisa DeSpain & Nick Mancini Quartet. 1/16: Mark Taylor. 1/17: Sasi Shalom. Sets at 9 P.M. 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319).

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Tuesdays and Thursdays: the Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem Jazz Legends, fronted by the incomparable singer Laurel Watson. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat.

1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 1/13–1/18: Ahmad Jamal. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

The Jazz Standard—On his new, self-titled CD, trombonist Steve Turre explores some deep, smooth bossa nova-fied jazz moods, playing not just his usual instrument but also an assortment of gussied-up seashells. The result is far from the gimmickry it might threaten to be, thanks largely to Turre's combination of latent feel for the music and technical skill (on horn and shell). For this gig, 1/12–1/16, he brings a sextet and the dozen-strong Sanctified Shell Choir to southern Midtown. 1/17–1/18: Melissa Walker Quartet. 1/19–1/22: The Wess (Warmdaddy) Anderson Quartet. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; \$10–\$15 cover on weekdays, \$15–\$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to

throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile décor any more inviting than your average mass feed trough, the concept is fairly happening. 1/16: Michael Marcus and Jaki Byard. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big

band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yehel Organ Quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. 1/15: Greg Tardy Quintet. 1/16-1/17: Frank Hewitt Trio. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 1/13-1/18: Terrell Stafford Quintet. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleeker St. (242-1785).

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 1/13-1/18: Donald Harrison Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 1/12-1/17: Charles Thomas and Ray Drummond, with a special appearance by drummer Billy Higgins, 1/14. Shows Mon.-Sat. at 8 P.M. Every Sunday night at 7 P.M.: Larry Rivers Quartet. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night hosted by David J. Tuesday-Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians," with shows at 8, 10, and midnight. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1/15-1/18: Michael Colyar. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). \$12.50-\$18.50, two-drink minimum.

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace has broadened its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor rock. 1/15-1/17: Half Baked star Dave Chappelle. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 1/19-1/25: Dave Attell; Wanda Sykes-Hall; Greer Barnes; Jim Norton. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun-Thurs. at 9 P.M. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.-Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1/12-1/18: Lenny Varnedoe; Rich Ramirez; Joe Mulligan; Jim Norton; Nancy Redman, Jerry Diner. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.-Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 1/14: Political columnists Walter Shapiro (USA Today) and Matt Cooper (Newsweek) join club regulars Scott Blakeman, Ara Fitzgerald, Jane Condon, and Darcy Casteleiro for a night of boomer-centric satire. Expect plenty of

Clinton jokes; Michael Kennedy's and Sonny Bono's recent ski mishaps should test the comics' taste timeliness. 1/16-1/17: Wali Collins; Mitch Fateh; Jim Gaffigan. 1/23-1/24: Colin Quinn; Ted Alexandro; Patrice O'Neal. 1/30-1/31: Jim Mendrinos; Jim Gaffigan. 34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Shows: Sun.-Thurs. at 7; Fri.-Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 1/16-1/17: Brian McFadden; Paul Michael Mercurio; Judy Gold. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). \$7-\$12.

Cabaret

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is \$40; no music charge. 220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Cafe Carlye—Eartha Kitt's back for ten weeks of growling, purring, and other forms of sexy cajoling. Not bad for a woman who'll hit 70 before the month is out. Call for reservations. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. \$50 (\$25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. Carlye Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. \$12 minimum; jacket and tie required. Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).

Don't Tell Mama—Every Wednesday in January, Julia "My Boyfriend Is a Genius" Douglas plays. Mon-

days, 1/12-2/2 at 9 P.M.: Scott Coulter performs *Remember the Magic*. 1/16, 1/19, and 1/26: Maryann Lombardi and Kara Pawlowski perform "Written in Ink—Notes to Myself." \$10-\$15 cover, two-drink minimum. 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). \$.

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. Through 1/17: Carol Sloane pays tribute to Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald—figures who surely don't need any extra acclaim. 1/20-2/7: John Pizzarelli. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Sardi's—Fridays, comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standards, show tunes, and other theater-district fare. No cover; \$12 minimum. 234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).

"Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know"—In the tradition of *Forbidden Broadway* comes Stan Freeman and Jay Leonhart's new broad slapstick-'n'-show-tunes revue. Zeroing in on tourism's wacky cross-cultural misunderstandings may not be quite the precision exercise the old West 72nd Street warhorse's fearless parodizing was. But does anybody go to dinner theater expecting subtlety? Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8 P.M.; Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30 P.M.; Sun. at 3 and 7:30 P.M. \$40 cover. Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).

Bars

Angel's Share—Tucked discreetly inside an already-discreet second-story Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suave room is the ultimate in low-key hipness. The management admits only as many customers (about twenty) as there are seats—and limits even those to parties of four or fewer—to keep rabble-rousing to a minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in perhaps the finest drinking experience in the city. 9 Stuyvesant St., near 9th St. and Third Ave. (598-3041).

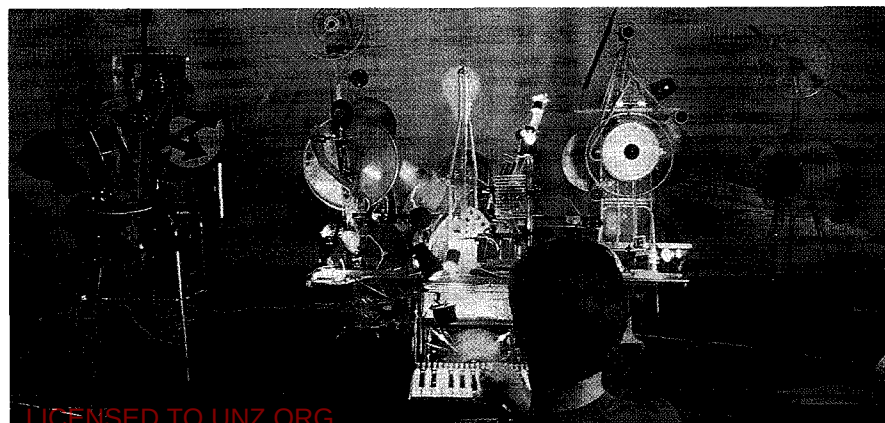
Chez Es Saada—A subterranean orientalist fantasia, replete with fountains, Egyptian pop on the sound system, and exotic drinks with unpronounceable names. Don't be misled by the lack of street-level signage, though: Chez Es Saada is no trendoid-free oasis, and on weekends the bouncers give entry preference to Euro-partiers. 42 E. 1st St. (777-5617).

Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Euro-trash, half-reverse-slumming-downtowner crowd might be a bringdown. 176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).

Drinkland—Just off Avenue B, this psychedelic candy-colored playland borrows décor elements from Beck album covers and the same sixties Italian sci-fi flicks that inspired *Austin Powers*. Dig the neighborhood's ongoing transition from boho enclave to yuppie bedroom community, embodied in the place's schizophrenic clientele. 339 E. 10th St. (228-2435).

Performance Whirly Gig

Last year, music geeks and novelty seekers alike were alternately fascinated, thrilled, and madened by the CD *Gravikords, Whirlies & Pyrophones: Experimental Musical Instruments*. The dulcet tones of the flowerpotophone, the woody snort of the daxophone, and the all-too-familiar bleat of the car-horn organ challenged received notions of what music sounds like. Now lucky New Yorkers can have their ideas about what music looks like upset, too, at "Gravikords, Whirlies & Pyrophones," the concert (the Winter Garden at the World Financial Center, January 14; Knitting Factory, January 15). Performers will jam on the "sea beastie," the beepmobile, and several less succinctly named instruments, such as Ken Butler's "Voices of Anxious Objects" (pictured).



Photograph by John Berens.

the mix

Remembering Ralph Ellison... Allan Houston

John Leonard's TV Notes

Surviving the Bottom Line (1/18 and 1/25; noon to 2 P.M.); Channel 13) sends Hedrick Smith swimming against the rhetorical tide of a high-tech "winner-take-all" economy, to talk to everybody who's been thrown overboard by downsizing, outsourcing, corporate shakeouts, and a mass migration of jobs to Third World sweatshops. If it's good for Wall Street—that glitterdome of Pythagorean numbers mysticism—it's bad for millions of middle-class Americans who own no stock at all, not even in a pension plan. In sixteen states, with brief detours to Canada and Mexico, to China and the Netherlands, correspondent Smith looks for alternative grass-roots programs of partnership and profit-sharing, like San Diego's City of the Future. Smith and his senior producer, J. Christopher Koch, are actually so radical as to believe that the point of any economy ought to be jobs, food, space, clothes, and education for its citizens.

The Magnificent Seven (Saturdays; 8 to 9 P.M.; CBS), exactly as advertised, is samurai with spurs in an Old American West where savage clichés wait in ambush. The likes of Michael Biehn, Eric Close, Dale Midkiff, Rick Worthy, and Ron Perlman variously impersonate a gunslinger, a bounty hunter, a con man, an ex-slave, and a former priest, on the lookout for outraged innocence and lost causes and kiss-kiss bang-bang. They tend to be friendlier to stay-at-home Seminoles than to scavenging Confederate soldiers, but what they really like are long odds. Nicely filmed, and it's got that rousing music.

Ruby Bridges (1/18; 7 to 9 P.M.; ABC) is a Disney docudramatized retelling of the story of the integration of a New Orleans grammar school in 1960, with an astonishing cast in the service of a clumsy noble-noodle script. Lela Rochon and Michael Beach are the parents who agree to send their bright 6-year-old, Chaz Monet, in the company of federal marshals, to an all-white public school run by a hate-raveled Diana Scarwid, where she's lucky enough to be taught in an otherwise empty classroom by an idealistic Penelope Ann Miller, though she has to go home to spend hours drawing pictures for Kevin Pollak, who plays Harvard professor Robert Coles (before he got around to writing his *Children in Crisis* series) and who uses refrigerator art as the diagnostic and therapeutic equivalent of the dolls employed a decade earlier by Kenneth Clark to explore the nightmare-haunted minds of black children in a Jim Crow South. The howling mob outside the school will chill your bones as much as a radiant Ruby breaks your heart.

Two for Texas (1/18; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT), based on the novel by James Lee Burke, is an above-average rerun of the Alamo and the Battle of San Jacinto, with Kris Kristofferson and Scott Bairstow as odd-couple escapees from a Louisiana chain gang who find honor and purpose in killing Mexicans during the Texas war for independence. Tom Skerritt and Peter Coyote also turn in shrewd performances as Sam Houston and Jim Bowie. Now, if only someone would make movies out of Burke's wonderful Robicheaux mystery novels, a series that reached its Faulknerian pinnacle with *In the Electric Mist With Confederate Dead*...

Best Friends for Life (1/18; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) stars Linda Lavin as a widow capable of picking up and reinventing her own life after the death of a

In Print

The Writes of Spring

Reading through a stack of book catalogues is something like perusing *TV Guide*: The descriptions of novels call to mind made-for-television movies, and the self-help books seem only a little less pointless than the talk shows on which they will eventually be touted. Still, with the possible exception of the 1925 literary season (*The Great Gatsby*, *An American Tragedy*, *Arrowsmith*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, and *Manhattan Transfer* appeared that year; Hemingway, Cather, Kafka, and Wharton had new titles), has it ever seemed like a banner year for publishing? Perhaps we should accept the fact that masterpieces can't happen with the frequency these catalogues insist, and be grateful for the new spring books that promise to merit, at minimum, a serious review. A sampling:

The Smithsonian Institution (Random House, February) gives Gore Vidal further opportunity to prove his familiarity with the makers of American history—many of whom he has met, most of whom he has felt himself superior to. Vidal's novel places a teenage science prodigy in the Smithsonian, where he meets up with wax figures come to life (among them a "slightly brain-damaged Abraham Lincoln").

Jane Smiley also pays a visit to the nineteenth century with her novel *The All-True Travels and Adventures of Lidie Newton* (Knopf, April), the story of an Illinois woman who marries a New England abolitionist and settles in Kansas, presently to become "Bloody Kansas," site of violence between abolitionist free-staters and slaveholding Missourians.

Another heartland Jane of prodigious gifts, Jane Hamilton, follows up her durable *A Map of the World* with *The Short History of a Prince* (Random House, April). Set in Wisconsin, it follows one Walter McCloud and his lonely passion for dance. (A lesser novelist might

have named her sensitive creature "Romulus.")

Mary Cantwell's first two memoirs, *American Girl* and *Manhattan, When I Was Young*, won her an audience panting for a third. *Speaking With Strangers* (Houghton Mifflin, April) covers the years when she was newly divorced, working at *Mademoiselle*, and sharing a bed with a famous and avidly heterosexual writer—"the balding man"—who sleeps "the serene sleep of those who can, and always will, get away with murder."

A few years ago, with *Case Closed*, Gerald Posner further enlivened discussion of the Kennedy assassination. In *Killing the Dream* (Random House, April), he takes on a less shopworn subject. Three decades after Martin Luther King's death, and nearly a year after King's family professed belief in James Earl Ray's innocence, Posner examines Ray's background and the bullet that killed the civil-rights leader.

Without (Houghton Mifflin, April) is Donald Hall's beautiful collection of poems about the life and premature death of his wife, fellow poet Jane Kenyon. "Remembered happiness is agony," he writes. "So is remembered agony."

In *Damascus Gate* (Houghton Mifflin, May), Robert Stone exports his talents to Jerusalem, where American journalist Christopher Lucas ("lapsed Catholic, half Jewish") is drawn into an investigation of religious lunatics—of which there is, unsurprisingly, no shortage.

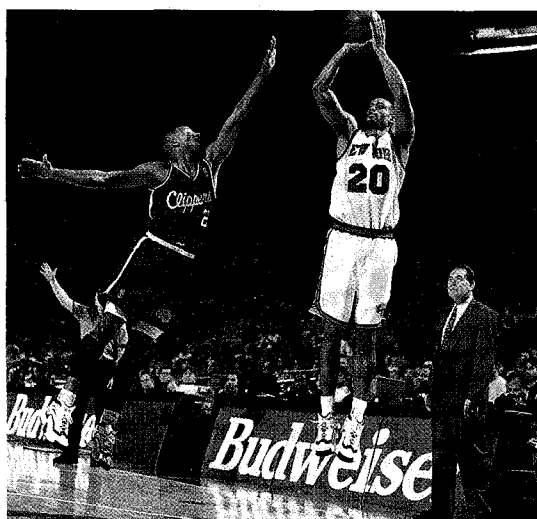
Kingsley Amis's life—his friendships (with Philip Larkin and other British writers), his politics (Thatcherite), his drinking (indefatigable)—was as celebrated as his best novel, *Lucky Jim*.

Not all that long after Amis's death, Eric Jacobs is ready with this biography of Martin's dad. If Jacobs does no more than quote his witty subject indiscriminately, *Kingsley Amis* (St. Martin's Press, June) should be worth the price. **LINDA HALL**



husband she no longer loved, and Gena Rowlands as a widow so accustomed to being taken care of that she's incapable of anything comparable and whines a lot even before she learns she has cancer. Richard Farnsworth is Linda's late-life doctor/love interest, Janet Dubois her housekeeper and new partner in the wallpaper business, and Gwen Verdon her roll-with-the-punch mother. Helen Slater, to whom I've always been devoted, is Gena's sharper-than-a-serpent's-tooth lawyer daughter, wasted here almost as much as Verdon. Linda is just fine in the sort of role that usually goes to Olympia Dukakis.

Reckless (1/18, 1/25 and 2/1; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) isn't quite as much fun as it wants to be, mainly because this *Mobile Masterpiece Theatre* six-hour mini-series is, perhaps, three hours too long. That the young and brilliant up-from-the-working-class English surgeon Robson Green should fall in love with the older and stunningly sexy management consultant Francesca Annis is no surprise. That Francesca is already married to Robson's boss, Michael Kitchen, at a fraught hospital—think *ER*, in the absence of *ER*'s infatuation with technology and chaos theory—is a complication. But Kitchen's affair with a hospital admin-



istrator emancipates Francesca to have one with Robson, after which both men want her and she trusts neither. Teleplaywright Paul Abbott wrings as many washrag changes as he can from this material, but we end up admiring the production values and Robson's salty father, David Bradley, more than we are moved by Anna Karenina and Madame Bovary played for laughs.

The Defenders: Choice of Evils (1/18; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; Showtime) is marginally better than last October's *Payback* (the first in what promises to be a series of films based on the sixties courtroom drama) with E. G. Marshall reprising his role as patriarch Lawrence Preston, Beau Bridges sitting in for the late Robert Reed as a second son we never heard of before, Martha Plimpton as Beau's niece, a former prosecutor with a bag of tricks and a saving sense of humor, Jon Polito as the D.A. who wants the tanned hide of crusading journalist James McDaniel even though he knows McDaniel didn't commit the murder for which he was framed, and many corrupt cops in on a coverup. Though I am wholeheartedly in favor of the return of the presumption of innocence and the defense attorney to prime-time television, as in David Kelley's *The Practice*, everybody in *The Defenders* shouts too much, all the time, even the judge, except Martha, who is nifty.

Radio Highlights

New York & Company—Weekdays at 2 P.M. 1/12: Robert Caro, author of the *Power Broker*, talks

about Robert Moses and his effect on New York City; P.D. James discusses *A Certain Justice*; Tracey Ullman talks about her book *Tracey Takes On*. 1/13: David Jacobs shares *The Threat: What Aliens Really Want*. Andi Rierdon discusses *The Farm: Life Inside a Women's Prison*. 1/15: *The National Review*'s Rick Brookhiser casts a conservative eye on the world at large; Stephen Kuusis relates his experience of trying to pass as a sighted man in *Planet of the Blind*; Maria Hornbacher discusses anorexia and bulimia and her book *Wasted*.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 1/17: Esteemed military journalist Thomas E. Ricks talks about the men who become Marines (and the men who don't) in *Making the Core*; Ph.D.'s Patrick J. Gannon and Allen Braun discuss the "language area" of the human brain and it's not-so-surprising similarities to that of the chimpanzee; Townsend Davis talks about the chronicling of 30,000 miles of field research for *Weary Feet, Rested Souls: a Guided History of the Civil Rights Movement*. WOR, 710 AM.

The Long Player—1/15 at 8 P.M.: Featuring all of *Rubber Soul*, the Beatles' acoustic contribution to 1965. WNYC, 820 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 1/18: Arthur Golden shares from *Memoir of a Geisha*. WNYC, 105.9 FM.

The Written Word

An Evening of Filipino Poetry—1/13 at 7 P.M.: Luis Francia reads from his manuscript *False Confessions*, and Eric Gamalinda reads from *Zero Gravity*. Biblio's, 317 Church St. (334-6990); free.

Danny Schecter—1/13 at 7 P.M.: The television producer, journalist, and author of *The More You Watch, the Less You Know* recounts his adventures in

Talent

Problem? We Have a Houston.

When the Ewing-less Knicks face Mt. Mutumbo and the Hawks January 13, all eyes will be on Allan Houston, the \$56 Million (and so far Invisible) Man. Any chance of a Knicks title shot now rests on the long-awaited coming-out of the six-six guard. Here's hoping Tuesday is finally his Garden debutante ball.

Tours

Millionaires' Mile: The Upper East Side—1/16 at 12:30 P.M.: Join architectural historian Matthew Postal on an exploration of this exclusive landmark district of private clubs, palatial houses, and cultural institutions. Meet at the Sherman Statue, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (935-3960); \$10.

Titanic History Tour—1/17 & 1/18 at noon: A Greenwich Village walking tour that journeys past the homes and businesses of New Yorkers who were aboard for the *Titanic*'s first and only voyage, discussing their lives and accomplishments. Stops include the Edith Evans Memorial and the home of John Jacob Astor. Call for reservations (465-3331); \$12.

Ellis Island—1/17 at noon: Visit the Ellis Island Museum and its grounds, and hear a talk on the history of American immigration. This (predominantly) indoor tour begins and ends with a ride aboard a heated ferry. Meet at the flagpole in the center of Battery Park's Clinton National Monument. Call for reservations (439-1090); \$15.

Historic Lower Manhattan—1/17 at 1 P.M.: See where Peter Minuet "purchased" Manhattan Island, visit Battery Park and the Hope Garden, which is dedicated to AIDS victims, and then amble down Emma Lazarus Walk to enjoy old New Amsterdam. Meet on the front steps of the Custom House (732-270-5277); \$10.

East Village Tales & Taverns—1/17 at 6 P.M. Explore the legends and lore of this ever-changing neighborhood on a tour of four of its most historic and

broadcasting and explains how and why the media fail us. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859).

Maureen Seaton & Denise Duhamel—1/14 at 7 P.M.: The two read from their collaborative poetry collection, *Exquisite Politics*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Realness & Rhythms—1/15 at 7 P.M.: A poetry reading with Carol Rosenfeld, Janis Astor del Valle, Dan Bacalzo, Luz Maria Gordillo, D'Jahma Sentwali, Billy Fogerty, and Kenya Blue. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Tommy Tune—1/18 at 8 P.M.: The legendary Broadway performer and multiple-Tony-award winner discusses his memoir *Footnotes*. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$18.

A Martin Luther King Day Tribute to Ralph Ellison—1/19 at 8:15 P.M.: The author of the 1952 American classic, *Invisible Man*, is remembered with a program of readings and reminiscences by those who knew and admired him, featuring Saul Bellow, John F. Callahan, R. W. B. Lewis, James Alan McPherson, and Albert Murray. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$12.

Lectures and Panels

Geisha: The Art and the Life—1/12 at 6:30 P.M.: Arthur Golden (*Memoirs of a Geisha*) and Jodi Cobb (*Geisha: The Life, the Voices, the Art*) shed light on the subject. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th

intriguing taverns. Meet at Astor Place in front the No. 6 Subway kiosk (969-8262); \$10 (cost of drink and tips not included).

Old Chelsea—1/18 at 2 P.M. Tour stately Chelsea, a quaint old neighborhood brimming with secrets. Meet in front of the Flatiron Building, at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Ave., and 43rd St. (969-8262); \$10.

Martin Luther King Jr. Day in Historic Harlem—1/19 at 1 P.M.: Celebrate the holiday with a tour through the historically rich hub of African-American culture. Stops include the Abyssinian Church, Striver's Row, and sites associated with literary legends Langston Hughes and Zora Neale Hurston. Meet at the northwest corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave. at the Schomburg Center. (439-1090); \$9.

Events

44th Winter Antiques Show—1/16-25: The Seventh Regiment Armory is the setting for this annual event benefiting programs run by the East Side Settlement House. Every object in this staggeringly large show is authenticated by a vetting committee of more than 100 art and antique experts from across the country, and all manner of furniture, decorative arts, and fine arts is available. Park Ave. at 67th St. The \$16 admission includes a catalogue. Call 718-292-7392 for further information.

Sacred Heart Antiques Show—1/16 from 4 to 8 P.M., 1/17-1/18 from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.: The Convent of the Sacred Heart Antiques Show will be faithfully held at the historic Otto Kahn Mansion and the 75-year-old James Burden Mansion (the two adjoined landmark buildings that make up the Sacred Heart School) for its seventh year. More than 55 select dealers will grace the "resplendent" rooms, displaying a multitude of highly coveted tchotchkes and age-old objects of beauty. Wendy Management has gathered its finest dealers of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American, English, Oriental, and Continental furniture, decorative accessories, and jewelry, rare books, maps, prints, and art. To benefit the Sacred Heart Building Fund. The Sacred Heart School, 1 E. 91st St. (772-4745); \$10.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Find a daily Web-site pick in "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) and leave the clicking up to us. This week: A Webzine from the Enterprise Foundation focuses on solving the problems of real communities rather than worrying about creating virtual ones; a searchable database proves that Big Brother real-

Tribute Imagine if the U.S. had a holiday in honor of a feminist (Susan B. Anthony), and that on this holiday a woman writer was fêted ("A Susan B. Anthony Day Tribute to Flannery O'Connor"). The implication—that there are "writers" and "woman writers"—would likely provoke an outcry from latter-day suffragettes. So what to make of the 92nd Street Y's "A Martin Luther King Day Tribute to Ralph Ellison," which seems to assume that the author of *Invisible Man* was primarily notable for his race? Maybe it's partly the media's fault, what with our insistence on a peg—that is, a reason to feature something *now*, rather than later or not at all. Or maybe January 19 just happened to be a convenient day for Saul Bellow, R. W. B. Lewis, James Alan McPherson, et al. to celebrate their friend. In any case, this is a good panel for a great writer, if also an unconscious insult to King's politics and Ellison's literature. (See listings.)

ly is watching—but, luckily, all of us in the cyberworld can watch along with him; and a computer headquarters brought to you by the extremely informed and organized folks at c|net serves up good deals for smart shoppers. While you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, read our latest neighborhood guide, "50 Ways to Love Park Slope," by Alexandra Lange; check out our expanded, searchable "Cue" section; and enjoy selected articles from the current issue.

Sports

Fire and Ice—In a sports town like New York, where every loss is a sign of the apocalypse, the fact that Rangers coach Colin Campbell has so far walked the tabloid minefield relatively unscathed is amazing. Especially when you consider the fire Knicks' coach Jeff Van Gundy has drawn since Ewing went down. The beleaguered coach lost the linchpin of his entire offense, yet the tabs make it sound like the center's shattered wrist was some radical strategy to get Buck Williams more minutes. And this is a winning team only a couple of games out of first place, as opposed to the Blueshirts, a losing team more painful to watch than Urkel. The off-the-record word from Rangers players is that Campbell's tight-fisted coaching is the reason for the team's cramped style of play, making "Soupy's" imperviousness to bad press even more baffling. The double standard probably has everything to do with expectations—after Messier left, the air went out of the hopes for the Rangers, but this was finally, actually, swear-to-God, going to be the breakthrough year for the Knicks. Campbell gets an undeserved rest this weekend during the NHL All-Star break while poor Van Gundy toils on beneath the slings and arrows of his outrageous misfortune with a home game versus the tough Hawks and one away in Toronto. See *Game Week* for team schedules.

GAME WEEK

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
RANGERS	TOR MSG 7:30PM		NY SC 7:30PM				
ISLANDERS	DET SC 7:30PM		TAM SC2 7:30PM				ALL-STAR GAME 4PM
DEVILS	BOS SC 7:30PM		NY SC 7:30PM				
KNICKS		ATL MSG 7:30PM				TOR MSG 12:30PM	
NETS	TOR SC 7PM	CHA SC 7:30PM		LAC SC 7:30PM		ATL SC 7:30PM	
	1/12	1/13	1/14	1/15	1/16	1/17	1/18

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kids

Dream...Chamber Music...Powwow

Children's Events

Classics With Strings—PUPPETWORKS' *Cinderella*, adapted from the 1697 French story by Charles Perrault, is set in eighteenth-century France. The lavish production—with romantic music by Jules Massenet, composer of the operatic version of the story "Cendrillon"—includes elegant "ombres chinoise," silhouetted figures going to the ball. Weekends through April 5 at 12:30 and 2:30. 338 Sixth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-3391). Reservations required. \$7, \$5 for children. Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhouse at the **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE** presents *Humpty Dumpty Falls in Love*, weekends at 1:30, and another version of *Cinderella*, this one participatory and comedic. Through 3/1 at 3:30. 39 Grove St. (741-6436); \$8.

Speaking Out—THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN invites kids to watch Martin Luther King Jr.'s famous "I Have a Dream" speech and record their own hopes and wishes for the CMOM in-house television station. 1/17 to 1/19. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234); \$5, \$2 for seniors. ●

Cyber-Musings—THE PARENTS LEAGUE holds a forum—open to all comers free of charge—on the subject of "Techno-kids." Speakers, including an author, an IBM executive, and a local headmaster, will discuss issues raised by computer technology and the Internet. The focus will be on using these tools to expand children's horizons and enhance their creativity. 1/13 from 6 to 7:30. The Rodeph Sholom School, 7 W. 83rd St. (737-7385). Reservations required. ●●

Down by the Riverside—Listen to quirky original songs like "A Snake Named LaRue" as well as familiar Woody Guthrie and Beatles tunes at an hourlong concert for children. The concert, intended for 4-to-7-year-old kids and their parents, is the first of a series of three children's concerts at **THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH**. 1/17 at 1. 91 Claremont Ave., between 120th and 122nd Sts. (870-6784); \$5 for adults, \$2 for children. ●

The Adventures of Slap and Tickle—DANCE THEATER WORKSHOP brings physical humor and high jinks to a matinee of short dance works, including "It's Not What You Think," a duet about friendship by Heidi Latsky and Lawrence Goldhuber. 1/17 at 3. 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077). ●

Powwow—Part reunion, part Native American showcase, the Thunderbird American Dancers' Powwow benefits the group's scholarship fund—bringing together more than ten distinct tribes from all over the country. Dine on venison, fried bread, and other Native fare; dances include a buffalo dance

Ground Rules:
● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

(from the Hopi tribe), a jingle-dress dance (from the Northern Plains people), and a shawl dance (from the Oklahoma tribes). **THEATER FOR THE NEW CITY**, 155 First Ave. (254-1109). Regular performances are 1/16 at 8, 1/17 at 8, and 1/18 at 5. A special children's matinee is 1/18 at 2. Tickets are \$10; accompanied children under 12, \$1. ●

Dog-Eared—At Nightlight for Kids, a free Sunday series of literate afternoons for kids, artist William Wegman shows off his newest book, *Puppies*—more glorious excuses for photographic weimaraner still lifes. 1/18 at 3. **DRAWING CENTER**, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166). ●●

Ballet in the Afternoon—THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET's Family Matinee Series presents *Jewels*, preceded by a 45-minute introduction and discussion. 1/17 at 2. **THE NEW YORK STATE THEATRE** at Lincoln Center, 63rd St. and Columbus Ave. (870-5570). Individual tickets are \$15-\$68.

Dance and Hocus Pocus—Batoto Yetu, an accomplished children's dance ensemble whose name is Swahili for "our children," performs in vibrantly colored costumes. 1/19 at 2:30. Circus performer Mr. Fish conjures magic with the help of natural forces. His performance, "Phenomenal Physics," is 1/17 at 1:30 and 3. **THE BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**, 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4402). Suggested admission is \$3 per person. ●

Underground Railroad—Freedom Train, which combines stirring traditional music of the Civil War era with Harriet Tubman's true-life story of heroism, is perennially one of **THEATREWORKS'** most popular productions. 1/17 and 1/18 at 12:30. Next week, *Little Red Riding Hood* (a New York premiere) brings a sly modern sensibility to the tale. 1/24, 1/25, 1/31, and 2/1. 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Individual tickets are \$18.50; a flexible ten-ticket subscription is \$145.

Note of Intrigue—In the first of three concerts intended to introduce children to chamber music, Inspector Pulse gets tangled up in compositions by Haydn, Beethoven, Dvorák, Mendelssohn, and Bruce Adolphe. Distinguished performers include the Borromeo String Quartet and rising young pianist Melvin Chen. 2/1 at 1 and 3. Subsequent "Meet the Music" concerts are "The Magical World of Maurice Ravel" (also in the Merkin Concert Hall; 3/1 at 1 and 3), and "Nature's Musicians: Birds!" (Alice Tully Hall;

3/15 at 2; with compositions by Handel, Saint-Saëns, Britten, and Messiaen. Lincoln Center's Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (875-5788). Individual concert tickets are \$12; \$30 for the series of three.

Feeding Little Faces—Martha Kimmel, author of *Mommy Made and Daddy Too!* talks on "First Foods to Finger Foods—How to Cook Meals Baby Will Love" over—how appropriate—lunch. Upcoming New Mommies Network topics include getting the kid a career in the movies and cajoling him or her to get some sleep. This week's meal is at **ARTEPASTA**, 106 W. 73rd St. 1/15 at noon. \$22 includes lunch. Reservations are required (769-3846).

Fighting Chance—NEW YORK BUDO opens its doors for an informative Little Ninja Day. Students will demonstrate Japanese-martial-arts skills, and a talk about child self-protection will be given by Stephen Hayes, "father of American Ninjutsu." 1/17 from noon to 4. 12 W. 27th St. (725-7388). (The event benefits St. Jude Children's Research Hospital.) \$5 for adults who are accompanied by children; \$10 for unaccompanied adults; children are free.

Listening In—Bang the Lion, Bow the Panda, Buzz the Bee, and Toot the Bird take kids on a musical adventure at next week's **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY** concert for children ages 3 to 5, called "Do You Hear What I Hear." The program—part of a Lolli-Pops three-concert series—will include Aaron Copland's "Hoe-Down" from *Rodeo*, George Gershwin's "Lullaby," an excerpt from Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," and Mussorgsky's "Ballet of the Chicks in Their Shells." 1/24 at 12:30 and 2; 1/25 at 10:30 and noon. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute, 55 E. 59th St. (704-2100). \$32.

Family Dancing—"Step 1: Dance at **THE NEW VICTORY**" introduces young audiences to the world of dance with a mixture of traditional ballet and new work by emerging choreographers—all danced by the members of the American Ballet Theater Studio Company. Included in the program is "Carnival of the Animals," choreographed by the company's own John Seyla. 1/16 through 1/18. 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); \$10. ●

Creature Feature—Christopher Agostino transforms faces of audience volunteers into animals during a storytelling extravaganza called "Heads and Tales"—with the help of makeup artists and other visual imagery. 1/17 at 1. **THE KIDS THEATRE AT THE KNITTING**

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Sweet Honey in the Rock is a quintet of a cappella songstresses (right, with sign-language interpreter) who like to be known, collectively, as "she." Never mind it's their *they*-ness—the energy and harmony from five voices' coming together—that makes their children's repertoire jump. As the 24-year-old group's songs, like the uptempo spiritual "I Got Shoes," tend to proclaim: It's okay to be different. January 18 at 2; Washington Irving High School, 40 Irving Place (at 16th Street). Tickets are \$12 in advance (274-1948), \$14 at the door.



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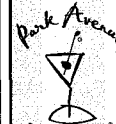
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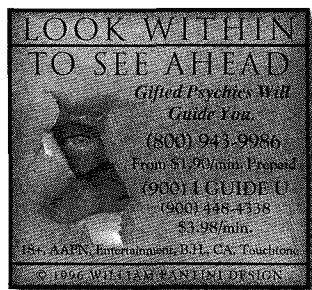
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White Knight—Recently single, high-caliber male (Jewish), Harvard (MA), international business and eclectic writer, creative spirit, adventurous, successful, 40s, good soul, "the right stuff" looks, Manhattan, seeks emotionally rich, fearless and sophisticated rare gem. See photo website www.WHITEKNIGHT1.com for more complete picture. Or head straight to GO... Photo and material to: 1297 ☐

Touch Of Class—Really good-looking, exciting, sexy man, 5'10", 171, 59, truly likes women, emotionally and financially secure. Loves romantic cafes, movies, music, country inns and museums. Seeks a very beautiful, gracious, smart, slender, sensual woman with pizzazz, passion, wit, sense of style, loves to explore life, 47-56. Note/photo, please. 1195 ☐

Successful, New Age—Nonreligious, good-looking Jewish entrepreneur seeks his soul mate. Alternating Manhattan with north Miami and East Hampton. You should be a slim, 40ish, attractive nonsmoker who sees the glass half full and finds that laughter flows easily. Great legs a plus. Manhattan or LI. Current picture a must. 1208 ☐

Down-To-Earth Corporate President—Incurably romantic, good-looking guy, cuddly, with zest for laughter, life, fun, 5'10", slim, 43, loving. Seeks sincere, empathic woman under 37, for hope, love, family. Phone/photo a must. 1303 ☐

Looking For Howard Roark Type—("The Fountainhead"). You are self-assured, strong, kind, love to laugh, handsome, emotionally and financially secure, age 32-40. I am ditto in a female, 35, pretty and fit, love the country as well as the city. Note/photo/phone. 1218 ☐

Big Heart, Gentle Hands, Warm Eyes 46, 6', 185, manly good looks, boyish spark. Capable of emotional intimacy, humble, yet often reminded that I am an intuitive, caring, witty and sensual man. Seeks an extraordinary woman, 28-48, for a soulful relationship who is sensitive yet strong, physically beautiful, mentally agile and moves through life with a creative and adventurous rhythm. I live in Pastoral Southern VT with office and showroom in NYC. Lots of time and energy for the right match. Let's go riding on my quarter horses and then I'll cook you a gourmet dinner. I'm for real! Are you? 1316 ☐

Athletic, Accomplished Female Attorney—Happy to be reading Conrad, Wharton or Hardy, but prefer to be cycling in Tuscany. Slim, pretty, Jewish, affectionate...ready to meet open, verbal male (40s) who understands that life would be better with the right partner. Sense of humor a plus. Photo, please. 1274 ☐

If You're A Man—Who's missing only that one special woman in your otherwise happy, successful life, and if you're fun to be with, fascinating to talk to, love the arts, sports, the city, the country and someone to share them with, this attractive, affectionate, 5'9" Wasp redhead with great legs, a young 50, would like to hear from you. Note/photo/phone, please. 1221 ☐

I'm Here! Where Are You?—Where does a spirited, cute, young-looking, 48, petite, happy, loveable, honest, divorced Jewish mom find a nice-looking, fun-loving, divorced Jewish (not religious) man, 47-53, under 6', who is financially secure, emotionally stable and healthy? Maybe this is the place. Likes: dining, movies, boating, traveling, outdoors, indoors, holding hands and cuddling. Goal: to find that right person to share good times, bad times, laughs, feeling, love and dreams of happily ever after (I still believe). If you feel we might be compatible, please note/photo/phone. P.S. I'm a (516). 1318 ☐

Needle In Haystack—Good-looking Jewish guy, 35, 5'10", warm, funny, intuitive - athlete, artist, MD. Seek way-smart, slim, athletic, down-to-earth Jewish woman (with pitchfork), for best friend and so much more. Note/photo appreciated - will exchange. 1268 ☐

Seeking My Soul Mate—Single Jewish man, 38, warm, sentimental, affectionate and fit, seeks an exceptionally bright, spirited woman for marriage of the heart and mind. Pleasures range from the serious (opera, languages and literature) to the pedestrian (well, I do like to walk)...to the downright silly (no confessions in print). Will take a size twelve over the "waif look" any day, but a generous spirit is the only sine qua non. Photo appreciated. 1248 ☐

Wintering In South Florida—Pretty Connecticut socialite seeks kind, very generous gentleman (55-75) for fun and future. Let's be honest. I am elegant and proper yet sexy and passionate...own a vintage waterfront home and enjoy membership in an exclusive yacht and country club. In return, please be open-minded, patient, emotionally supportive, willing and able to afford dual residences and this wonderful lifestyle. CT/NYC/south FL. Note/photo a must. 1197 ☐

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Single Jewish Professional Guy—33, with wood-burning fireplace, seeks single Jewish female with popcorn to pop and Blockbuster card. Likes collecting cool passport stamps, rollerblading with nephews, movies in Bryant Park. Looking for someone with a silly side, who prefers sneakers to heels, hiking trails to finger-nails. Mary Ann not Ginger. Send photo, note and favorite travel story. 1222 ☐

Scrabble Challenge—Have board, will travel. Kindhearted, romantic, muscular man, 51, seeks to share adventurous travel, workouts in the gym, tear-jerkers and edge-of-your-seat dramas, biking in the park, dancing to a good beat and rooting for NY sports teams. Please be 39-50, natural-looking (jeans), in good shape/athletic. Note/photo appreciated. 1271 ☐

Handsome, Successful MBA—38, fit, Jewish, 5'11", 170 lbs - enjoys candlelight dinners, movies, theater, music, tennis and long romantic walks. I am seeking a spark with an intelligent, pretty, under-40 (please), nonsmoking Jewish woman who can be my best friend/lover forever. Photo/note required. 1243 ☐

Seeking A High-Powered NYC Man—To love. Do you enjoy fine art, dining and travel? Very pretty blond (former model), 5'9", 37, creative, with a strong work ethic, warm heart, quick wit and an easy laugh. Note/photo, please. 1193 ☐

Cute, Stylish, Slightly Mischievous—Female, 45 going on 35, traditional sensitivities, downtown sensibilities, seeks smart, grounded, witty male to have "a time" with. Note/photo, please. 1280 ☐

Gay White Female—35, doctor, striking, sincere, sensuous, sophisticated femme - seeks health-conscious MD/PhD/JD to share life. 1308 ☐

Where Are You?—You're not in the Hamptons or at the benefits because I haven't met you. You're not in the bars because I don't go there. You're apt to be on the greens, slopes, courts, beaches, out dining with family and friends enjoying life. But something is missing. Me, 36, Jewish, refined professional, 5'6", thin Jennifer Anniston twin - funny, affectionate, sensitive, fit, adventurous, stylish Manhattanite seeks fit, successful, handsome, upbeat, bright, witty, polished guy, 35-45, ready for the love of his life. Photo/note. 1317 ☐

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New Year's Dream—To meet intelligent, accomplished, fit, sensitive, 35-49-year-old professional male (Jewish) for me to respect, love and cherish. You must be financially and emotionally able to move on with your life. I'm warm, sweet, smart, slender, spunky, pretty, fun, fit, emotionally and financially secure, 30s, JD, with a great smile and varied interests. Non-smoker only. Note/photo, please. 1250☒

1998 Could Be Our Year—I'm: single Jewish female, 35. You're: single Jewish male, 33-40. We both like the good life and we're both looking for that special someone to share it with, forever. 1220☒

Love Is All You Need...—And an attorney/writer (fictional pieces), 46, kind, funny and attractive guy, seeks soulful, pretty woman with expressive face, who can make me laugh. Note/photo appreciated. 1251☒

NYC Catch (Male Variety) Till 2060—Intelligent, slim, educated, eclectic and cosmopolitan but no snob, fit, sense of humor, promises commitment (respect and fun all the time and flowers every week) till 2060! You: female, late 30s-early 40s, petite, slim, intelligent, city lover, humor, educated and want a family. 1192☒

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Wanted: Best Friend Forever—By handsome, playful, diverse CEO, 38, to sparkle eyes of passionate, confident Jewish woman of integrity. Photo. 1277☒

Petite Jewish Professional—Seeks trim, bright man in 50s. 1253☒

Entrepreneur—Upper East Side Jewish woman, 38, 5'8", 125 lbs, attractive, fit, successful business owner. Enjoys working out, travel, opera, the stock market. Has gentle, sensitive nature yet energetic and fun-loving. Seeks very successful male, 37-47, 5'10" or taller, who has sharp mind and quick wit, for forever partner. Photo/note. POB 6015, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150

Very Pretty, Educated Jewish Female—Great figure, sincere and personable, seeks attractive Jewish male equivalent, 50-59, to care and share. 1298☒

Literary Light—Successful, much-praised author seeks equal fulfillment in personal life. I'm 48, a widower with a young son, and have a wide range of interests: theater, classical music, films, tennis, cooking and, of course, books. I'm seeking an attractive, fit, bright, spunky, energetic, life-embracing woman, 30-45, who is ready for a serious, committed relationship. Single moms and aspiring moms welcome. Note/photo. 1262☒

Very Good-Looking Blond Female—53, slim and athletic, searching for witty Renaissance man whose tastes run from opera at the Met and fine dining to exploring Turkey to home-cooked meals and good conversation. Should be tall, slim, Jewish, divorced or widowed professional between the ages of 52 and 65. Photo and personal note a must. 1259☒

I'm Ready—And am hoping to find that someone special! I'm a 32-year-old, financially successful male, 5'11", very muscular, 230 lbs, short brown hair/brown eyes. I come with two wonderful boys, 8 and 6, and seek an attractive, fun-loving, affectionate, family-oriented female, 25-34, who enjoys laughing, exercising and quiet evenings around the fireplace. If you feel you may be the one, please include a note and picture. 1301☒

Happy With My Life—But missing a special someone. I am a 40s, pretty, shapely blond, seeking an attractive, 40s or 50s, energetic, successful (gentle) man to cherish forever. Intelligence, sense of humor and warm heart a must. Life is short, but romantic sunsets await. Please send letter, photo and phone. 1200☒

Attractive, Educated European Lady—5'2", 105 lbs, 40s, seeks established, intelligent, marriage-minded, nonsmoking gentleman. 1247☒

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Very Successful TV Sports Personality—44 years old, tall, good-looking, very athletic, enjoys all aspects of NY living. Some of my interests include traveling, movies and sports. Looking for a woman who is under 38, in shape, beautiful on the outside as well as the inside, who has a heart of gold, as I do, plus a great sense of humor. Animal lover a plus. 1321☒

Beautiful, Athletic, Tall—Thin, PhD, 34, seeks young, clean-cut, MD/DDS/JD for fun and commitment. 1305☒

Handsome, Trim, Caring—Seeks slender, educated, classy lady, 50ish. Dance, travel... Photo/note. 1217☒

NJ—Christian, beautiful, well-educated, tall, slim blond seeks gentleman, 40-46, with strong Christian faith, integrity and top credentials. 1293☒

Great Guy—Handsome, athletic (enjoys tennis, running), adventurous, playful, huggable, successful Jewish professional, good catch - seeks classy, attractive lady under 44. Photo/note/phone. 1272☒

Warm, Witty—Accomplished man, handsomely 50, seeks sweet, cultured, refined lady, 35-45, possibly European. 1240☒

Warm, Witty, Successful Man—Manhattanite, good-looking, business owner, artistic, generous, eclectic tastes. 59, 5'9", divorced twelve years. Evolved, financially secure, in a great place and wants to share it with a great-looking, sexy, secure, youthful, bright lady. Love of the West a plus. Photo a must/phone. 1276☒

Northern Belle, (914)—Slim, pretty, 40, brunette, seeks degreed, cultured man, any age. Photo helpful. 1194☒

Single Dad With Writer's Hours—Successful author, 43, 6', with custody of small son. Young at heart, active and fun-loving, with varied interests. Seeking honest, kind woman with a sense of humor. Note/photo. 1236☒

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 1270☒

Beautiful, Smart Blond—43, seeks great guy under 52. Note/photo. 1287☒

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Cute, Petite Clinical Social Worker—Bright, sincere, caring Manhattanite seeks intelligent, fit, sensitive, kind, warm, playful professional man, 40-52, for friendship and possible romance. 1304 ☒

Reward—My friends bet that I cannot find an intelligent, athletic, independent, confident, financially/emotionally secure single white male, 30-42. I'm a single white female, 31, JD/MBA/entrepreneur, triathlete, skier, athletic outdoor enthusiast who hates to lose. Send photo and note. 1254 ☒

Upbeat, Handsome, Fun-To-Be-With—Great sense of humor, 52, young at heart, seeking an attractive, fit, upbeat, sensuous female, early-late 40s, to share great times. Note/photo/photo a must. 1232 ☒

Cute, Passionate Female—47, Irish, telecom professional, seeks male, 40s, loyal friend. Fun, laughter, travel. 1300 ☒

Help!—My best friend has horrendous taste in men. She's a wonderful, warm, gorgeous, spirited designer with old-fashioned values. She loves music, traveling, arts and laughter. She'll make you laugh so hard you'll cry. Please, my New Year's resolution is to marry her off to the right guy. I'm very protective of her, so you have to get past me first. Send photo and why you think you deserve her. P.S. She has a twinkle in her eye. 38-45. 1312 ☒

East European Woman—54, pretty, seeks nice man, 54-69, for marriage. Photo please. 1295 ☒

Co-Parent Wanted—Stable, financially secure, trim, healthy, nonreligious Jewish man - loves kids, never married. Seeks to co-parent with emotionally mature woman who wants to be a single mom. 1212 ☒

Handsome Gay Musician—40, 6'2", physically fit, Jewish, romantic, politically progressive, warm, open, educated and affectionate. Many interests including travel to Israel. Seeking serious relationship with together, out-of-the-closet, good-looking man, 25-45, with integrity and warm sense of humor. 1310 ☒

Good-Looking, Down-To-Earth—Successful and fun guy, late 30s, with great sense of humor, athletic and passionate about life, Jewish (nonreligious), seeks a 26-36-year-old female who is very attractive and in great shape, has many of the above qualities, has a potential to be a best friend, and a personality that "gets it". Photo required. 1223 ☒

Savvy Editor—Slim, dark blond/blue-green, enticing smile, creative mind, Jewish, seeks intelligent and honest guy, 38-45. Photo. 1255 ☒

Tall, Good-Looking Male—35, sincere, sensitive, compassionate, looking to spend time with attractive, intelligent, upbeat female, 25-35, for love, laughter and affection. Enjoys theater, movies, dancing, dining and life. 1207 ☒

Gay White Male—55, likes opera, theater and being with the right person. Sincerity and sense of humor important. Seeks same. Note/number. 1291 ☒

Fiery Redhead—58, petite, widow, former educator, likes sports, golf, restaurants, theater, travel, FL/NY. In search of energetic, professional Jewish male, 58-65, nonsmoker. Reply only if stable and charming. Note/recent photo. 1319 ☒

Tall And Slim—40, brown hair/brown eyes. I like fine dining, theater, travel and exercise. Seek a man over 6', financially secure, 40-50. Note/photo. 1225 ☒

Colony Club Member Wanted—By European woman, for friendship. 1210 ☒

It Took A Long Time To Get Here—But I'm right on time. Doesn't mean as much without you! Creative Jewish CEO/ NYC guy, 36, 170 lbs, 5'9", good-looking, sexy, charm, wit, humor and class. Seeks what is most important. She's 27-37. Enjoys travel, ski, beach and city life. Together we can make up a great life about how we finally met. Words/photo a must! 1252 ☒

A Great Catch—Successful Jewish man of 48, with no dependents, seeks attractive, passionate, devoted woman. Photo/ note/phone. 1234 ☒

Professional Man, 45—Blue-eyed, athletic Manhattanite seeks vivacious, sophisticated woman, 28-45, who is bright, creative, pretty and slim, and who has retained her sense of humor and remained reasonably unjaded. Photo, if possible. POB 192, NYC 10014

Pretty Editor Seeks Bookish Guy—Girl-next-door type, lapsed CT Wasp, 36, looking to meet a kind, upbeat, attractive man, mid 30s-early 40s. Favorite author: Richard Ford. Favorite show: The News Hour with Jim Lehrer. Character flaw: likes watching "The Nanny". What's your story? Note/photo, please. 1244 ☒

Tennis Anyone?—Spunky, 23-year-old Jewish redhead seeks partner to change dreary NYC winter into nights on the town and weekends at the gym. Me: 5'6", 120 lbs, attractive, very fit, former college varsity athlete, down-to-earth, nonsmoker. Send note/picture. Caution: must enjoy athletic women. 1311 ☒

Looking For Life And Laughter—You should be stylish, smart, and your natural beauty should be accompanied by a warm, caring, easygoing style. About me: male with European roots, 38, happy, enjoys life, good-natured and adore older women. Looking to make a connection with a very special, 45 and more female. Note/photo, please. 1313 ☒

Very Pretty, Slender, Classy—Honey blond with great legs, late 30s, exquisite taste and heart of gold. Enjoys running, the beach, skiing and opera. Teacher of the year. Divorced Catholic female (no kids). Looking for financially secure, kind, attractive man. 1260 ☒

Skier Only - Unique Situation—Looking for a single male, 38-45, easygoing, handsome, athletic, sophisticated, with healthy state of mind and solid income to be a ski buddy (open to possible relationship) for one week with: a 5'7", 120 lbs, athletic and confident blond woman who has exclusive accommodations - ski in Colorado mid-March. You buy your own air and lift tickets, all else covered. Need to book soon. Note/photo/photo. 1288 ☒

Older Man Desired—Very pretty, thin, smart, sexy, kind, rich, fun, 30s. Seeks charming, worldly, successful man, 50-70, to pamper with love, loyalty, warmth and respect he deserves. POB 919, NYC 10025

Handsome (30) Male - PhD Candidate—Has available for investment: intelligence, humor, romance...in exchange for relationship with beauty and charm. Note/ picture please. 1206 ☒

Latina Sweetheart Sought—By Jewish professional, 39, tall, handsome, sweet, kind, caring, affectionate, loyal - seeks soul mate for forever. 1158 ☒

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Unusually Attractive—Young Jewish man, successful, seeks same in woman. Photo. 1230 ☒

Happy New Year—Brunette widow, attractive, home owner, business owner - enjoy travel, tennis, romantic nights by the fireplace. Seeking attractive, upbeat business owner - good-looking, educated and nice, easygoing disposition, to enjoy the good life together. 55-65, no higher. Photo. 1290 ☒

Tall Jewish Male—Handsome, slim, blue eyes, humorous, active 58 - likes dining, theater, museums. Seeks pretty lady, any religion, for friend/lover, maybe more. (212)/(516)/(718) - all okay. 1214 ☒

As Good As It Gets—Feminine, fit, fun-loving Jewish widow, nonsmoker, great smile, seeks bright, upbeat, unpretentious gentleman, widowed/divorced, 49-57, for best friend, special soul mate. 1279 ☒

Let's Start The New Year Off Right—Successful businessman, Jewish, 46, tired of the singles scene and game-playing, seeks honest woman, 30-39, for marriage and commitment. Enjoys travel, movies, dancing, museums, romantic settings with wine. Photo/phone. 1299 ☒

Teacher With Class—Pretty, slender blue-eyed blond - has warmth and wit - seeks caring Jewish man, 48-58, 5'6"-6", to share zest for life. 1256 ☒

Warm, Funny, Attractive—Ambitious, financially secure, personable attorney, single Jewish male, 38, 6' tall, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, seeks comparable, compatible, for long-term relationship. Enjoys movies, theater, swimming, spectator sports, cuddling and schmoozing. Please be between 28 and 34, bright, Jewishly committed, pretty, and have a sense of humor. Photo/note/phone, please. 1188 ☒

Tall Woman—Very attractive, trim, 50s, seeks man in 50s who not only appreciates my external appearance, but truly values my internal essence - my emotions, openness, vulnerability, sensitivity and humor. Photo, please. 1283 ☒

Marriage-Minded, Secure Jewish MBA—Handsome, 38, 6', thin, with great sense of humor - enjoys movies, beach, conversation and fun. Seeks cute, pretty, petite female, 25-35, who is smart, playful, romantic and can be silly and serious, for future together. Photo/note. 1239 ☒

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New York Magazine's Pre-Valentines Party

WED., FEBRUARY 11
At The Copa

See next issue for Details.

Gentleman Adventurer—Divorced white male, handsome, virile, brave and flawed, 52, seeking slim, spirited adventuress, 10-15 years younger, for everlasting love and the chance to raise a child or two. 1233 ☒

My New Year's Wish—To meet an incredible man with a sweet and loving personality, honest, sincere and joyful heart, strong, solid and emotionally steady, who would be true to himself and to me, with lots of fire and passion on the inside. If you have these qualities, I really want to meet you. I'm 38 years old, very attractive, Jewish (you needn't be), 5'3", brown hair/eyes, professional, seeking my soul mate. Photo/letter/phone. 1213 ☒ ☒

Well-Bred, Sapient Investment Banker—Traditional values, great shape/looks, 39, seeks to spoil an erudite, attractive 30s cover girl with high standards. Note/recent photo. 1227 ☒

Ragin' Asian—Fit, rugged, 30 years student of life, seeking fun-loving gal of similar ethnicity to kick off new year on the right foot. Passion for cooking a plus. Photo/note. 1245 ☒

Co-Conspirator Sought—By slightly upstate (914), 57-year-old male. Should tolerate fast cars, slow airplanes, strange places and occasional black diamonds. GQ reject but not feloniously ugly. Can be dressed up and taken anywhere. Seeking bright, attractive woman with a sense of adventure and the ability to be disorderly in a dignified manner. Photo appreciated. 1228 ☒

Jewish Millionaire—Unique, multifaceted wheeler-dealer, college grad, 58, 6'3", 230, intelligent, ambitious, unconventional, self-made, street-smart - seeks sharp, sexy soul mate/playmate, best friend, 30-45. Photo. 1226 ☒

Sweet 50ish Woman—For as good as it gets with fit, family-type man. 1278 ☒

Great Guy—Attractive, successful, romantic man, 40, 5'10" - likes sports, the arts and travel. Looking for a 27-38, smart, sexy woman for romance. Note/photo. 1306 ☒

Very Attractive Woman—Slim, warm, sensitive, upbeat, highly accomplished, 40s, Jewish, seeks exceptional man. 1072 ☒

Bad Ad Writer—But good person nonetheless. I'm a down-to-earth, warmhearted, good-looking Manhattan male, 36, who loves theater, movies, sports, Central Park. Seeking a bright, attractive Jewish woman who converses easily, smiles frequently, cares deeply. Photo, please. 1273 ☒

Good-Looking, Athletic Jewish Male—Bisexual, 40, 6', 180, healthy, seeks attractive, fun Jewish female with good values and a desire to build a family. 1204 ☒ ☒

Pretty, Slim—Divorced white female, 34, 5'6", 120 lbs, account executive, former aerobics instructor, seeks handsome, fit, charming professional male, 35-44. Note/photo. 1237 ☒ ☒

No Fancy Words!—Down-to-earth, slim, pretty, educated, sincere lady with a zest for life seeks man, 47-55, for life partner. POB 41, Colonia, NJ 07067

Bright, Attractive, Compassionate—Jewish male, 44, 5'11", 185, successful professional, is seeking a serious (and fun!) relationship with a warmhearted, compassionate, bright, attractive Jewish woman who shares my desire for a friend and companion leading to marriage and children. I enjoy long walks, talking, music, food, biking and tennis (and my friends tell me I can charm senior citizens and kids alike!). Photo/note please. 1292 ☒

Manhattan Only—Jewish lady, petite in height but high in spirit, 69 years young, attractive, smart, sharp, French culture, seeks free Jewish gentleman, same age, healthy, charismatic, good sense of humor, generous, for loving companionship (stock exchange addicted/cheap, don't respond!). Handwritten note/photo. 1185 ☒

Handsome Professional—41, tall, fit, trim, part-time dad with full head of hair, would like to meet female counterpart who would rather read King than Cosmo. Photo/note. 1267 ☒

Sincere, Down-To-Earth—Accomplished, single white Catholic female, 38, with sense of humor, high integrity; a marathoner who enjoys working out, movies, quiet dinners and museums. Seeks bright, financially stable, secure with himself, 35-42, single white male with charm, polish, and an athletic streak, to form workout pair for life. Nonsmokers only. Note/photo appreciated. 1315 ☒

A Love For Life—If you're a never-married, attractive woman, slim to petite, 27-39, who shares the dream of a lifetime with one person filled with romance, children, laughter and love, this good-looking, athletic (5'10", 180 lbs), never-married, normal Catholic man would love to meet you. Live LI, work NYC. Photo, please. Dog lover a plus. Thanks. 1190 ☒

I Am A Single White Female—42, pretty, candidate, witty, PhD candidate in English lit, with diversified interests: equestrian, tennis, opera, running, great books. You are attractive, accomplished, educated, athletic, single white male, 40-45, with sensitivity, intelligence, humor and verve. Life's a trip - there is still lots to do! Personal note/photo, please. 1211 ☒

Beautiful, Bright, Slim—37, Jewish professional who is athletic, fit, has varied interests and is fun to be with, would like to meet an intelligent, sincere professional male, 37-45, for a lasting relationship. Note/photo appreciated. 1134 ☒ ☒

Appealing—Very fit, very trim, cute and sweet Jewish widow seeks cool gent, 65-75. 1238 ☒ ☒

Colorful Art Professor—Mid 40s, 5'6", fit, shapely, feminine. Loves travel, nature, animals. Seeks warm, unconventional man with wit and depth. Nonsmoker. 1199 ☒ ☒

Gambling Woman—Willing to make a final bet. Elegant, charming, offbeat and very easy on the eyes, would like to place all her chips on a winning man. 50 to 60-something are good numbers. 1294 ☒

My Wish—To find love and romance in the new year. Accomplished attorney (CT), Jewish, 39, 5'9", 165, divorced (father of one), good-looking, athletic, fun, sexy, elegant, witty, civic-minded. Prefers sushi over fried, Indians over Yankees (sorry), Snead over Woods, NY over LA, and Stones over Seal. Seeking bright, beautiful, classy, slim, vivacious woman, 29-41, to share warm beaches, sunsets and candlelight. Grant my wish. Note/photo. 1191 ☒

I Can Dream—What do you enjoy doing on a rainy Sunday or a beautiful moonlit night? I'm a 52-year-young woman looking for love, fun and adventure. Note/photo, please. 1249 ☒

Together Could Be Fun—Widow, beautiful, bright, affluent, looking for a Jewish gentleman - lives in Manhattan, 70ish, also affluent. Let's have fun! Note/photo/phone. 1284 ☒

Be Flexible—On politics and religion. Successful, handsome, healthy exec, 48, 5'11", needs a bright lady who values peace, nature, culture, NYC, and would love to start a family. (914)/(212)/(203). Note/photo. 1281 ☒

Professor Of Medicine—60, looks 45, athletic, 5'9", 155. Former model. Passions: Rilke, Godard, Knicks. Seeking smart, tender yet irreverent woman. Note and picture, please. 1242 ☒

Success Equals Adventure—Tall, athletic, Ivy-educated, very successful Wall Street entrepreneur (early 40s). Seeking dynamic single female (25-35), professionally accomplished (arts, business or media), independent-minded and intellectually challenging. Should also be tall, slim and sexy, with a vibrant personality. Photo and note. 1275 ☒

Tall, Blond And Very Attractive—Successful professionally, with a wide range of interests. Seeking a man, 47-57, who is also accomplished, intellectual, and, like me, is passionate about hiking, biking, the arts, music, travel, great restaurants and Italian cooking. Note/photo appreciated - but will also respond to phone messages. 1201 ☒ ☒

Pretty And Professional—Jewish Manhattanite, 37, slender and athletic, warm, easygoing and stable, seeks handsome, dynamic, interesting male for lasting relationship. Into the arts, cooking, biking, film and travel. Note/photo/phone. 1309 ☒ ☒

Pretty, Slim—33-year-old, Ivy-educated professional, Jewish, warm, witty and fun, with many interests. Tell me about yourself. Note/photo. 1265 ☒

Looks And Brains—Widow is looking for a serious, cultured gentleman, 60-65. Photo/note/telephone. 1263 ☒

MAN OF THE SEA

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that can never be put asunder.

See *SWEPT from the SEA* in theatres January 23

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Gay Jewish Man—30. NY's supposed to be the place to meet the perfect gay Jewish male. It should be easy to find a 25-35-year-old, Jewish, intellectual, good-looking, healthy, athletic Manhattanite. I should just be able to call 777-JEWS or something, press 2 for gays and find 50 Jewishly involved, warmhearted professional guys in my zip code alone - one of whom should one the guy for me. I thought NY was all about convenience! But seriously, I know I'm looking for someone who's hard to find. I'd love to hear from you. 1285 ☎

Terrific European Blond—5'7", seeks Wasp, fine man, 37-50, for love. 1302 ☎

Striking Blond—43, slender, sense of style and substantive, varied interests. Desires intelligent, attractive and accomplished man for lasting relationship, 40s-mid 50s. Note/photo, please. 1282 ☎

As Good As It Gets—Really pretty... very, very young late-40s female, slim, great shape inside and out, 5'6", original, successful, aware, creative, kind - seeks 6' plus, nonbalding, unusual male, 45-56, very handsome, bright, caring, generous, healthy, very successful. No smokers. Photo essential for reply, please. 1257 ☎

Pretty Westchesterite—45, divorced, classy female. Seeks single, employed, educated, tall gent for committed relationship. 1186 ☎

International Sweetheart—Lovely Euro-American blond, multilingual, strong Christian values, seeks same in continental Wasp gentleman, 40-52. Bio/photo. 1203 ☎

Romantic, Sensitive, Caring—Professional, single Jewish male, 39, seeks bright, petite, fun-loving single female, 30-38, to share fun times and more. 1314 ☎

Pretty Photographer—Seeks 40ish Jewish man with an enlightened soul, a pure heart and a twinkle in his eye. Photo appreciated. 1202 ☎

Pretty Woman—Lively, kind teacher seeks man, 60 plus, for the long run. 1205 ☎

Look No Further—Tall, handsome, fit Jewish business professional, 40, seeks pretty, vibrant, warm, funny, fit lady, 28-36, for friendship, love and life. Note, phone and photo requested. 1261 ☎

Financially Secure Man—Professional background, low-key, sensitive, fit, 63, Jewish, seeks NJ/(914), tall lady, toned, strong, athletic form. 1269 ☎

Incurable Romantic—Beautiful, bright, genuine Jewish woman, 40, seeks soul mate in attractive, intelligent, successful man with heart of gold, sense of humor, family values. Note/photo. 1229 ☎

Country Gay Man—Seeks companion to seize moment on calm lake and drive boat so this mid 50s, 6'2" late bloomer can slalom ski, or share cooking at Greek villa. Tall, lean gentleman preferred - though needn't be as outdoorsy...just willing to play city (or country) host and lure advertiser to relax. 1246 ☎

Attractive, Elegant, Successful—Fit Jewish brunette, 39, 5'7", who's smart, compassionate and warm, seeks Jewish man, 37-46, for long-lasting relationship. Must be handsome, 5'11" plus, athletic and physically fit, well-educated, emotionally and financially secure and accomplished, with a warm heart and a strong character. Please, no pre-existing kids. Nonsmoker only. Letter and recent photo, please. 1215 ☎

Successful, Good-Looking Surgeon—37, regular guy, no baggage, seeks sincere, upbeat lady, under 30/size 6, for long-term relationship. Photo/note/phone a must. 1209 ☎

Pretty, Ivy PhD—Warm, vivacious, fun-loving female seeks 40s, (212) male counterpart, smart, successful, with sense of humor, for happily ever after. 1219 ☎

Pretty, Petite Jewish MD—39. Honest, witty, adventurous. Likes music, dancing, movies, good wines, life in the city. Looking for confident, attractive professional, 36-44, to explore the possibilities of love and romance. Note with photo or e-mail to: ny328i@aol.com. 1189 ☎

Beautiful Female Physician—Elegant, refined, warmhearted, sensitive, affectionate, fun to be with. I enjoy music, dancing, theater, dining out. Seeking a kind, successful Jewish man, 40s-early 50s, for caring relationship. 1231 ☎

Mountain Beauty—Single Jewish female, 30, sexy and stylish, 5'6", 120, seeks single Jewish male, 30-42. If you love skiing, biking, live music, dining and travel, RSVP with note and photo. 1129 ☎

Very Pretty Brunette—34, 5'4", slim, Irish/Italian. Down-to-earth appreciation for the fine things in life. Please be fit, smart and a nonpracticing Christian. Enjoy the outdoors and the arts. Only photo gets reply. 1266 ☎

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Colette From Toronto—Thanks for a memorable New Year's Eve --From Mitch

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

For Virginia
You gave me life
You gave me love
You are my best friend
You are my mother.

—from "Four Men," by George Machado (Alluvial Press, 1998)

Above, the dedication from a real book. Competitors are invited to devise something ghastly along the lines of a dedication.

Results of Competition 897, in which you were asked to describe an event from Genesis in the style of a well-known individual.

Report: O Men O Women. O Cindy Adams. O Ben Jonson. O. Wilde. And G. Stein. Kipling, Grafton, Einstein, Mel Brooks, Lewis Carroll, Liz Smith, Johnnie Cochran, Scott Dilbert Adams, W. F. Buckley Jr., Conan Doyle, Melville, Spillane. Heavy stylists all and easy targets. O easy for Leonardo. Yet parodies from people in the eerie world of entertainment appealed to us more in this instance. Perhaps because their words on the page seemed fresher. Odder. Seen after being heard, don't you know. Of course you know. And not a moment too soon, you ask us.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

Let me tell you what's irritating. Here we have Joseph and his two nitwit brothers out herding sheep—yeah, I'll bet. Then Greenfield breaks the story about the moron brother's lame scheme to whack Joseph. Why? They don't like his dreams. Now today Brokaw, whom I love, talks about these two pathetic losers groveling at Joseph's feet now that he's king of Egypt. I mean, God Almighty, what were these two thinking? Huh? —DON IMUS

*Jim Cooper, Plainsboro, N.J.
sp. ment.: Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.*

In the beginning God created the heavens and this large sphere. —ALEX TREBEK
Wayne M. Ozzi, Staten Island.

I remember when I interviewed Noah. Older guy, with a beard. He was on the show promoting a book—Genesis, I think it was—and he did the whole number about the boat and the flood and the animals. I said to him, "Wild stuff, but I'm just a Jewish kid from Brooklyn, so I gotta believe it." Hey, I believe Rickles, too. —LARRY KING
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

"I'm so unhappy, why am I so unhappy?" said Eve to Adam. Suddenly a sound from the garden. "I am the serpent," said the snake, "I am your friend. Eat this and you'll know why you are bored." "If only we knew," sighed the couple as they took a bite,

"if only we knew." —ANTON CHEKOV
Jorge Jimenez, Hartford, Conn.

See these colored strips of cloths,
This damage wasn't done by moths.
It's such a shame.

This jacket's colors were not dull.
Till Joe played with an animull
That was not tame

And Joey I miss you / But I'm doin' fine.
I wish you had not been / Devoured by a line.
—BOBBY GOLDSBORO

David Felmet, Dayton, Ohio

She said: Take a bite and yes! I scored a bite. And the foul. And we saw ourselves as we were: naked and ashamed. She suggested we make clothes from the leaves of the fig tree and I said, I'll have whatever you're wearing.
—MARV ALBERT
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

And Honorable Mention to:

Did you ever wonder about God? If Adam had a paradise in Eden by himself, why did he need Eve? Do you think we'll ever get our rib back? Is God still resting? Is it still the seventh day? What will He do when He gets back to work on Monday? Do you think He'll fix things up? Do you think He'll do something about those inserts in magazines?
—ANDY ROONEY

Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

As the first drops hit the corrugated-iron roof, he gasped and rushed out onto the verandah. In his neighbor's yard, the ark loomed large against the dessicated remains of what once had been verdant foliage. How they had chortled over the curiosity he had built and the menagerie. The rain fell harder now, on a slant, forcing him back indoors.
—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

William Baldwin Young, N.Y.C.

Today's project is an interesting one. We're going to build a woman. You won't need plans, but pay close attention because you can make mistakes. Have your materials and tools ready and follow along . . . —BOB VILA
*John McCain, Mount Kisco, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.*

Noah's dinosaurs must have sunked,
Since all of them are now extinct.
—OGDEN NASH

*Helene Haduch, Washington, D.C.
sp. ment.: F. J. Dupignac Jr., Toms River, N.J.*

"Fiat lux," He said. I don't understand Italian (I wish I'd studied it in school), but I

guess that refers to one of their more expensive models. Which seems strange, because He hadn't created roads yet. Anyway, then He went on to create the Earth in His own image, or something like that . . . —DAN QUAYLE

*C. Olds, Freeport, Me.
sp. ment.: H. Rosenbaum, Englewood, N.J.*

So, Paul, I'm driving to work today when this old guy—he's got to be at least 600—pulls up beside me. He tells me his name is Noah, and that the Lord of Righteousness instructed him to build an ark because He's gonna wipe out the scuzz of the earth with a flood. And I'm thinking, Geez, isn't Mayor Giuliani getting a little carried away with this war-on-crime deal? —DAVID LETTERMAN
John D. Spalding, Hoboken, N.J.

. . . likewise his zon Eber and grandzon Pellig and great-grandzon Re'u and great-great-grandzon Serug. Zo many ofschpring. Don't they underschtand that zexually active people must use contrazeption? —RUTH WESTHEIMER

Marcia De Fren, Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Just because you're fleeing across the desert doesn't mean you can't make mealtime a bit more festive . . . —MARTHA STEWART
*Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.
sp. ment.: Douglas Braverman,
West Bloomfield, Mich.*

It's that time of year when we could all use a giant lift to our spirits, so why not get all your friends and neighbors together to build a tower to God? —MARTHA STEWART
*Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Elaine Stallworth, New Port Richie, Fla.*

Voice: The earth was without form and void.
Other Voice: Too good to last.
—SAMUEL BECKETT
Kevin B. Robinson, N.Y.C.

I was holed up in the palace, looking for a fresh pack of smokes, when I first eyed the Bathsheba dame. I know she was Uriah the Hittite's moll, but I nixed the little voice inside my head telling me she was trouble with a capital teth. —RAYMOND CHANDLER
*Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.
sp. ment.: David Morris, Douglaston, N.Y.*

. . . lack of struggle suggest victim know killer. No known enemies but No. 1 Son now conveniently out of town in Nod. Unfortunately must decline case. Cannot accept sheep as retainer. —CHARLIE CHAN
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

The coroner said the stone that killed Abel came from ten to twelve feet away, but Cain

was never closer to his brother than twenty feet. —OLIVER STONE

*Trip Plymale, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Emmett Keneally, Babylon, N.Y.*

Oh, don't let Shem begin the begat . . .

—COLE PORTER

Carleton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.

Our server slithers toward us bearing two dainty plates. "Compliments of the chef." But what is it? I take a tentative nibble. Heaven. My companion moans softly—a first at the dinner table. We're in ecstasy. Now I'm flagging our waitperson. Cancel dinner! Keep bringing this until we beg for mercy. But why, in the throes of this euphoria, do I suddenly feel less well dressed than my neighbor's salad? —GAEL GREENE

Elaine Anderson, N.Y.C.

Hey! He's never asked me to go hunting before. But Isaac goes. I don't know. He wants some quality time with the old man. Okay. But then Abraham wants to tie Isaac to a rock and hold a knife over his head?! I'm out of there!! —RICHARD LEWIS

James Sherman, Chicago, Ill.

Eve followed the serpent into the courtyard, where tables were clothed in the finest silks heaped with food. Roasts and hams were rotating over a fire. Casks of ale and wine flowed into endless steins and goblets. The serpent said, "Take and eat." Eve pointed to the tree in the center of the courtyard, laden with luscious red fruit. "No, Eve, that is the forbidden fruit." "Then that is what I must eat." —ANNE RICE

T. Nash, Winston-Salem, N.C.

My newest is called *Seven Days*—a musical of the Creation, with James Earl Jones as the Voice and including "In the Beginning," "Heaven on Earth," "And Then Came Man," "A Less-Than-Perfect World," and more. —ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Larry Mitchell, Dahlonega, Ga.

And on the seventh day I rested.

—NORMAN MAILER

Warren Randall, South Setauket, N.Y.

Noah lined them all up, the carroons and the nobtots, the lamhogs, the snuglets, the ramwobblers and footnots.

Then he lowered the gangway and marched them aboard. Two by two they ascended the Ark of the Lord.

And when Noah had sheltered each spoodle and zane, he looked up to the sky, and it started to rain. —DR. SEUSS

Gary Hirsch, N.Y.C.

Are you telling me you didn't mean to take the apple? Do I look like a fool to you, sir? Look, either you stole it or God is a liar. Get out of here. You shouldn't be in my court in the first place. —JUDGE JUDY

Betty Ann Kahn, Las Vegas, Nev.

Yess, yess! Abe climbs a mountain with his son and a knife, going to kill the little . . . child, and lets himself get talked out of it.

Enough to make you cry, my little dove—a wasted opportunity . . .

—W. C. FIELDS

Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

And He created the heavens and the earth, and then He told Accounting to write the users' manuals. —SCOTT ADAMS

*John Koch, Madison, Wisc.
sp. ment.: Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.*

O my dears, his father had a coat made up for him that was the most astonishing garment I ever have had the ill fortune to see—red, gold, green, purple, magenta, and some colors for which names remain to be found. What could he have been thinking?

—DIANA VREELAND

J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

. . . The garden's lovely, warm and free, But I have other spots to see, And sins to practice, fig-leaf-free.

—ROBERT FROST

Helene Martin Lynn, Bedford, N.Y.

Duty. Simple word. Says it all, though. Really. Duty. Noah. He knew it. He did it. Credit to his people. Built that, you know, that ark. Didn't ask why. Just did it. My God, all those animals . . . Didn't listen to the liberals. Knew what was right. Did a darn fine job, too. Took his kids . . . grand-kids . . . Lot of pride. Noah and his family—God's Marine Corps. —GEORGE BUSH

John Burlinson, Austin, Tex.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single shepherd from Canaan who suddenly appears in Mesopotamia must be in want of a wife . . . —JANE AUSTEN

Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

I'm afraid we've seen the last of the good weather for a while. Look at the satellite photo. We're due for some prolonged wet weather. Doppler is forecasting about 40 days and 40 nights of it, with some serious flooding after that. Authorities advise those in low-lying areas to seek shelter. Hey, you might even think about building a boat.

—AL ROKER

John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

I knew the clues were there, but I was stumped. Then I suddenly saw the letters in FOWL could be rearranged to read WOLF, and BEAST to BAETS using the old spelling. The world was formed by anagrams! But what about man? And then I had it—MANKIND anagrams to DAMNKIN! . . .

—ELLERY QUEEN

Teresa Heines, Niskayuna, N.Y.

Only in Jerusalem, kids, only in Jerusalem.

—CINDY ADAMS

*M. Lunden, N.Y.C.
similarly: Chip Duckett, N.Y.C.;
Charlene Hadley, Rahway, N.J.;
Richard Nesbit, N.Y.C.*

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 900, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by January 23. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the February 16 issue.

Leonard continued from page 54

as historian Andrew Rolle does, about a "magnetic" quality and a vibrant "ethos," we're also talking about free fall in an unbearable lightness of California being, a space-sickness of transcendence. *Dream Seekers* is all levitation and no crash.

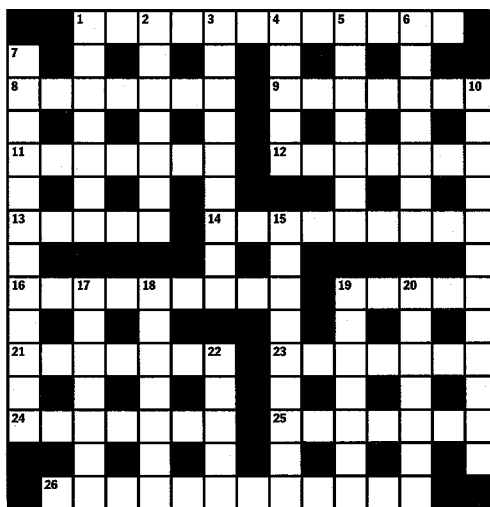
THIS IS WHAT ABC WILL NOW LOOK LIKE IN ITS tear-up-the-schedule midseason programming panic: **Prey** (Thursdays, starting January 15; 8 to 9 P.M.), in which bio-anthropologist Debra Messing discovers among us a brand-new hominid species, at least one specimen a serial killer and another an agent of the FBI, with a 1.6 percent "DNA differential" from ordinary folks, determined not only to survive but to prevail over and extinguish *Homo sapiens*. Thus, a whole lot of black palettes, CT scans, Christ symbolism, and Chris Carter-style paranoia. Even the credits are *X-Files*-rated and sort of millennial. **Prey** will be followed immediately by **On the Line** (Thursday, January 15; 9 to 11 P.M.)—clearly the two-hour pilot of a hoped-for series—with Linda Hamilton as a single-mother LAPD cop, time-shifting Robert Pastorelli's cop shrink *Cracker* (Saturdays starting January 17; 9 to 10 P.M.).

AND JUST TO PROVE I HAVE AS MANY doubts about New York as about California, this spitting on the corpse before it's cold: The passing of **Seinfeld**, that Cheez Doodle of urban fecklessness, into cryogenic syndication inspires no tear in this cave. Jerry, George, Kramer, and Elaine never spoke for *my* New York, not on a Southern California soundstage, lean and mean in their terrarium, wearing prophylactic smirks to every penis joke. Without going so far as to suggest that everybody I know wears a DEATH BEFORE MELLOW T-shirt, in *Seinfeld* I always miss the snarl and the edge, not to mention real politics and real work. Shouldn't they require, as they go to movies, or eat Chinese, or dump on their parents, some psoriatic qualm about relationships and bicycle messengers and meta-narrative that comes only from trying like Sisyphus to find an apartment, a lover, a cab, a Zeitgeist, or even an ontology? I know we're all so postmodern-hip that we can be ironic about our own nostalgia—but nostalgic about our own irony? The worst thing about the sensibility of the eighties is that it bequeathed to us those sitcoms of the nineties in which every young adult on television is either a yuppie or a slacker, and too often both—sun-dried as if in extra-virgin olive oil; crouched in sports bars and *faux* bistros to consume minimalist meals, tethered to all that's trendiest, waiting for either Bret Easton Ellis or maybe David Letterman. Instead of *Howl*, yadda yadda.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 English financiers go back in to encourage specialist trader. (12)
- 8 Relative finally cut a second piano release. (7)
- 9 Was threatening, having been let down. (7)
- 11 Do well, being correct about last of clues. (7)
- 12 A complaint with "butter" as a cryptic indication?
- 13 One may get clipped, and be evasive. (5)
- 14 Mum's a Bond fanatic—he opposes maladministration. (9)
- 16 Living with George—perhaps it can drag you down. (9)
- 19 Stolen Spanish article found in Dorchester, possibly. (5)
- 21 Impose measure in favour of the church. (7)
- 23 Suffering minor injury in the course of a meal? (7)
- 24 European deserter caught by odd mistake. (7)
- 25 Trace mysterious ship in Hampshire, perhaps? (7)
- 26 Taking steps to preserve local tradition? (7,5)



DOWN

- 1 Crazy, losing two loves—former victim of adultery. (7)
- 2 It's quite enough to follow previous pattern. (7)
- 3 Prove a sun may explode? This does. (9)
- 4 Type of whisky found on a Mediterranean island. (5)
- 5 Description of clutch recently produced? (3-4)
- 6 Tried cutting out hard liquor? It makes sound sense. (7)
- 7 Take over the position of head waiter? (4,3,5)
- 10 True believer seizes non-stereo record—his interest is fiendish. (12)
- 15 Minder you heard in awfully dodgy bar. (9)
- 17 Deduce number in serious fire. (7)
- 18 A tinker fixed essential component of locks. (7)
- 19 Encourage to try and catch up. (7)
- 20 About to board smart English warship. (7)
- 22 Name of American tree given with hesitation. (5)

'Cow Interview': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Quarterbacks, often
- 8 Sports venues
- 14 Shaped like lungs
- 19 Successful candidate
- 20 Nomads
- 21 Former Trump
- 22 How do cows avoid unwanted advances?
- 25 Rub the wrong way
- 26 Jason's ship
- 27 — uncertain terms
- 28 Bring in the harvest
- 29 Spigot
- 30 Harper Valley gp.
- 31 Gourmet roe source
- 34 Lake that is a country spelled backwards
- 36 Fortune cards
- 39 "Right you —!"
- 40 Shields's husband
- 44 What is your favorite O'Neill play?
- 50 Cockatoo's kin
- 51 Hound sounds
- 52 Antipole of WSW
- 53 Slang for a bed
- 54 Nabokov heroine
- 55 Confederate G.I.
- 57 Aberdeen's river
- 58 Poi ingredient
- 60 Minimal coin
- 62 Cheese shredder
- 65 Between ready and fire
- 66 Bay city of Florida
- 71 Who is your favorite publisher?
- 73 What happens when milking machines break down?
- 75 Swordplay weapons
- 76 Short-order sandwich
- 77 TV's "Remington —"
- 78 "— Love Her," Beatle song
- 79 Smallish combo
- 81 Prefix for cure or tome
- 82 Have a late meal
- 84 Spy-guys org.
- 85 Rowboat power
- 89 Alfonso XIII's queen
- 90 Shoe ties
- 93 Epithet for Attila

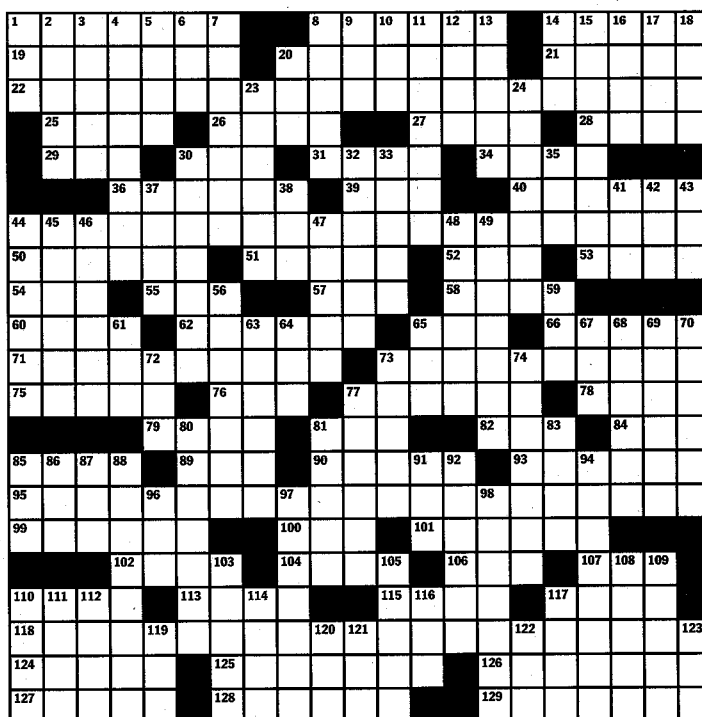
- 95 What musical experience do you enjoy?
- 99 "Tristram Shandy" author
- 100 Yearling's age
- 101 Curriculum choice
- 102 "God have mercy on such —"
- 104 Colleen
- 106 Sides, in cricket
- 107 Greek M's — a-brac
- 110 Beggar's request
- 115 Powder mineral
- 117 Cry from the sty
- 118 How do you get to the meadow?
- 124 Explosion
- 125 Artist's workplace

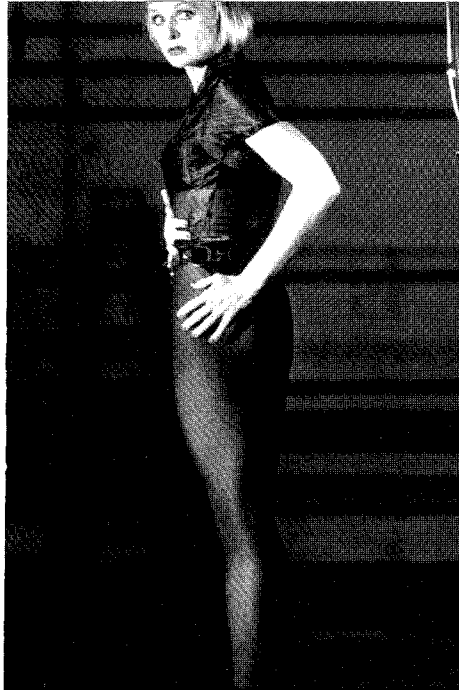
- 126 Oscar-winner Parsons
- 127 Harass
- 128 Prawn's relative
- 129 One of the Bakers

DOWN

- 1 Chapel bench
- 2 Wide-awake
- 3 Brown photo tint
- 4 Rodin, e.g.
- 5 Ending for Nan or Ann
- 6 Early auto
- 7 Capitol Hill personage
- 8 Goes it alone
- 9 1960 chess champion
- 10 Elec. unit
- 11 Scoffs at
- 12 Pressing need
- 13 In unison
- 14 Actress Ullmann
- 15 Pigs out
- 16 Foundation
- 17 Theatrical acronym
- 18 Speak hoarsely
- 20 Toupee, humorously
- 23 Like a spoiled child
- 24 Scavenger for provisions
- 30 Person sponsored by another
- 32 Laundry basket
- 33 Crop up
- 35 "My turn!"
- 37 Get an — effort
- 38 "— Stoops to Conquer"
- 41 Depot abbr.
- 42 Dry, as wine
- 43 Pen dip

- 44 Geronimo's tribe
- 45 Wearing cosmetics
- 46 "Clockwork" color
- 47 Kind of statesman
- 48 Happen to
- 49 Glossy paints
- 56 Buying off
- 59 Lts.' training branch
- 61 Second word of the Bible
- 63 On top of the water
- 64 Hanoi holiday
- 65 Drink that sounds helpful
- 67 Solver's exclamation
- 68 Fu of fiction
- 69 Dais
- 70 Europeans' neighbors
- 72 D.D.E's predecessor
- 73 New York Thruway city
- 74 British news agency
- 77 Gaps
- 80 Lease extension
- 81 Helen, Italian style
- 83 Third degrees, scholastically
- 85 Photo — (camera sessions)
- 86 Ht. above sea level
- 87 Norma or Charlotte
- 88 City west of 73-Down
- 91 And so forth: abbr.
- 92 Bar seats
- 94 Religious recluses
- 96 Entrance signs
- 97 Pistol case
- 98 Noon restaurant patron
- 103 Fitzgerald and others
- 105 At quite an incline
- 108 Cousin's dad
- 109 Cranium
- 110 Lettuce variety
- 111 Regulation
- 112 A miss — good as a mile
- 114 Legend of the gods
- 116 River of Switzerland
- 117 Doggy-bag filler
- 119 Phone co. initials
- 120 Retired ring king
- 121 Kipling boy
- 122 Buckeyes' school letters
- 123 Costa — Sol





CHICAGO

THE MUSICAL

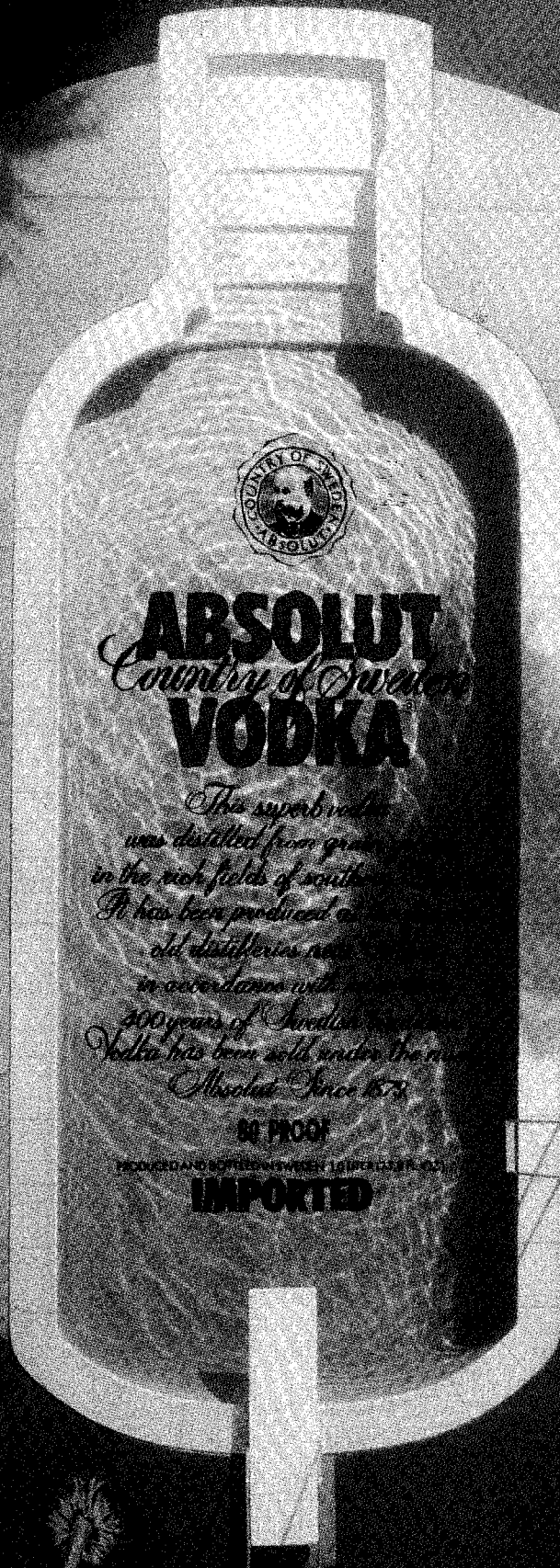


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